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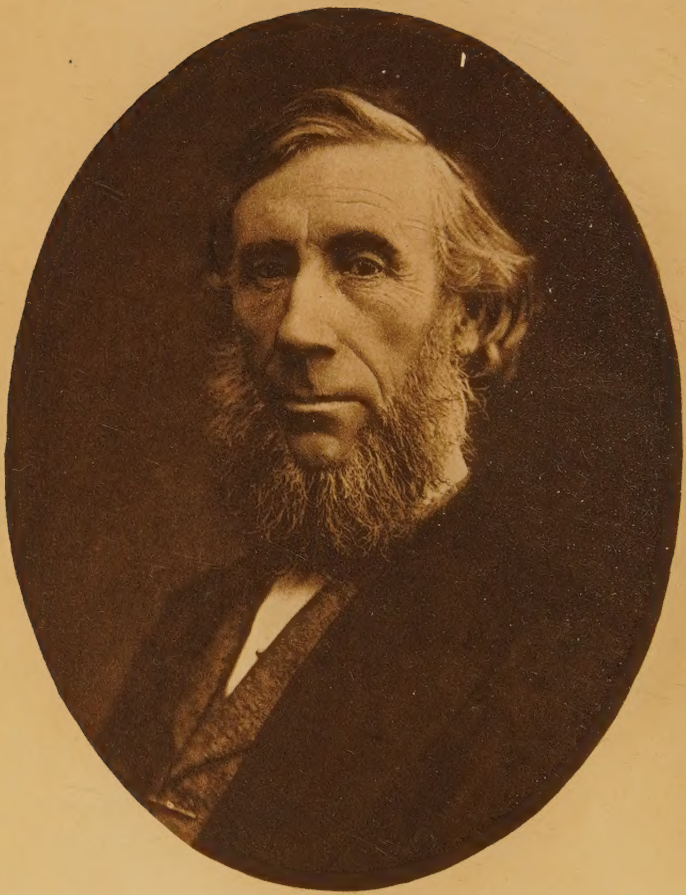

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EDITOR IN CHIEF

John Clark Ridpath, A.M., LL.D.

Author of "Ridpath's History of the United States," "Encyclopedia of Universal History," "Great Races of Mankind," etc., etc,

WITH REVISIONS AND ADDITIONS BY

WILLIAM MONTGOMERY CLEMENS

Author of "The Life of Roosevelt," "The Life of Mark Twain," "The Life of Kipling." Of the Editorial Staff of the "Encyclopedia Americana," etc.

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

NEW YORK
THE FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
1910

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ů as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ŧh as in then.
H Spanish j.
G as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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T

TURNER, Charles Tennyson, an English poet; born at Sowerby, Lincolnshire, July 4, 1808; died at Cheltenham, April 25, 1879. He was an elder brother of the poet-laureate Tennyson. In 1835 he became vicar of Grasby; and here he spent the greater part of his life. In 1835 he inherited of his great-uncle, Rev. Samuel Turner, the Grasby living and Caistor House; and thereupon, by royal license, he assumed the name of Turner. He was joint author, with his brother Alfred, of a volume of juvenile poems published in 1827 under the title *Poems by Two Brothers.* His other works include *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces* (1830); *Sonnets* (1864); *Small Tableaux* (1868); *Sonnets, Lyrics, and Translations* (1873) *Collected Sonnets, Old and New* (1880). An article from his pen, entitled *My Timepiece,* was published in *Good Words* in 1870; and several of his poetical pieces first appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE SCHOOLBOY'S DREAM.

'Twas the half-year's last day, a festal one;
Light tasks and feast and sport, hoop, cricket, kite,
Employed us fully, till the summer night
Stole o'er the roofs of happy Alderton.

Homer in-doors, and field games out of school,
Made medley of my dreams; for, when I slept,
The quaintest vision o'er my fancy swept,
That ever served the lordship of misrule:
Our hoops through gods and heroes ran a-muck;
Our kites o'erhung the fleets, a public gaze!
And one wild ball the great Achilles struck —
Oh! how he towered and lightened at the stroke!
But, tho' his formal pardon I bespoke,
I told him plainly 'twas our holidays.

JOY.

Joy came from Heaven, for men were mad with pain,
And sought a mansion on this earth below;
He could not settle on the wrinkled brow,
Close-gathered to repel him, and again
Upon the cheek he sought repose in vain,
He found that pillow all too chill and cold,
Where sorrow's streams might float him from his hold,
Caught sleeping in their channel; the eye would fain
Receive the stranger on its slippery sphere,
Where life had purer effluence than elsewhere,
But where no barrier might forbid the tear
To sweep it when it listed; so that there
He stayed, nor could the lips his couch prepare,
Shifting untenably from smile to sneer.

A DREAM.

I dreamed — methought I stood upon a strand
Unblest with day for ages; and despair
Had seized me, but for cooling airs that fanned
My forehead, and a voice that said "Prepare!"
Anon I felt that dawning was at hand;
A planet rose, whose light no cloud could mar,
And made through all the landscape, near and far,
A wild half-morning for that dreary land;
I saw her seas come washing to the shore
In sheets of gleaming ripples, wide and fair;
I saw her goodly rivers brimming o'er,

And from their fruitful shallows looked the star;
And all seemed kissed with starlight; till the beam
Of sunrise broke, and yet fulfilled my dream.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE ILIAD.

Nor, could I bring within my visual scope
The great localities old stories boast.
Would I forget thee, Troas; whose first hope
Of travel pointed to thy lonely coast;
How would my quickened fancy reproduce
The incessant brazen flash of Homer's war,
And heroes moving quick their ground to choose
With spear-tops burning like the autumn star,
Along that sullen seaboard, till at length
Mine ear should thrill, my startled pulses bound,
When from the trench those two grand voices rose,
And, each involved in other, swept their foes
Before them like a storm, the wrath and strength
Of God and man conspiring to the sound.

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

As on my bed I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice prankt upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal —
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade.
"Thanks be to Heaven!" in happy mood I said;
"What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the East hath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see! We are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms;
And at prime hours, behold, he follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms."

LETTY'S GLOBE.

When Letty had scarce passed her third glad year,
And her young, artless words began to flow,

One day we gave the child a colored sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know
By tint and outline all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peeped
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers; how she leaped
And laughed and prattled in her pride of bliss!
But when we turned her sweet, unlearned eye
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry —
"Oh, yes! I see it; Letty's home is there!"
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

THE OCEAN.

The ocean at the bidding of the moon
Forever changes with his restless tide;
Flung shoreward now, to be regathered soon
With kingly pauses of reluctant pride,
And semblance of return. Anon from home
He issues forth anew, high-ridged and free —
The gentlest murmur of his seething foam
Like armies whispering where great echoes be.
Oh, leave me here upon this beach to rove,
Mute listener to that sound so grand and lone!
A glorious sound, deep drawn and strongly thrown
And reaching those on mountain heights above,
To British ears (as who shall scorn to own?)
A tutelar fond voice, a savior tone of love.

TUTTIETT, Mary Gray ("Maxwell Gray"), an English novelist; born at Newport, Isle of Wight, in 1850. She early began a literary career by writing essays and verse for the magazines. Her first novel, *The Broken Tryst,* appeared in 1879, but *The Silence of Dean Maitland* (1886) brought her

before the British and American public as one of the most notable of the later novelists. Her subsequent novels include *The Reproach of Annesley* (1888); *In the Heart of the Storm* (1891); *An Innocent Impostor* (1892); *The Last Sentence* (1893); *A Costly Freak* (1894); *Songs of the Dragon Slayer* (1895); *Sweethearts and Friends* (1897); *The House of Hidden Treasure* (1898); *Ribstone Pippins* (1898); *The Forest Chapel* (1899); *The World's Mercy* (1900); *Four Leaved Clover* (1902); and *Richard Rosny* (1903).

THE LAST SERMON.

He gave out his text, "I will confess my wickedness, and be sorry for my sin," and began quietly reading from the manuscript before him in a clear and harmonious but strikingly level tone, which, though audible all over the building, did not correct the general tendency to drowsiness on that hot and drowsy afternoon.

The premier and those who heard him for the first time were disappointed, the premier deciding within himself that he would not confer much luster upon the oratory of the Upper House, and would never endanger Bishop Oliver's position as the best speaker on the Bench.

It was a sermon such as dozens of clergymen turn out every day. The preacher exhorted his hearers to repent and confess their sins. He reminded them that repentance is the first and last duty which the Church enjoins on her children. He alluded to the different practices of the Church in different ages with regard to it, and its exaggeration in the Roman Communion and in old American Puritan days. He observed that some sins exacted public confession. At this point he became a little paler, and his voice rose on its accustomed sonorous swell. He said that it was a right and wholesome feeling which prostrated a crowned king before the tomb of the murdered archbishop of Canterbury, kept an emperor barefoot in the snow at Canossa, and humiliated Theodosius before

the closed gates of Milan Cathedral. "Do you know, my brothers," he continued, with a thrill of intense feeling in his voice, "why I speak to-day of the duty of public confession of public sin? I have a purpose."

He paused. For some moments there reigned that dread silence which is so awfully impressive in a vast assembly of living and breathing human beings. He paused so long that people grew uncomfortable, thinking he must be ill, and the buzzing of a perplexed humble-bee, which had somehow strayed into the choir, and was tumbling aimlessly against people's heads, sounded loud and profane, and the man who could not repress a sneeze and the lady who let her prayer-book fall felt each guilty of an unpardonable crime. Meantime, the dean gazed quietly before him, and no one saw the chill drops of agony which beaded his brow, or suspected the anguish which literally rent his heart.

The bishop with difficulty suppressed a grunt of disapproval. "He pauses for effect," he thought; "now for the fire-works! Divine rage consumes the dean! Out with the handkerchiefs. If people must rant, why on earth can't they rant in barns?"

"My brothers," continued the dean, at last breaking the thrilling silence, and speaking in a low but perfectly clear and audible voice, "it is because I myself am the most grievous of sinners and have sinned publicly in the face of this great congregation, the meanest among whom I am unworthy to address, because I wish to confess my wickedness, and tell you that I am sorry for my sin. I have no right to be standing in this place to-day; to be the parish priest, as it were, of this noble building; to fill an office hallowed by the service of a long line of saintly men. My life has been one black lie. The three darkest blots upon the soul of man — *impurity, bloodshed, treachery* — have stained my soul."

At these words there was a faint rustle of surprise through all the congregation. The bishop frowned; "He drives his theatrical exaggeration too far," he thought. The duke and Lord Arthur recovered from the gentle slumber the sermon's beginning had induced. Every eye was fixed in wonder, interest, or incredulity upon the

marble features of the preacher — that is, every eye within the choir; while to those outside it, who heard the voice from an invisible source, the effect was doubled.

"My life," he continued, "has been outwardly successful in no small degree. I have, in spite of my sin, been permitted to minister to sick souls; for the Almighty is pleased sometimes to use the vilest instruments for noble ends. I have sat at good men's feasts, an honored guest; yes, and at the tables of the great, the very greatest in the land. I have risen to a position of eminence in the ministry of our national Church — that Church whose meanest office better men than I are unworthy to fill. I have been offered still greater honors, the office of bishop and the dignity of a spiritual peerage, as you all know; nor was it till now my intention to decline this promotion. I have been much before the public in other ways, which it were unbecoming to mention in this holy place. Such dignities as have been mine, my brothers — for I may still, in spite of my sins, call you brothers, since I am still God's child, and only desire to return to Him by the way of penitence — such dignities are based upon the assumption not only of moral rectitude, but of decided piety, and neither of these *has ever been mine.* My beloved brothers, hear me, and take warning, and oh! pity me, for I am the most miserable of men. Like those against whom Christ pronounced such bitter woes, I have desired to wear long robes, to receive greetings in the market-place, to occupy the chief seats in synagogues; these things have been the very breath of my nostrils, and for these I have sinned heavily, heavily. The favor of men has been dear to me, therefore I offer myself to their scorn. To no man, I think, has man's favor been dearer than to me. Ah, my brothers, there is no more bitter poison to the soul than the sweetness I loved with such idolatry! Well does our Saviour warn us against it."

He spoke all this with quiet anguish, straight from his heart, his manuscript being closed; while at this point tears came and dimmed the blue luster of his large deep eyes, and coursed quietly and unheeded down his cheeks. The congregation still listened with wide-eyed wonder, not

knowing how to take these extraordinary utterances, and half suspecting that they were the victims of some stage effect. But the premier's face wore a startled gaze, and he looked round uneasily. The idea suddenly entered his head, that his recent elevation and the strenuously toilsome life he led had been too much for the dean, and driven him mad. Nor was he alone in his belief, which was shared by the dean's doctor amongst others.

The bishop was terribly moved, and half doubtful whether it would not be well to persuade the preacher to leave the pulpit as quietly as possible; he too thought the dean mad, and trembled lest the gossip his own son had repeated might have driven his sensitive organization off its balance. Tears sprung to his eyes, and he loathed himself for the petty feelings he had suffered to enter his heart that very day.

"What I confess now, in the presence of God and of this congregation, against whom I have sinned," continued the preacher, "I shall confess shortly before the civil tribunals of this land, the laws of which I have broken. Nineteen years ago, when in deacon's orders, I led an innocent young woman astray." Here his voice broke with a heavy sob. "I was the tempter — I, who fell because I deemed myself above temptation. My brothers, since then I have not had one happy hour. Mark that, you who perchance stand on the verge of transgression. But that is not all. With a heart still stained with that iniquity, which I vainly tried to expiate by bodily penance, I took upon me, in this very cathedral, the awful responsibilities of the priesthood, and fell into new temptation.

"The father of this poor girl discovered my iniquity, and, justly angered, fell upon me with violence. In the struggle, I know not how, I killed him. Yes, my brothers, look upon me with the honest scorn you must feel when you hear that these hands, which have broken the bread of life and sprinkled the waters of healing, are red with the blood of the man I wronged. But even that is not the full measure of my iniquity. I had a friend; I loved him — I loved him, I tell you," he echoed, passionately, "more than any mortal man. He was a man of noble

character and spotless life; he had gifts which gave promise of a glorious and beneficent career. Suspicion fell upon him through my fault, but not my deliberate fault. He was tried for my crime, found guilty, and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude."

Here the preacher trembled exceedingly, and was obliged to pause, while people looked from one to another with horror-stricken eyes and blanched faces, and the very air seemed to palpitate with their agitation. "Two days ago," continued the unhappy man, "he came, fresh from the prison, to worship in this holy place. I was preaching — I, the traitor, the hypocrite; I who had lived in palaces while the friend of my youth pined in the prison I had deserved — I saw him; I recognized him through all the terrible changes that awful misery had wrought upon him. I could not bear the sight, and fled from it like another Cain. But I did not even then repent.

"My brothers, this man wrote to me and forgave me, and that broke my stony heart. The Almighty had called me by heavy sorrows through many years to repentance, but I repented not until I was forgiven. The All-Merciful did not leave me alone in my wickedness. I saw the wife of my youth pine away before my eyes, and my children fade one by one till my home became a desolation, and yet I sinned on, deadening my conscience by continual opiates of subtlest sophistry. It is not for me to detail these; to say how I persuaded myself that my gifts were needed in the ministry of the Church; that I was bound to sacrifice all, even conscience, to the sacred calling, and such-like. Blind was I, blind with pride and self-love. Nay, I refused even to look my sin in the face. I stifled memory; I never realized what I had done until the awful moment of revelation, when I stood eye to eye with the friend I betrayed. My dear brothers, have you ever thought what years of penal servitude must mean to a gentleman, a man of refined feelings, of intellectual tastes, of unusual culture? To be herded with the vicious, the depraved, the brutal, the defective or degraded organizations which swell the mass of crime in our land; to be cut off from all other human intercourse, all converse with the world of intellect and culture; to pass weary, weary

years in fruitless manual toil and pining captivity; to wear the garb of shame; to be subject to rough and uneducated and not always kindly jailers"— here something choked his utterance for awhile —"to know no earthly hope; to see the long vista of twenty years' monotonous misery stretching remorselessly ahead, and all this in the flower of youth and the blossom-time of life? From six-and-twenty to six-and-forty! Can you grasp what that means? This, and more than this, I inflicted on the friend who loved and trusted me; and of this I declare before God and man I repent, and desire as far as possible to amend.

"In a few days I shall be in a felon's cell. I shall be happier there than I have ever been in the brightest moments of my prosperity. My brothers, I still bear a divine commission to warn and teach; I beseech you to heed my story and take warning. Let me be to you as the sunken vessel which marks the treacherous reef beneath the wave! Listen and heed well what I say, as it were, with dying breath, for I shall be civilly dead, virtually dead, in twelve hours' time. I repent, and there is mercy for me as for the vilest; but I can *never* undo the consequences of my sins — never, though I strove through all the endless ages of eternity. I can not restore honor and innocence to her whom I robbed of these priceless jewels. I can not give back his life to him whose blood I shed. I can not recall the years of youth, and hope, and health, and power of wide usefulness which were blasted in the prison of my friend. It were rash to say that the Almighty can not do these things; it is certain He can not without disordering the whole scheme of human life, certain that He will not. How far the human will can frustrate the divine purposes has never been revealed to mortal man — is probably unknown to the wisdom of seraphs; but this we know, that nothing can happen without divine permission. It may be that man's will is absolutely free with regard to thought, and only limited with regard to action, to its effects upon others. Certain it is, that God can bring good out of evil, and that those who trust in Him, however oppressed and afflicted by the wickedness of their fellow-men, will never-

theless be delivered in all their afflictions, and that to them 'all things work for good.' These are my last words, dear brothers. Ponder them, I beseech you, as men ponder dying words, even of the vilest."

The dean ceased, and, turning, as usual, to the east, repeated the ascription with humble reverence. He then turned once more to the congregation, and seated himself, with a sigh of exhaustion, while the bishop, whose eyes were full of tears, stood with uplifted hand and pronounced the benediction, in a moved and awe-stricken voice, upon the agitated, half-terrified multitude, and upon the unheeding ears of the dean.— *The Silence of Dean Maitland.*

TYLER, Moses Coit, an American historian and critic; born at Griswold, Conn., August 2, 1835; died at Ithaca, N. Y., December 28, 1900. He was graduated from Yale in 1857; in 1867 he was made Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University of Michigan, and in 1881 Professor of American History in Cornell University. In 1881 he took orders in the Episcopal Church. His principal works are *The Brawnville Papers* (1868); *History of American Literature* (Vols. I., II., 1878); *Manual of English Literature* (1879); *Life of Patrick Henry* (1888); *History of American Literature During the Colonial Time* (1897); *The Literary History of the American Revolution* (1897).

THE EARLIEST AMERICAN BOOK.

Captain John Smith became a somewhat prolific author; but while nearly all of his books have a leading reference to America, only three of them were written during the period of his residence as a colonist in America. Only

these three, therefore, can be claimed by us as belonging to the literature of our country. The first of these books, *A True Relation of Virginia,* is of deep interest to us, not only on account of its graphic style, and the strong light it throws upon the very beginning of our national history, but as being unquestionably the earliest book in American literature. It was written during the first thirteen months of the first American colony, and gives a simple and picturesque account of the stirring events which took place there during that time, under his own eye. It was probably carried to London by Captain Nelson of the good ship *Phœnix,* which sailed from Jamestown on June 2, 1608; and it was published in London and sold "at the Grayhound in Paul's Church-Yard," in the latter part of the same year. . . .

Barely hinting at the length and tediousness of the sea-voyage, the author plunges with epic promptitude into the midst of the action, by describing their arrival in Virginia, their first ungentle passages with the Indians, their selection of a place of settlement, their first civil organization, their first expedition for discovery toward the upper waters of the James River, the first formidable Indian attack upon their village, and the first return for England, two months after their arrival, of the ships that had brought them to Virginia.

Upon the departure of these ships, bitter quarrels broke out among the colonists. "Things were neither carried on with that discretion nor any business effected in such good sort as wisdom would; . . . through which disorder, God being angry with us, plagued us with such famine and sickness that the living were scarce able to bury the dead. . . . As yet we had no houses to cover us; our tents were rotten, and our cabins worse than nought. . . . The president and Captain Marten's sickness compelled me to be cape-merchant, and yet to spare no pains in making houses for the company, who, notwithstanding our misery, little ceased their malice, grudging and muttering . . . being in such despair as they would rather starve and rot with idleness than be persuaded to do anything for their own relief without constraint."

But the energetic Captain had an eager passion for making tours of exploration along the coast and up the rivers; and after telling how he procured corn from the Indians, and thus supplied the instant necessities of the starving colonists, he proceeds to relate the history of a tour of discovery made by him up the Chickahominy, on which tour happened the famous incident of his falling into captivity among the Indians. The reader will not fail to notice that in this earliest book of his, written before Powhatan's daughter, the Princess Pocahontas, had become celebrated in England, and before Captain Smith had that enticing motive for representing himself as specially favored by her, he speaks of Powhatan as full of friendliness to him; he expressly states that his own life was in no danger at the hands of that Indian potentate; and of course he has no situation on which to hang the romantic incident of his rescue by Pocohontas from impending death. This pretty story has now lost historical credit, and is generally given up by critical students of our early history.

Having ascended the Chickahominy about sixty miles, he took with him a single Indian guide, and pushed into the woods. Within a quarter of an hour he "heard a loud cry and a hallooing of Indians," and almost immediately he was assaulted by two hundred of them, led by Opechancanough, an under-king to the Emperor Powhatan. The valiant Captain, in a contest so unequal, certainly was entitled to a shield; and this he rather ungenerously extemporized by seizing his Indian guide, and with his garters binding the Indian's arm to his own hand; thus, as he coolly expresses it, "making my hind my barricado."

As these Indians still pressed toward him, Captain Smith discharged his pistol, which wounded some of his assailants, and taught them all a wholesome respect by the terror of its sound; then, after much parley he surrendered to them, and was carried off prisoner to a place about six miles distant. There he expected to be at once put to death, but was agreeably surprised by being treated with the utmost kindness. . . .

After many days spent in traveling hither and yon

with his captors, he was at last, by his own request, delivered up to Powhatan, the over-lord of that region. He gives a picturesque description of the barbaric state in which he was received by that potent chieftain, whom he found "proudly lying upon a bedstead a foot high, upon ten or twelve mats," the emperor himself being "richly hung with many chains of great pearls about his neck, and covered with a great covering of raccoon-skins. At his head sat a woman, at his feet another; on each side, sitting upon a mat upon the ground, were ranged his chief men on each side of the fire, ten in a rank; and behind them as many young women, each with a great chain of white beads over her shoulders, their heads painted in red; and with such a grave and majestic countenance as drove me into admiration to see such state in a naked savage. He kindly welcomed me with good words and great platters of sundry victuals, assuring me his friendship and my liberty within four days."

Thus day by day passed in pleasant discourse with his imperial host, who asked him about "the manner of our ships and sailing the seas, the earth and skies, and of our God," and who feasted him not only with continual "platters of sundry victuals," but with glowing descriptions of his own vast dominions stretching away beyond the rivers and the mountains to the land of the setting sun. . . .

"Thus having with all the kindness he could devise sought to content me, he sent me home with four men, one that usually carried my gown and knapsack after me, two others loaded with bread, and one to accompany me."

The author then gives a description of his journey back to Jamestown, where "each man with truest signs of joy" welcomed him; of his second visit to Powhatan; of various encounters with hostile and thievish Indians; and of the arrival from England of Captain Nelson in the *Phœnix,* April 20, 1608 — an event which "did ravish them with exceeding joy." Late in the narrative he makes his first reference to Pocahontas, whom he speaks of as "a child of ten years old, which not only for feature, countenance, and proportion much exceedeth any of the

rest of his people, but for wit and spirit the only nonpareil of his country."

After mentioning some further dealings with the Indians, he concludes the book with an account of the preparations for the return to England of Captain Nelson and his ship; and describes those as remaining as "being in good health, all our men well contented, free from mutinies, in love one with another, and as we hope in a continual peace with the Indians, where we doubt not but by God's gracious assistance and the Adventurers' willing minds and speedy furtherance to so honorable an action, in after times to see our nation to enjoy a country not only exceeding pleasant for habitation, but also very profitable for commerce in general, no doubt pleasing to Almighty God, honorable to our gracious sovereign, and commodious generally to the whole kingdom."

Thus, with words of happy omen, ends the first book of American literature. It was not composed as a literary effort. It was meant to be merely a budget of information for the public at home, and especially for the London stockholders of the Virginia Company. Hastily, apparently without revision, it was wrought vehemently by the rough hand of a soldier and an explorer, in the pauses of a toil that was both fatiguing and dangerous, and while the incidents which he records were fresh and clinging in his memory. Probably he thought little of any rules of literary art as he wrote this book; probably he did not think of writing a book at all. Out of the abundance of his materials, glowing with pride over what he had done in the great enterprise, eager to inspire the home-keeping patrons of the colony with his own resolute cheer, and accustomed for years to portray in pithy English the adventures of which his life was fated to be full, the bluff Captain just stabbed his paper with inken words; he composed not a book but a big letter; he folded it up, and tossed it upon the deck of Captain Nelson's departing ship.

But though he may have had no expectation of doing such a thing, he wrote a book that is not unworthy to be the beginning of English literature in America. It has faults enough, without doubt. Had it not these, it would

have been too good for the place it occupies. The composition was extemporaneous; there appears in it some chronic misunderstanding between the nominatives and their verbs; now and then the words and clauses of a sentence are jumbled together in blinding heaps; but in spite of all its crudities, here is racy English, pure English, the sinewy, picturesque, and throbbing diction of the navigators and soldiers of the Elizabethan time. And although the materials of this book are not moulded in nice proportion, the story is well told. The man has an eye and a hand for that thing. He sees the essential facts of a situation, and throws the rest away; and the business moves straight forward.—*History of American Literature.*

THE NEW ENGLAND WRITERS.

Did the people of New England in their earliest age begin to produce a literature? Who can doubt it? With their incessant activity of brain, with so much both of common and of uncommon culture among them, with intellectual interests so lofty and strong, with so many outward occasions to stir their deepest passions into the same great currents, it would be hard to explain it had they indeed produced no literature. Moreover, contrary to what is commonly asserted of them, they were not without a literary class. In as large a proportion to the whole population as was then the case in the mother-country, there were in New England many men trained to the use of books, accustomed to express themselves fluently by voice and pen, and not so immersed in the physical tasks of life as to be deprived of the leisure for whatever writing they were prompted to undertake. It was a literary class made up of men of affairs, country-gentlemen, teachers, above all of clergymen; men of letters who did not depend upon letters for their bread, and who thus did their work under conditions of intellectual independence. Nor is it true that all the environments of their lives were unfriendly to literary action; indeed, for a certain class of minds those environments were extremely wholesome and stimulating. There were about them many of the tokens of the picturesque, romantic, and

impressive life: the infinite solitudes of the wilderness, its mystery, its peace; the near presence of nature, vast, potent, unassailed; the strange problems presented to them by savage character and savage life; their own escape from great cities, from crowds, from mean competitions; the luxury of having room enough; the delight of being free; the urgent interest of all the Protestant world in their undertaking; the hopes of humanity already looking thither; the coming to them of scholars, saints, statesmen, philosophers. Many of these factors in the early colonial times are such as cannot be reached by statistics, and are apt to be lost by those who merely grope on the surface of history. If our antiquarians have generally missed this view, it may reassure us to know that our greatest literary artists have not failed to see it. "New England," as Hawthorne believed, "was then in a state incomparably more picturesque than at present, or than it had been within the memory of man." That, indeed, was the beginning of "the old colonial day" which Longfellow has pictured to us.

> "When men lived in a grander way,
> With ampler hospitality."

For the study of literature, they turned with eagerness to the ancient classics; read them freely; quoted them with apt facility. Though their new home was but a province, their minds were not provincial; they had so stalwart and chaste a faith in the ideas which brought them to America as to think that wherever those ideas were put into practice, there was the metropolis. In the public expression of thought they limited themselves by restraints which, though then prevalent in all parts of the civilized world, now seem shameful and intolerable: the printing-press in New England during the seventeenth century was in chains. The first instrument of the craft and mystery of printing was set up at Cambridge in 1639, under the auspices of Harvard College; and for the subsequent twenty-three years the president of that college was in effect responsible for the good behavior of the terrible machine. His control of it did not prove sufficiently vigilant. The fears of the clergy were excited

by the lenity that had permitted the escape into the world of certain books which tended "to open the door of heresy;" therefore, in 1662, two official licensers were appointed, without whose consent nothing was to be printed. Even this did not make the world seem safe; and two years afterward the law was made more stringent. Other licensers were appointed; excepting the one at Cambridge no printing-press was to be allowed in the colony; and if from the printing-press that was allowed anything should be printed without the permission of the licensers, the peccant engine was to be forfeited to the government and the printer himself was to be forbidden the exercise of his profession "within this jurisdiction for the time to come." But even the new licensers were not severe enough. In 1667, having learned that these officers had given their consent to the publication of *The Imitation of Christ,* a book written "by a Popish minister, wherein is contained some things that are less safe to be infused amongst the people of this place," the authorities directed that the book should be returned to the licensers for "a more full revisal," and that in the meantime the printing-press should stand still. In the leading colony of New England legal restraints upon printing were not entirely removed until about twenty-one years before the Declaration of Independence.

The chief literary disadvantages of New England were that her writers lived far from the great repositories of books, and far from the central currents of the world's best thinking; that the lines of their own literary activity were few; and that, though they nourished their minds upon the Hebrew Scriptures and upon the classics of the Roman and Greek literatures, they stood aloof, with a sort of horror, from the richest and most exhilarating types of classic writing in their own tongue. In many ways their literary development was stunted and stiffened by the narrowness of Puritanism. Nevertheless, what they lacked in symmetry of culture and in range of literary movement was something which the very integrity of their natures was sure to compel them, either in themselves or in their posterity, to acquire. For the people of New England it must be said that in stock, spiritual

and physical, they were well started; and that of such a race, under such opportunities, almost anything great and bright may be predicted. Within their souls at that time the æsthetic sense was crushed down and almost trampled out by the fell tyranny of their creed. But the æsthetic sense was still within them; and in pure and wholesome natures such as theirs its emergence was only a matter of normal growth. They who have their eyes fixed in adoration upon the beauty of holiness are not far from the sight of all beauty. It is not permitted to us to doubt that in music, in painting, architecture, sculpture, poetry, prose, the highest art will be reached, in some epoch of its growth, by the robust and versatile race sprung from those practical idealists of the seventeenth century — those impassioned seekers after the invisible truth and beauty and goodness. Even in their times, as we shall presently see, some sparkles and prophecies of the destined splendor could not help breaking forth.— *A History of American Literature.*

TYLER, Royall, an American dramatist, poet and journalist; born at Boston, Mass., July 18, 1757; died at Brattleboro, Vt., August 16, 1826. He was a graduate of Harvard College and a law-student in John Adam's office. He served for a time on General Benjamin Lincoln's staff in 1776, and again, in 1786, in the brief campaign that led to the suppression of Shay's rebellion, in central and western Massachusetts. The same year he visited New York City, in connection with negotiations in that affair, and while there procured the production of his comedy, *The Contrast,* April 16, 1786, at the John Street Theatre. The play was an instant success, and its author,

encouraged, produced several other comedies of considerable merit.

In 1797 his *Algerine Captive; or the Life and Adventures of Dr. Updike Underhill, Six Years a Prisoner Among the Algerines,* was published. This clever book was a fictitious memoir, under cover of which the author launched his humor, satire, wisdom, and manly indignation at the foibles of American society, the horrors of the slave-trade, etc. It had a large sale and established the author's reputation in England as well as in America. In 1799 Tyler removed to Vermont, where he rose to the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court (1800–1806), afterward practising law and compiling the *Reports of Cases in the Supreme Court of Vermont.*

About 1800 Isaiah Thomas established the *Farmer's Repository* — the first American journal of belles-lettres and affairs — and Tyler was for years one of the brilliant band of literary men who made this little sheet famous. He wrote incessantly upon every imaginable topic — essays, poems, satires, political squibs, attacks on French democracy, the Della Cruscan literary cult, fashionable frivolities, religious hypocrisy — and always to the unceasing entertainment of his readers.

Tyler was a scholar, a wit, a gentleman, a "man of the world" in the best sense of the term; a good citizen, friend, and neighbor. He combined all that was best of the polish and brilliancy of the last century with the manly virtues and love of humanity that were to be the heritage of Americans of the nineteenth century. A single extract (a mock advertisement from the *Farmer's Repository*) must suffice to show his erudition and the playfulness of his humor:

VARIETY STORE.

TO THE LITERATI.

MESS. COLON & SPONDEE

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

VERSE, PROSE AND MUSIC,

BEG LEAVE TO INFORM THE PUBLIC
AND THE LEARNED IN PARTICULAR THAT
PREVIOUS TO THE ENSUING

COMMENCEMENT

They purpose to open a fresh Assortment of

Lexographic, Burgursdician and Parnassian

GOODS

suitable for the season,

At the Room on the PLAIN,* lately occupied
by MR. FREDERIC WISER, *Tonsor,*

if it can be procured —

— *Where they will expose to Sale*

SALUTATORY and Valedictory Orations, Syllogistic and Forensic Disputations and Dialogues among the living and the dead — Hebrew roots and other simples — Dead Languages for living Drones — Oriental Languages with or without points, prefixes or suffixes — Attic, Doric, Ionic, and Æolic Dialects, with the Wabash, Onondaga, and Mohawk Gutturals — v's added and dove-

* At Hanover, N. H.

tailed to their vowels, with a small assortment of the genuine Peloponnessian Nasal Twangs — Monologues, Dialogues, Trialogues, Tetralogues, and so on from *one to twenty* logues.

Anagrams, Acrostics, Anacreontics, Chronograms, Epigrams, Hudibrastics, and Panegyrics; Rebusses, Charades, Puns, and Conundrums, by the *gross* or *single dozen.*

Ether, Mist, Sleet, Rain, Snow, Lightning, and Thunder, prepared and personified, after the manner of Della Crusca with a quantity of Brown Humor, Blue Fear and *Child Begetting Love,* from the same Manufactory; with a Pleasing variety of high-colored, compound Epithets, well assorted — Love Letters by the Ream — Summary Arguments, both *Merry* and *Serious* — Sermons, moral, occasional, or polemical — Sermons for Texts, and Texts for Sermons — Old Orations Scoured, Forensics furbished, Blunt Epigrams newly pointed, and cold Conferences hashed; with *Extemporaneous* Prayers *corrected and amended* — Alliterations artfully allied — and periods polished to perfection.

Airs, Canons, Catches, and Cantatas — Fugues, Overtures, and Symphonies for any number of Instruments — Serenades for Nocturnal Lovers — Amens and Hallelujahs, trilled, quavered, and slurred — with Couplets, Syncopations, Minims and Crochet Rests, for female voices — and *Solos,* with *three* parts, for hand-organs.

Accidental Deaths, Battles, Bloody Murders, Premature News, Tempests, Thunder and Lightning, and Hail-Stones, of all dimensions, adapted to the Season.

Circles squared, and Mathematical points divided into quarters and half shares.

Serious Cautions against Drunkenness, &c., and other coarse Wrapping Paper, *gratis,* to those who buy the smallest article.

☞ *On hand a few Tierces of Attic Salt — Also, Cash, and the highest price given for* Raw Wit, *for use of the Manufactory, or taken in exchange for the above Articles.*

TYNDALL, JOHN, an Irish physicist and philosopher; born at Leighton Bridge, near Carlow, August 21, 1820; died at Haselmere, Surrey, England, December 4, 1893. In 1847 he became a teacher in Queenwood College, and began original investigations with Dr. Frankland. In 1848 he studied in Germany under Bunsen and Magnus, and, from 1853 until his death, was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution. He lectured in the United States in 1872, and gave the proceeds to aid students pursuing scientific research in this country. His published books are: *The Glaciers of the Alps* (1860); *Mountaineering* (1861); *A Vacation Tour* (1862); *Heat a Mode of Motion* (1863); *On Radiation* (1865); *Faraday as a Discoverer* (1868); *Diamagnetism and Magneto-Crystallic Action,* and *Lectures on Electrical Phenomena* (1870); *Notes on Light,* and *Hours of Exercise in the Alps* (1871); *The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers,* and *Fragments of Science* (1871; enlarged ed. 1876); *Contributions to Molecular Physics in the Domain of Radiant Heat* (1872); *On Sound* (3d ed.), and *Six Lectures on Light* (2d ed., 1875); *Lessons on Electricity,* delivered in 1875–76 (Amer. ed., 1889); *Essays on the Floating Matter in the Air, in Relation to Putrefaction and Infection* (1881); *New Fragments* (1892).

LIMIT OF MATERIALISM.

In affirming that the growth of the body is mechanical, and that thought, as exercised by us, has its correlative in the physics of the brain, I think the position of the "materialist" is stated, as far as that position is a ten-

able one. I think the materialist will be able finally to maintain this position against all attacks; but I do not think, in the present condition of the human mind, that he can pass beyond this position. I do not think he is entitled to say that his molecular groupings and his molecular motions *explain* everything. In reality they explain nothing. The utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the prescientific ages. Phosphorous is known to enter into the composition of the human brain, and a trenchant German writer has exclaimed, "Ohne Phosphor, kein Gedanke." That may or may not be the case; but even if we knew it to be the case, the knowledge would not lighten our darkness. On both sides of the zone here assigned to the materialist he is equally hopeless. If you ask him whence is this "Matter" of which we have been discoursing, who or what divided it into molecules, who or what impressed upon them this necessity of running into organic forms, he has no answer. Science is mute in reply to these questions. But if the materialist is confounded and science rendered dumb, who else is prepared with a solution? To whom has this arm of the Lord been revealed? Let us lower our heads and acknowledge our ignorance, priest and philosopher, one and all. — *Fragments of Science.*

SCIENTIFIC IMAGINATION.

How, then are those hidden things to be revealed? How, for example, are we to lay hold of the physical basis of light, since, like that of life itself, it lies entirely without the domain of the senses? Philosophers may be right in affirming that we cannot transcend experience; but we can, at all events, carry it a long way from its origin. We can also magnify, diminish, qualify, and combine experiences, so as to render them fit for purposes entirely new. We are gifted with the power of imagination — combining what the Germans call Anschauungsgabe and Einbildungskraft — and by this

power we can lighten the darkness which surrounds the world of the senses. There are Tories even in science who regard imagination as a faculty to be feared and avoided rather than employed. They had observed its action in weak vessels, and were duly impressed by its disasters. But they might with equal justice point to exploded boilers as an argument against the use of steam. Bounded and conditioned by coöperant Reason, imagination becomes the mightiest instrument of the physical observer. Newton's passage from the falling apple to the falling moon was at the outset a leap of the imagination. When William Thompson tries to place the ultimate particles of matter between his compass points, and to apply them to a scale of millimetres, he is powerfully aided by this faculty. And in much that has been recently said about protoplasm and life, we have the outgoings of the imagination guided and controlled by the known analogies of science. We should still believe in the succession of day and night, of summer and winter; but the soul of Force would be dislodged from the universe; causal relations would disappear, and with them that science which is now binding the parts of nature to an organic whole. — *Fragments of Science.*

THE COLORS OF THE SKY.

The cloud takes no note of the size on the part of the waves of æther, but reflects them all alike. It exercises no selective action. Now the cause of this may be that the cloud particles are so large in comparison with the size of the waves of æther as to reflect them all indifferently. A broad cliff reflects an Atlantic roller as easily as a ripple produced by a sea-bird's wing; and in the presence of large reflecting surfaces the existing differences of magnitude disappear. But supposing the reflecting particles, instead of being very large, to be very small, in comparison with the size of the waves. In this case, instead of the whole wave being fronted and in great part thrown back, a small portion only is shivered off. The great mass of the wave passes over such a particle without reflection. Scatter, then, a handful of such for-

eign particles in our atmosphere, and set imagination to watch their action upon the solar waves. . . . An undue fraction of the smaller waves is scattered by the particles, and, as a consequence, in the scattered light, blue will be the predominant color. . . .

We have here a case presented to the imagination, and, assuming the undulatory theory to be a reality, we have, I think, fairly reasoned our way to the conclusion that were the particles, small in comparison to the size of the æther waves, sown in our atmosphere, the light scattered by those particles would be exactly such as we observe in our azure skies. . . .

Let us now turn our attention to the light which passes unscattered among the particles. How must it be finally affected? By its successive collisions with the particles the white light is more and more robbed of its shorter waves; it therefore loses more and more of its due proportion of blue. The result may be anticipated. The transmitted light, where short distances are involved, will appear yellowish. But as the sun sinks toward the horizon the atmospheric distances increase, and consequently the number of scattering particles. They abstract in succession the violet, the indigo, the blue, and even disturb the proportions of green. The transmitted light under such circumstances must pass from yellow through orange to red. This is exactly what we find in nature. Thus, while the reflected light gives us at noon the deep azure of the Alpine skies, the transmitted light gives us at sunset the warm crimson of the Alpine snows. — *Fragments of Science.*

FREEDOM OF INQUIRY.

It is not to the point to say that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, may be wrong. Here I should agree with you, deeming it indeed certain that these views will undergo modification. But the point is, that, whether right or wrong, we claim the right to discuss them. For science, however, no exclusive claim is here made; you are not urged to erect it into an idol. The inexorable advance of man's understanding in the

path of knowledge, and those unquenchable claims of his moral and emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy, are here equally set forth. The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakspeare — not only a Boyle, but a Raphael — not only a Kant, but a Beethoven — not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary — not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, unsatisfied with them all, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will still turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith; so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs — then, casting aside all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man. Here, however, I touch a theme too great for me to handle, but which will assuredly be handled by the loftiest minds when you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.

TYRTÆUS, a Greek poet; born in the earlier part of the seventh century B.C. He was the second in order of time of the Greek elegiac poets, and is perhaps the most renowned martial poet of all times. The information which has come down to us respecting this remarkable man is for the most part legendary and unreliable. It is related that the Spartans, disheartened at the success of their enemies

at the beginning of the second Messenian war, consulted the Delphian oracle, and were directed to ask a leader from Athens; that the Athenians, fearing lest the Lacedæmonians should extend their dominion in the Peloponnesus, sent them Tyrtæus, a lame schoolmaster, a native of Aphidnæ, in Attica; but that this man whom they had sent, as it were in mockery, so roused and maintained the courage of the Spartans by his warlike songs that in the end they obtained a complete victory over their dangerous foes. It is, of course, impossible to say what amount of truth may be contained in the above legend; but it is probable that Tyrtæus was by birth a stranger, that he became a Spartan by the subsequent recompense of citizenship conferred upon him, that he was an impressive and efficacious minstrel, and that he was moreover something of a wise and influential statesman, being able not only to animate the courage of the warrior on the field of battle, but also to soothe those discontents and troubles which usually prevail among the citizens in time of war. Grote calls him an inestimable ally of the Lacedæmonians during their second struggles with the Messenians; and the few indisputable facts respecting both the first and the second war have been gathered from the extant fragments of his poems. The poems of Tyrtæus were of two kinds; the first were elegies, in which the warrior was exhorted to bravery against the foe, and inspirited with descriptions of the glory of fighting for one's native land; the other sort were composed in more rapid measures, and intended as marching-songs, to be accompanied with the flute. The influence of these poems on the minds of the Spartan youth continued to be very powerful long after the poet himself had passed away.

The fragments which we possess of these famous songs and elegies will be found in Gaisford's *Poetæ Minores Græci.* They have also been edited separately by Klotz (1764) and by Stock (1819). Another good edition of the text of Tyrtæus is that of Bergk in his *Poetæ Lyrici Græci.*

MARTIAL ELEGY.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land!
But O, what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam,
His little ones shall, weeping, with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe;
While, scorned and scowled upon by every face,
They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed! dishonoring manhood's form!
All ills shall cleave to him; affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children like himself inured to shame.

But we will combat for our father's land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand,
To save our children. Fight ye, side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride!
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem the unequal fight,
Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might!
Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
Permit the man of age (a sight unblessed!)
To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
His hoary head dishevelled in the dust,

And venerable bosom bleeding bare!
But youth's fair form, though fall'n, is ever fair;
And beautiful in death the boy appears,
The hero boy that dies in blooming years!
In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears:
More sacred than in life, and lovelier far
For having perished in the front of war.
— *Translation of* THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE HERO.

When falling in the van he life must yield,
An honor to his sire, his town, his state —
His breast oft mangled through his circling shield,
And gashed in front through all his armor's plate —

Him young and old together mourn: and then
His city swells his funeral's sad array;
His tomb, his offspring, are renowned 'mongst men —
His children's children, to the latest day.

His glory or his name shall never die,
Though 'neath the ground, he deathless shall remain,
Whom fighting steadfastly, with courage high,
For country and for children, Mars hath slain.
— *Translation for Fraser's Magazine.*

TYTLER, ALEXANDER FRASER, a Scottish jurist, historian and essayist; born at Edinburgh, October 15, 1747; died there, January 5, 1813. From 1780 to 1800 he was Professor of Civil History in the University of Edinburgh; in 1790 became Judge Advocate of Scotland; in 1802 was raised to the Bench as Lord Woodhouselee, and was made Lord Justiciary in 1811. He was the author of several legal treatises;

of *Lectures on History,* of *Memoirs of Henry Home of Kames,* and of the *Elements of General History, Ancient and Modern.* He also published an *Essay on the Life and Writings of Petrarch,* with translations of some of his sonnets, and an *Essay on the Principles of Translation.* To periodicals he contributed several papers after the manner of the *Spectator.*

AN OVER-ECONOMICAL WIFE.

I am a middle-aged man, possessed of a moderate income arising chiefly from the profits of an office of which the emolument is more than sufficient to compensate the degree of labor with which the discharge of its duties is attended. About my forty-fifth year I became tired of the bachelor state; and taking the hint from some little twinges of the gout, I began to think it was full time for me to look out for an agreeable help-mate. The last of the juvenile tastes which forsakes a man is his admiration of youth and beauty; and I own I was so far from being insensible to these attractions that I felt myself sometimes tempted to play the fool, and marry for love. I had sense enough, however, to resist this inclination, and in my choice of a wife to sacrifice rapture and romance to the prospect of ease and comfort.

I wedded the daughter of a country gentleman of small fortune; a lady much about my own time of life, who bore the character of a discreet, prudent woman, who was a stranger to fashionable folly and dissipation of every kind, and whose highest merit was that of an excellent housewife. I was not deceived in the idea I had formed of my wife's character. She is a perfect paragon of prudence and discretion. Her moderation is exemplary in the highest degree; and as to economy, she is all that I expected — and a great deal more, too.

. . . . . .

Alas! how little do we know what is for our good! Like the poor gentleman who killed himself by taking

physic when he was in health. I wanted to be happier than I was, and I have made myself miserable.

My wife's ruling passion is the care of futurity. She had not been married above a month before she found my system — which was to enjoy the present — was totally inconsistent with those provident plans she had formed in the view of a variety of future contingencies which, if but barely possible, she looks upon as absolutely certain. . . .

In accomplishing this economical reformation my wife displayed no small address. She began by giving me frequent hints of the necessity there was of cutting off all superfluous expenses; and frequently admonished me that it was better to save while our family was small than to retrench when it grew larger. When she perceived that this argument had very little force (as it grew every day weaker), and that there was nothing to be done by general admonition, she found it necessary to come to particulars. She endeavored to convince me that I was cheated in every article of my family expenditure. . . .

This I found was but a prelude to a more serious attack; and the battery was levelled at a point where I was but too vulnerable. I never went out to ride but I found my poor spouse in tears at my return. She had an uncle, it seems, who broke a collar-bone by a fall from his horse. My pointers, stretched upon the hearth, were never beheld by her without uneasiness. They brought to mind a third cousin who lost a finger by the bursting of a fowling-piece; and she had a sad presentiment that my passion for sport might make her one day the most miserable of women. "Sure, my dear," she would say, "you would not for the sake of a trifling gratification to yourself render your wife constantly unhappy! Yet I must be so while you keep those vicious horses and nasty curs." What could I do? A man would not choose to pass for a barbarian.

. . . . . .

Good claret — which I have long been accustomed to consider as a panacea for all disorders — my wife looks upon as little better than a slow poison. She is convinced

of its pernicious effects both on my purse and constitution, and recommends to me, for the sake of both, some brewed stuff of her own, which she dignifies with the name of wine, but which to me seems nothing but ill-fermented vinegar. She tells me with much apparent satisfaction how she has passed her currant-wine for Cape, and her gooseberry for champagne; but for my part I never taste them without feeling very disagreeable effects; and I once drank half a bottle of her champagne, which gave me a colic for a week.

In the matter of victuals I am doomed to still greater mortification. Here my wife's frugality is displayed in a most remarkable manner. As everything is bought when at the lowest price, she lays in during the summer all her stores for the winter. For six months we live upon salt provisions, and the rest of the year on fly-blown lamb and stale mutton. If a joint is roasted one day, it is served cold the next, and hashed on the day following. All poultry is contraband. Fish, unless salt herrings and dried ling, when got at a bargain — I am never allowed to taste.— *The Lounger, April 15, 1780.*

TYTLER, Patrick Fraser, a Scottish biographer and historian; born at Edinburgh, August 30, 1791; died at Malvern, England, December 24, 1849. He was admitted to the Scottish bar in 1813, practiced for several years, but ultimately devoted himself to authorship. His principal works are: *Life of James Crichton of Cluny, commonly called the Admirable Crichton* (1819); *Life of John Wycliffe* (1826); *History of Scotland* (9 vols., 1828–42); *Lives of Scottish Worthies* (1831); *Historical View of the Progress of Discovery on the More Northern Coasts of America* (1832); *Life of Sir Walter*

Ralcigh (1833); *Life of Henry VIII.* (1837); *England Under the Reigns of Edward VI. and Mary* (1839). In 1844 a pension of £200 a year was awarded to him for eminent literary services.

THE BETRAYAL AND EXECUTION OF WILLIAM WALLACE.

The only man in Scotland who had steadily refused submission was Wallace; and the King [Edward I.], with that inveterate cruelty and unbroken perseverance which marked his conduct to his enemies, now used every possible means to hunt him down, and become master of his person. He had already set a large sum upon his head; he gave strict orders to his captains and governors in Scotland to be constantly on the alert; and he now carefully sought out those Scotsmen who were enemies to Wallace, and bribed them to discover and betray him. For this purpose he commanded Sir John de Mowbray, a Scottish knight at his court, and who seems at this time to have risen in great favor and trust with Edward, to carry with him into Scotland Ralph de Haliburton, one of the prisoners lately taken at Stirling. Haliburton was ordered to co-operate with the other Scotsmen who were then engaged in the attempt to seize Wallace, and Mowbray was to watch how this base person conducted himself.

What were the particular measures adopted by Haliburton, or with whom he co-operated, it is now impossible to determine; but it is certain that soon after this Wallace was taken and betrayed by Sir John Menteith, a Scottish baron of high rank. Perhaps we are to trace this infamous transaction to a family feud. At the battle of Falkirk, Wallace, who on account of his overbearing conduct had never been popular with the Scottish nobility, opposed the pretensions of Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, when this baron contended for the chief command. In that disastrous defeat, Sir John Stewart, with the flower of his followers, was surrounded and slain; and it is said that Sir John Menteith, his uncle, never forgave Wallace for making good his own retreat, without attempting a

rescue. By whatever motive he was actuated, Menteith succeeded in discovering the retreat of Wallace, through the treacherous information of a servant who waited on him, and having invaded the house by night, seized Wallace in his bed, and instantly delivered him to Edward. His fate, as was to be expected, was soon decided; but the circumstances of refined cruelty and torment which attended his execution reflect an indelible stain upon the character of Edward; and were they not stated by English historians themselves, could scarcely be believed.

Having been carried to London, he was brought with much pomp to Westminster Hall, and there arraigned for treason. A crown of laurel was placed in mockery upon his head, because he had been heard to boast that he deserved to wear a crown in that Hall. Sir Peter Mallone, the King's Justice, then impeached him as a traitor to the King of England, as having burned the villages and abbeys, stormed the castle, slain and tortured the liege subjects of his master, the King. Wallace indignantly and truly repelled the charge of treason, as he had never sworn fealty to Edward; but to the other articles of accusation he pleaded no defence. They were notorious, and he was condemned to death.

The sentence was executed on August 23, 1305. Discrowned and chained, he was now dragged at the tails of horses through the streets to the foot of a high gallows placed at the elms of Smithfield. After being hanged, but not to death — he was cut down, yet breathing; his bowels were taken out and burned before his face. His head was then stricken off, and his body divided into four quarters. The head was placed on a pole on London Bridge; his right arm above the bridge at Newcastle; his left arm was sent to Berwick; his right foot and limb to Perth; and his left quarter to Aberdeen. "These," says an old English historian, "were the trophies of their favorite hero which the Scots had now to contemplate, instead of his banners and gonfalons which they had once proudly followed."

But he might have added that they were trophies more glorious than the richest banner that had ever been borne before him; and if Wallace had already been, for his day

and romantic character, the idol of his people — if they had long regarded him as the only man who had asserted, throughout every change of circumstance, the independence of his country — now that the mutilated limbs of the martyr to liberty were brought among them, it may well be conceived how deep and inextinguishable were their feelings of pity and revenge.— *History of Scotland.*

U

UDALL, NICHOLAS, an English dramatist; born in Hampshire in 1504; died at Westminster, December 23, 1556. He was educated at Oxford. From 1534 to 1543 he was master at Eton. In 1555 he became master of Westminster School. He was known as a severe schoolmaster; but he wrote several plays for his pupils, one of which, *Ralph Roister Doister,* is the earliest specimen of English comedy. It was written before 1551, and it marks the transition from the mysteries and interludes of the Middle Ages to the comedies of modern times. The play is divided into five acts, and the plot is amusing and well constructed. The characters are of the middle class.

FROM "ROISTER DOISTER."

MATHEW MERYGREKE. CHRISTIAN CUSTANCE. TRIST TRUSTY.

M. Mery.— Custance and Trustie both, I doe you here well finde.

C. Custance.— Ah, Mathew Merygreke, ye haue vsed me well.

M. Mery.— Nowe for altogether ye must your answere tell.

Will ye have this man, woman? or else will ye not?
Else will he come neuer bore so brymme nor tost so hot.
Trist and Cu.— But why joyn ye with him?
T. Trusty.— For mirth.
C. Custance.— Or else in sadnesse.
M. Mery.— The more fond of you both hardly yat mater gesse.
Tristram.— Lo, how say ye dame?
M. Mery.— Why do ye think dame Custance
That in this wowyng I haue ment ought but pastance?
C. Custance.— Much things ye spake, I wote, to maintaine his dotage.
M. Mery.— But well might ye iudge I spake it all in mockage!
For why? Is Roister Doister a fitte husband for you?
T. Trusty.— I dare say ye neuer thought it.
M. Mery.— No, to God I vow.
And dyd not I knowe afore of the infurance
Betweene Gawyn Goodlucke, and Christian Custance?
And dyd not I for the nonce, by my conueyance,
Reade his letter in a wrong sense for daliance?
That if you coulde haue take it vp at the first bounde,
We should thereat such a sporte and pastime haue founde,
That all the whole towne should haue ben the merrier.
C. Custance.— I'll ake your heades both, I was neuer werier,
Nor neuer more vexte since the first day I was borne.
T. Trusty.— But very well I wist he here did all in scorne.
C. Custance.— But I feared thereof to take dishonestie.
M. Mery.— This should both haue made sport, and shewed your honestie,
And Goodlucke I dare sweare, your witte therein would low.
T. Trusty.— Yea, being no worse than we know it to be now.
M. Mery.— And nothing yet to late, for when I come to him,
Hither will he repair with a sheepes looke full grim,
By plaine force and violence to drive you to yelde.

C. Custance.— If ye two bidde me, we will with him pitch a fielde,
I and my maids together.
M. Mery.— Let vs see, be bolde.
C. Custance.— Ye shall see womens warre.
T. Trusty.— That fight wil I behold.
M. Mery.— If occasion ferue, takyng his parte full brim
I will strike at you, but the rappe shall light on him
When we first appeare.
C. Custance.— Then will I runne away.
As though I were afeared.
T. Trusty.— Do you that part wel play
And I will sue for peace.
M. Mery.— And I will set him on.
Then wil he looke as fierce as a Cotssold lyon.
T. Trusty.— But when gost thou for him?
M. Mery.— That do I very nowe
C. Custance.— Ye shal find vs here.
M. Mery.— Wel God haue mercy on you. [*Exit.*
T. Trusty.— There is no cause of feare, the least boy in the streete.
C. Custance.— Nay, the least girle I haue will make him take his feete.
But hearke, me thinke they make preparation.
T. Trusty.— No force it will be a good recreation.
C. Custance.— I will stand within, and steppe forth speedily.
And so make as though I ranne away dreadfully.

Much of the language of *Roister Doister* is in long and irregularly measured rhyme, of which a specimen may be given from a speech of Dame Custance respecting the difficulty of preserving a good reputation:

Lord, how necessary it is now of days
That each body live uprightly all manner ways,
For let never so little a gap be open,
And be sure of this, the worst shall be spoken.
How innocent stand I in this for deed or thought,

And yet see what mistrust towards me it hath wrought,
But thou, Lord, knowest all folks' thoughts and eke intents,
And thou art the deliverer of all innocents.

UHLAND, JOHANN LUDWIG, a German poet; born at Tübingen, April 26, 1787; died there, November 13, 1862. He was educated in his native town, studied law, and practiced in Stuttgart, where he was connected with the Ministry of Justice. In 1819 he became a member of the Würtemberg Assembly. He was Professor of German Language and Literature at Tübingen from 1830 to 1833. He resigned the professorship to take more active part in the Diet as a liberal leader, but withdrew in 1839. In 1848 he became a member of the Frankfort Assembly. He wrote poetry which appeared in periodicals as early as 1806. His works include: *Gedichte* (1815); the dramas *Ernst von Schwaben* and *Ludwig der Bayer* (1817–19; 3d ed., 1863); *Alte hoch und nieder deutsche Volkslieder* (1844–45); and *Schriften zur Geschichte der Dichtung und Sage* (8 vols., 1865–73). His poems have been translated by Longfellow, by Alexander Platt (1844), and his *Songs and Ballads* by W. W. Skeat (1864).

A CASTLE BY THE SEA.

Hast thou the castle seen,
That towers near the sea?
In golden, rosy sheen
The clouds above it flee.

Methinks it fain would bend
Down o'er the crystal main,
Methinks it fain would rend
The golden clouds in twain.

"Yes, I have seen it oft,
That castle on the strand,
The silver moon aloft,
And fogs upon the land."

Did wind and Ocean's wave
Breathe forth refreshing sound?
And in those halls above,
Did harp and song resound?

"The winds, the billows all
In deepest stillness slept,
I heard within that hall
A song of wail, and wept."

And sawest thou up there
The monarch and his queen?
The waving mantles' glare?
The crown and jewels' sheen?

With rapture led they none?
No gentle maiden fair,
In beauty like the sun,
Beaming with golden hair?

"I saw them pacing slow,
No crown its pomp displayed,
They wept in weeds of woe;
I saw no lovely maid."
— *Translation of* ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

Of Edenhall, the youthful Lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet board,

And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,
The house's oldest seneschal,
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall;
They call it the Luck of Edenhall.

Then said the Lord: "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys,
A purple light shines over all,
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the Lord, and waves it light:
"This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-sprite;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!

"'Twas right a goblet the Fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
Deep draughts drink we right willingly;
And, willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!"

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild,
Then mutters at last like the thunder's fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

"For its keeper takes a race of might,
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right,
Kling! klang! — with a harder blow than all
Will I try thy luck at Edenhall!"

As the goblet ringing flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;

And through the rift, the wild flames start,
The guests in dust are scattered all,
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword;
He in the night has scaled the wall,
Slain by the sword lies the youthful Lord,
But holds in his hands the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall!

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard in the desert hall,
He seeks his Lord's burnt skeleton,
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside,
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass in this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball
One day like the Luck of Edenhall!"

—*Translation of* LONGFELLOW.

THE PASSAGE.

Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in the same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried —
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

—*Translation of* LONGFELLOW.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

A grave, oh, Mother, has been dug for thee
Within a still, to thee, a well-known place.
A shadow, all its own, above shall be,
And flowers, its threshold, too, shall ever grace.

And, even, as thou died'st, so in thy urn
Thou'lt lie unconscious of both joy and smart;
And, daily, to my thoughts shalt thou return,
I dig, for thee, this grave within my heart.

—*Translation of* FREDERICK W. RICORD.

GIANTS AND DWARFS.*

From her father's lofty castle upon the mountain side,
One day into the valley the giant's daughter hied.
A plough and yoke of oxen she happened there to find,
And a peasant who contentedly was trudging on behind.
Giants and dwarfs!

The oxen, plough and peasant to her seemed very small,
So she took them in her apron to the castle, one and all.
"What have you there, my daughter?" said the giant, turning pale.

"Some pretty playthings, papa, that I found down in the vale."
Giants and dwarfs!

"Pick up your pretty playthings, my dear, and take them back,
Or else some day our larder its stock of food may lack!
The dwarfs must plough the valleys, or the valleys grow no wheat;
And the giants of the mountains would have then no bread to eat."
Giants and dwarfs!

—*Translation of* L. F. STARRETT.

THE LOST CHURCH.

A muffled tolling in the air
Is heard far down the wood's recesses;
None knows when first it sounded there,
Its cause tradition dimly guesses.
Of the Lost Church the chimes, 'tis said,
Swell on the breeze through these lone places;
Here once a crowded footpath led,
But no man now can find its traces.

As late that woodland's depths I trod,
Where now no beaten track extended,
And from this troublous time to God
My yearning soul in prayer ascended,
When all the wilderness was stilled,
I heard again that airy tolling;
The higher my devotion swelled
More near and clear the waves came rolling.

My spirit was so snatched away,
Inward so far the sound upbore me,
That to this hour I cannot say
What strange, unearthly spell was o'er me.
More than a hundred years had fled,
Methought, while I had thus been dreaming,

When through the clouds above my head
Broke a free space, like noontide gleaming.

The heavens looked down so darkly blue,
So full and bright the sun was beaming,
And a proud minster, full in view,
Stood in the golden lustre gleaming.
Methought bright clouds, like wings, upbore
The stately pile, while ever higher
Seemed through the blessed heavens to soar,
Till lost to sight, the sparkling spire.

I heard the bell with rapturous clang
Thrill down through all the trembling tower;
Swayed by no human hand it rang,
But by a holy tempest's power.
The storm and stream my spirit swept
Aloft as on a billowy ocean,
Till 'neath that lofty dome I stept,
With trembling tread and glad emotion.

How in those halls to me it seemed
Can never in my words be painted;
How darkly clear the windows gleamed
With forms of all the martyrs sainted.
Then saw I, filled with wondrous light,
Glow into life these pictured splendors;
A world was opened to my sight
Of holy women — Faith's defenders.

As, thrilled with holy love and awe,
I fell before the altar kneeling,
Behold! high over me I saw
Heaven's glory painted on the ceiling.
But when I raised my eyes once more,
The arch had burst with silent thunder;
Wide open flung was heaven's high door,
And every veil was rent asunder.

What majesty I now beheld,
In still, adoring wonder bending,

Upon my ear what music swelled,
  Both trump and organ notes transcending;
No word of man hath power to tell;
  Who yearns to know and vainly guesses,
Give heed to that mysterious bell
  That toils far down the wood's recesses.
— *Translation of* C. T. Brooks.

THE BEGGAR.

A Beggar through the world so wide,
  I wander all alone;
Yet once a brighter fate was mine,
  In days that long have flown.

Within my father's home I grew,
  A happy child and free;
But ah! the heritage of want
  Is all he left to me.

The gardens of the rich I view,
  The fields with bounty spread;
My path is through the fruitless way,
  Where toil and sorrow tread.

And yet amidst the joyous throng,
  The joys of all I share,
With willing heart I wait, and hide
  My secret load of care.

O blessed God! I am not left
  An exile from thy love;
On all the world thy smiles descend
  In mercy from above.

In every valley still I find
  The temples of thy grace,
Where organ notes and choral songs
  With music fill the place.

For me the sun, the moon, the stars,
Reveal their holy rays,
And when the vespers call to prayer,
My heart ascends in praise.

Some time, I know, the gates of bliss
Will open to the blest,
And I, in marriage garments clad,
Shall rise a welcome guest.

— *Translation of* WILLIAM A. BUTLER.

THE JOURNEY HOME.

O break not, bridge that trembles so!
O fall not, rock that threat'nest woe!
Earth, sink not down; thou, heav'n, abide
Until I reach my loved one's side!

— *Translation of* W. W. SKEAT.

THE VENGEANCE.

The squire hath murdered his knight for gold;
The squire would fain be a warrior bold.

He slew him by night upon a drear field,
And in the deep Rhine his body concealed.

He braced on the armor, so heavy and bright,
And mounted the steed of his master, the knight.

And as he rode over a bridge 'cross the Rhine
The charger 'gan fiercely to rear and to whine.

As the golden spurs in the flanks did go,
The squire was cast in the stream's wild flow.

With foot and with hand he struggles in vain,
By the armor drawn down, he ne'er rises again.

— *Translation of* HENRY PHILLIPS, JR.

THE HOSTESS'S DAUGHTER.

Three students had crossed o'er the Rhine's dark tide,
At the door of a hostel they turned aside.

"Hast thou, Dame Hostess, good ale and wine?
And where is thy daughter so sweet and fine?"

"My ale and wine are cool and clear;
On her death-bed lieth my daughter dear."

And when to the chamber they made their way,
In a sable coffin the damsel lay.

The first — the veil from her face he took,
And gazed upon her with mournful look.

"Alas! fair maiden — didst thou still live,
To thee my love would I henceforth give!"

The second — he lightly replaced the shroud,
Then round he turned him, and wept aloud:

"Thou liest, alas! on thy death-bed here,
I loved thee fondly for many a year!

The third — he lifted again the veil,
And gently he kissed those lips so pale;

"I love thee *now*, as I loved *of yore*,
And thus will I love thee *for evermore!*"

— *Translation of* W. W. SKEAT.

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

There stood in olden times a castle, tall and grand,
Far shone it o'er the plain, e'en to the blue sea's strand,
And round its garden wove a wreath of fragrant flowers,
In rainbow radiance played cool fountains 'mid the bowers.

There sat a haughty king, in victories rich and lands,
He sat enthroned so pale, and issued stern commands;
For what he broods is terror, rage his eyeballs lights,
And scourge is what he speaks, and blood is what he writes.

Once to this castle went a noble minstrel pair,
The one with golden locks, and gray the other's hair;
The old man, with his harp, a noble charger rode
And gayly at his side his blooming comrade strode.

The old man to the stripling spake: "Prepare my son!
Bethink our deepest songs, awake the fullest tone,
Nerve all thy strength, and sing of grief as well as love!
Our task is the proud monarch's stony heart to move."

Now in the pillared hall the minstrels stand serene,
And on the throne there sit the monarch and his queen;
The king, in awful pomp, like the red north-light's sheen,
So mild and gentle, like the full moon, sat the queen.

The old man struck the chords, he struck them wondrous well —
Upon the ear the tones e'er rich and richer swell;
Then streamed with heavenly tones the stripling's voice of fire,
The old man's voice replied, like spirits' hollow choir.

They sing of spring and love, the golden time they bless
Of freedom, and of honor, faith, and holiness.
They sing of all the joys that in the bosom thrill,
With heart-exalting strains the gilded halls they fill.

The crowd of courtiers round forget their scoffing now,
The king's bold warriors to God in meekness bow,
The queen dissolved in raptures, and in sadness sweet
The rose upon her breast casts at the minstrel's feet.

"My people led astray, and now you tempt my queen!"
The monarch, trembling, cried, and rage flashed in his mien.

He hurled his sword, it pierced the stripling as it gleamed,
Instead of golden songs a purple torrent streamed.

Then was the host of hearers scattered as by storm.
The minstrel's outspread arms received the lifeless form;
He wraps his mantle round him, sets him on his steed,
He binds him upright, fast, and leaves the hall with speed.

But at the portal's arch the aged minstrel stands,
His harp of matchless fame he seized with both his hands,
And 'gainst a marble pillar dashing it, he cries,
Resounding through the hall the trembling echo flies:

"Woe be to thee, proud pile, may ne'er sweet music's strain
Amid thy halls resound, nor song, nor harp again!
No! sighs alone, and sobs, and slaves that bow their head,
Till thee to dust and ashes the God of vengeance tread!

"Ye perfumed gardens, too, in May-day's golden light,
Gaze here upon the corpse with horror and affright,
That ye may parch and fade, your every source be sealed,
That you in time to come may lie a barren field.

"Woe, murderer, to thee! let minstrels curse thy name!
In vain shall be thy wish for bloody wreaths of fame;
And be thy name forgot, in deep oblivion veiled,
Be like a dying breath, in empty air exhaled!"

The old man cried aloud, and Heaven heard the sound:
The walls a heap of stones, the pile bestrews the ground;
One pillar stands alone, a wreck of vanished might,
And that, too, rent in twain, may fall e'er dawn of night.

Around,, where gardens smiled, a barren desert land,
No tree spreads there its shade, no fountains pierce the sand,
Nor of this monarch's name speaks song or epic verse;
Extinguish'd and forgot! such is the Minstrel's Curse.

— *Translation of* A. BASKERVILLE.

ULBACH, Louis, a French poet and novelist; born at Troyes in 1822; died April 16, 1889. For many years he was connected with *L'Indépendance Belge;* in 1852 he became editor of the *Revue de Paris,* and in 1876 of the *Ralliement.* In 1877 he was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Among his works are *Gloriana,* a volume of poems (1844); *Lettres d'une Honnête Femme* (1873); *Le Marteau d'Acier* (1873); *Le Sacrifice d'Aurélie* (1873); *La Ronde de Nuit* (1874); *Le Livre d'une Mére* (1875); *Aventures de Trois Grandes Dames de la Cour de Vienne* (1876); *Le Baron Americain* (1876); *Le Comte Orphée* (1878); *Mme. Gosselin* (1878). Several of his works have been translated into English, among which is *The Steel Hammer,* translated in 1888.

THE VERDICT.

Emilienne listened to it all. Her ears caught the dreadful words. People near her lowered their voices a little; but she heard them through the hum; and the pale Christ over the seat of judgment, smitten afresh by the dreadful talk around Him, seemed to her to sweat drops of blood in His oaken frame.

She had remained leaning on the balustrade, her elbows resting on the wood, silent, motionless, savage, and embittered, thinking how she could visit her anger on all mankind, and on the law itself, if the blow she apprehended should fall on her innocent husband.

The platform, now quitted by the judges, left full in her view Madame de Monterey; and now the two wives looked at each other.

Gabrielle knew nothing of what was being said around Emilienne, but she observed upon her face the reflection of each horrible word. She saw her petrified by a horror

that froze all her limbs, and she herself quivered with anxiety.

Gaston, nailed as it were upon his seat, for he had not dared to leave the court-room, was biting his nails furiously. He looked every minute or two at his watch, or cast suspicious glances to right and left of him, as if he were afraid that somebody would feel astonished at his keeping his seat, now that he had no more part in the trial, but carefully avoiding looking straight before him in the direction of the platform. A judge sat there for him, and him alone, and that judge was Gabrielle.

He thought the court-room suffocating. Drops stood upon his forehead. He did not wipe them off; so that he might have been said to weep at every pore.

At the end of three-quarters of an hour, the ringing of a bell made everybody start. Gaston folded his arms, Gabrielle clasped her hands tighter, and Emilienne clutched more firmly the balustrade.

The jurors came back.

They did not look so very terrible. None of them was pale. That, at least, was a good sign.

The foreman of the jury held with dignity before his breast a large sheet of paper, on which the verdict was written. If the paper had been bloodstained, surely so good a man (a worker in bronze, he was in the Marais) could not have pressed it, as he was doing, to his heart.

The judges came in.

All these details, which I have not invented, and which form part of the every-day proceedings in a law-court, seem to me indispensable to the atmosphere of the drama.

There was a deep silence — a silence as if everything held its breath, and the presiding judge requested the foreman of the jury to read the verdict.

Jean, who had been brought in at the same time as the judges entered, stood up, with his eyes fixed on his wife, and pale as death.

The foreman of the jury placed his hand upon his heart, which seemed to have an escutcheon or placard over it, for the pocket-book in his pocket made a square outline on the left side of his coat, and, in an official voice he read:

"On my honor and my conscience, before God and before men, the verdict of the jury is — Yes; the majority decide that the prisoner is guilty!"

As a murmur rose, the artisan in bronze, who was not of bronze himself, hastened to add:

"The majority of us consider that there are extenuating circumstances in favor of the prisoner."

Jean fell back in his seat, utterly overcome.

Emilienne had been about to utter a cry, but she restrained herself with all her strength. What was the use of giving those spectators who had come there to look on grief the pleasure of seeing her despair? . . .

The imperial prosecutor demanded sentence. The presiding judge then asked the prisoner's counsel if he had anything more to say.

"I recommend Jean Mortier to the indulgence of the court," said the lawyer, gathering up his papers, and in the commonplace tone in which a priest, accustomed to death-beds, says a requiem over a dead body as he is about to go away.

The judges had no need to retire to their chamber to consult together. They rose, drew somewhat apart, and talked in whispers. The chief judge, like the officiating priest when he says the confession in the beginning of the mass, bowed right and left to those around him, and they, like the lesser clergy in the service, bent toward him and bowed to him.

After that Jean Mortier's affair was ended.

The judge went back to his place, put on his cap (the cap adds to his infallibility), and after reading the articles of the code sufficiently abridged for the purpose, gave sentence, condemning Jean Mortier to fifteen years' hard labor at the galleys.

This was not a severe sentence for so great a crime.

"Prisoner, you have three days left to make your appeal for a new trial to the *cour de cassation*," said the chief judge, mildly.

Jean remained standing, not stupefied, but thunderstruck, and trying to care nothing for the thunderbolt. He remembered the words of the verdict; it had hit him like an arrow in his face, and imitating, unconsciously, the for-

mula of the foreman of the jury, he laid his hand upon his heart and said, loudly:

"On my honor and my conscience, before God and before men, I swear that I am innocent. I refuse any extenuating circumstances, I refuse to appeal, I refuse the galleys. I commit my cause to God, Who will judge you all, and will some day make manifest the real murderer, when it is too late."

Some newspapers blamed this speech, saying it was too theatrical not to be the utterance of a hypocrite.

Jean turned toward his wife.

"Farewell, *my* Emilienne!"

That possessive pronoun uttered at the moment when wife and child and property and all things else ceased to be his, appeared also a bravado.

Jean quickly left the court-room, dragged out by the gendarmes, not hearing or not listening to his wife, who cried after him:

"Au revoir! Au revoir!"

The crowd heard her, and were differently impressed by this supreme protest.

People stood aside to let Emilienne pass. She had come there alone, and alone she went away. All her limbs trembled, but she did not faint, and without supporting herself by the wall she went down the staircase of the *cour d'assizes,* and hastened with a quick step toward the *conciergérie.*— *The Steel Hammer; translation of* E. W. LATIMER.

ULFILAS, OR WULFILA ("LITTLE WOLF"), a Gothic bishop and translator of the Bible, born in 311 A.D.; died at Constantinople in 381. His parents were Christians from Cappadocia. At the Synod of Antioch in 341, he was consecrated Bishop of the Arian Goths, who lived north of the lower Danube. Ulfilas preached in Latin, Greek, and

Gothic, translating the Scriptures into the latter tongue, for which it became necessary to supplement the Greek alphabet with Gothic runes. The manuscript of the translation was lost for a time, but part of it was found during the sixteenth century. The Book of Kings, however, is missing and may never have been translated. There are extant the greater portion of the Gospels, a large portion of the Epistles, and fragments of the Old Testament. The original work shows evidences of having been done by various hands, but doubtless all under the supervision of Ulfilas. This translation is highly prized by philologists, the Gothic grammar being of priceless value in the history of human speech. It is three centuries earlier than any other specimen of Teutonic language in existence. The principal portion is the Codex Argenteus, in the university library at Upsala, Sweden, which is written in silver characters on a purple ground. Other fragments are preserved at Wolfenbüttel, Germany, and at Milan and Turin. In these old manuscripts are many inflections which have since been lost, and words which give us the clew to relationships otherwise untraceable, and with phrases which cast a strong light on the joyous youth of the Teutonic people.

ULFILAS'S CREED.

(Included in His Will.)

I, Ulfila, bishop and confessor, have ever thus believed, and in this alone true faith make my testament to my Lord: I believe that there is one God the Father, alone unbegotten and invisible; and I believe in His only begotten Son, our Lord and our God, Artificer and Maker of the whole creation, having none like Himself. Therefore, there is one God of all [the Father], who is also God of

our God [the Son]. And I believe in one Holy Spirit, an enlightening and sanctifying power, even as Christ said to His Apostles, "Behold, I send the promise of My Father in you; but tarry ye at Jerusalem till ye shall be endued with power from on high," and again, "Ye shall receive power when the Holy Spirit is come upon you;" and this Holy Spirit is neither God nor Lord, but the servant of Christ, subject and obedient in all things to the Father — [The conclusion of the sentence is wanting.

UPTON, GEORGE PUTNAM, an American journalist, critic and translator; born at Roxbury, Mass., October 25, 1834. He was educated in the schools of Roxbury and at Brown University, from which he graduated in 1854. In October, 1855, he went to Chicago and became connected with the Chicago *National Citizen,* later with the Chicago *Evening Journal,* and from 1862 to 1871 was literary, art, musical and dramatic critic on the Chicago *Tribune.* Since 1871 he has been an editorial writer on that paper. Among his earlier publications are *Letters of Peregrine Pickle* (1869), and *History of the Chicago Fire* (1872). His later works include *Woman in Music* (1880); translation of Max Müller's *Deutsche Liebe* (1880); translations of Ludwig Nohl's *Lives* of Beethoven, Haydn, Liszt and Wagner (1884); *Standard Operas* (1885); *Standard Oratorios* (1886); *Standard Cantatas* (1887); *Standard Symphonies* (1888). Mr. Upton has also been a frequent contributor to periodical literature.

WOMAN NOT A COMPOSER.

Why is it, then, that woman, who possesses all these attributes in a more marked degree than man, who is the inspiration of love, who has a more powerful and at the same time more delicate emotional force than man, who is artistic by temperament, whose whole organism is sensitively strung, and who is religious by nature — why is it that woman, with all these musical elements in her nature, is receptive rather than creative? Why is it that music only comes to her as a balm, a rest, or a solace of happiness among her pleasures and her sorrows, her commonplaces and her conventionalities, and that it does not find its highest sources *in* her? In other fields of art woman has been creative. Rosa Bonheur is man's equal upon canvas. Harriet Hosmer has made the marble live with a man's truth and force and skill. Mrs. Browning in poetry, Mary Somerville and Caroline Herschel in science, George Sand, Charlotte Brontë and Madame de Staël in fiction, have successfully rivalled man in their fields of labor; while George Eliot, with almost more than masculine force, has grappled with the most abstruse problems of human life, and though an agnostic has courageously sifted the doubts of science and latter-day cultured unbelief, and plucked many a rose of blessing for suffering humanity from amid its storms of sorrow and pain. . . .

There is another phase of the feminine character which may bear upon the solution of this problem; and that is the inability of woman to endure the discouragements of the composer, and to battle with the prejudice and indifference, and sometimes with the malicious opposition of the world, that obstruct his progress. The lives of the great composers, with scarcely an exception, were spent in constant struggle, and saddened with discouragements, disappointments, the pinching of poverty, the jealousies of rivals, or the contemptuous indifference of contemporaries. Beethoven struggled all his life with adverse fate. Schubert's music was hardly known in his lifetime, and his best works were not fairly recognized until after his death.

Schumann is hardly yet known. There is scarcely a more pitiable picture than that of the great Handel struggling against the malicious cabals of petty and insignificant rivals for popular favor who now are scarcely known even by name. Mozart's life was a constant warfare; and when this wonderful child of genius went to his grave in the paupers' quarter of the church-yard of St. Marx, he went alone — not one friend accompanied him, and no one knows to this day where he sleeps. Berlioz's music is just beginning to be played in his native country. Wagner fought the world all his life with indomitable courage and persistence, and died before he had established a permanent place for his music. There is scarcely a composer known to fame, and whose works are destined to endure, who lived long enough to see his music appreciated and accepted by the world for what it was really worth. Such fierce struggles and overwhelming discouragements, such pitiless storms of fate and cruel assaults of poverty, in the pursuit of art, woman is not calculated to endure. If her triumph could be instant; if work after work were not to be assailed, scoffed at, and rejected; if she were not liable to personal abuse, to the indifference of her sex on the one hand and masculine injustice on the other — there would be more hope for her success in composition; but instant triumphs are not the rewards of great composers. The laurels of success may decorate their graves, placed there by the applauding hands of admiring posterity, but rarely crown their brows.— *Woman in Music.*

BEETHOVEN.

A general sketch of the life and musical accomplishments of Beethoven has already appeared in the companion to this work, *The Standard Operas.* In this connection, however, it seems eminently fitting that some attention should be paid to the religious sentiments of the great composer and the sacred works which he produced. He was a formal member of the Roman Church, but at the same time an ardent admirer of some of the Protestant doctrines. His religious observances, however, were peculiarly his own. His creed had little in common with

any of the ordinary forms of Christianity. A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* some years ago very clearly defined his religious position in the statement that his faith rested on a pantheistic abstraction which he called "Love." He interpreted everything by the light of this sentiment, which took the form of an endless longing, sometimes deeply sad, at others rising to the highest exaltation. An illustration of this in its widest sense may be found in the choral part of the Ninth Symphony. He at times attempted to give verbal expression to this ecstatic faith which filled him, and at such times he reminds us of the Mystics. The following passages, which he took from the inscription on the temple of the Egyptian goddess Neith at Sais, and called his creed, explain this: "I am that which is. I am all that is, that was, and that shall be. No mortal man hath lifted my veil. He is alone by Himself, and to Him alone do all things owe their being." With all this mysticism his theology was practical, as is shown by his criticism of the words which Moscheles appended to his arrangement of "Fidelio." The latter wrote at the close of his work: "*Fine*, with God's help." Beethoven added: "O man! help thyself." That he was deeply religious by nature, however, is constantly shown in his letters. Wandering alone at evening among the mountains, he sketched a hymn to the words, "God alone is our Lord." In the extraordinary letter which he wrote to his brothers, Carl and Johann, he says: "God looks into my heart. He searches it, and knows that love for man and feelings of benevolence have their abode there." In a letter to Bettina von Arnim, he writes: "If I am spared for some years to come, I will thank the Omnipotent for the boon, as I do for all other weal and woe."—*The Standard Oratorios.*

URQUHART, DAVID, a British publicist; born in Bracklanwell, county of Cromarty, in 1805; died at Naples, Italy, May 16, 1877. He was educated at Oxford, traveled in the East, and was appointed Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, returning to England in 1836. In 1847 he was elected to Parliament from Stafford, but was not re-elected in 1852. Among his works are: *Observations on European Turkey* (1831); *Turkey and its Resources* (1833); *Spirit of the East* (1838); *The Pillars of Hercules, a Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco* (1850); *The Progress of Russia* (1853), and *The Lebanon* (1860).

THE CEDARS OF GOD.

How accurate the Prophet's description: "A cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, with a shadowy shroud and of high stature, and his *top* was among the *thick boughs*."

In presence of our ancient British oaks, I have felt awe-struck with the thought that the tread of Roman legions had echoed from their boughs. What then must one feel beneath tabernacles of verdure planted at the beginning of time, and standing now; in vigor equal to attempting a race with futurity as long as that which they have already run. Then, too, insects of human spawn, hatched and harvested in a day, may snatch an hour from their scanty reckoning amidst their noisy fellows, to wander in the shade or shadows of 12,000 years, and wonder at the story of four hundred generations which they have seen and will see.

I have spoken as yet but of one cedar. What, then, was the grove? It was of trees of the same species indeed, but of ordinary dimensions, and these shot straight up as we see in the so-called cedars brought to Europe; there was no block and no parting off of branches; this peculiarity belonged only to the antediluvian breed. The

Titans only had the arms of Briareus. Elsewhere I found more of these vast vegetable polypi: they are chiefly on the top of the hill, perhaps ten in all. Of these two approach their fall; one by being burnt at the root, the other breached by the storm. Three more are unsound; two only are in their prime, and to them it belongs to convey to future times an idea of the giant brood; if indeed they be not soon killed while the miscreant habit obtains of stripping off the bark for fools to write their names.

A French writer, in 1725, whose work I saw at the Jesuit convent at Gazir, estimates then the old trees at twenty. Thus one-half have been used up in a century by tourists for an album. There are perhaps thirty more which would take four men to girth, and which may be two or three thousand years old. The remainder, which may amount to five thousand, are of smaller dimensions, though none seems to be younger than a couple of centuries: These are the character of the old species. The trunk divides at from ten to twenty feet from the ground; the branches contorted and snake-like, spread out as from a centre, and give to the tree the figure of a dome. The leaf-bearing boughs spread horizontally; the leaves are spiculæ, point upward, growing from the bough like grass from the earth. These spiculæ are thick and short, about an inch in length. The cones stand up in like manner, and are seen in rows above the straight boughs. The cones contain seeds like the cone of the snow-bar. The timber is in color like the red pine, with a shade of brown. It is close-grained and extremely hard. No worm touches it, and the centre of the largest trees seems solid. It is considered the most durable of woods. In the destruction of Antioch, Tyre, and other places, in the time of the Crusaders, the beams of cedar are enumerated and mourned over, as are the vessels of gold and silver and the glass of Tyre. Many of these must have been from the time of Hiram and Solomon. They burn without smoke, and emit the perfume of frankincense.

I made a fire of cedar-wood, but with the fragments around, and half-burned trunks. I lighted a flame amid the snow, which filled the wood with its own perfume. The light smoke hung in the boughs, as vapor of amber

and opal, and then from the clear flame a perpendicular mirage arose, through which danced snow, foliage, and sky, as if seen through an atmosphere of boiling glass. Their name in Arabic is Arz. They are called Arz Lebnan, Arz Allah, Arz Mobarik; the Arz of Lebanon, the Arz of God, the blessed Arz. The sacred character is, however, not solely derived from their form and position: it must be attributed also to their solitariness. At present to visit them constitutes a pilgrimage. There is, besides, the mystery. A plant that stands alive before you and yearly produces its seed, and which yet cannot be reproduced by means of that seed, is something out of the order of nature. That in the time of the Prophets they were confined to this district, the Old Testament informs us; that to-day they are to be found nowhere else, any traveler's eyes may tell him.— *The Lebanon.*

V

VALAORITIS, Aristoteles, a Greek poet and patriot; born at Santa Maura, Ionian Isles, September 13, 1824; died near Santa Maura, in September, 1879. He was educated first in the Ionian Isles, and subsequently at a school in Geneva. Later he went to Paris, but the Northern climate was too severe for his constitution, and he completed his studies at the university of Pisa. In 1850 he returned to Santa Maura. An ardent and active Hellene, he was among those deputies in the Ionian chamber who never ceased to combat the British Protectorate. It was he who drew up and presented, in 1862, to the Lord High Commissioner the declaration in which the representatives of the Ionian Islands petitioned for their union with Greece; and he was shortly afterward elected a representative in the National Chamber at Athens.

Valaoritis wrote a number of poems in early youth; but a published collection, which indicated certain promise, was not followed by any further volume until he had reached the age of thirty-two. In 1857 appeared the famous volume known as the *Mnemosyna*. His later poems approach even more closely than his early ones those popular songs which were his chief

inspiration. It is not easy to find an exact English equivalent for the title *Mnemosyna,* as the commemorative services for the dead which it is used to indicate in Greek are unknown among us; the nearest translation would perhaps be "Memorial Poems," and as such the collection includes elegies recording personal losses and odes commemorating the heroes and forerunners of Greek independence.

Of the following extracts — translated by Rennell Rodd — the former is from a poem which tells of the heroic self-immolation of the priest Samuel, known as "the prophet of Kiapha," who, in 1803, refusing to leave the abandoned fortress of Kounghi, remained with five wounded pallikars to await the advance of the enemy. They gathered all the remaining powder together in the chapel, and as the soldiers advanced, Samuel administered the communion to his five comrades; then, as the strokes of the invaders fell upon the door, he fired the magazine and was buried with the foe in the ruins of Kounghi.

THE VICTORY OF GOD.

The first has partaken, the second has partaken,
He has given it to the third; the fourth has received it,
He stands before the last one, and offers it to him;
And as the priest's melodious voice intoned the
"Of Thy mysterious banquet
To-day, O Son of God——"
Voices broke in, blows on the door, loud tumult;
The infidels press round: "Now, mark, what dost thou here?"
Samuel lifted his eyes up at the sound,
And from the spoon poised high above the barrel
Let fall thereon an awful drop of consecrated blood:
Then broke the lightning shock, the great world thundered,

The church showed one red flash upon the clouds, one red
flash, dusky Kounghi!
Ah, what a funeral fire on this her day of doom
Had ill-starred Suli, what smoke of what frankincense!
Then seemed to mount up skyward the monk's dark cas-
sock,
And spread and ever spread like an awful cloud of gloom,
Like a great, black cloud it spread and blotted out the
sun;
And as the smoke kept rising that bore it in its train
The robe went sailing on and swept by like the shadow of
death;
And wherever its terrible shadow passed on its way
Like a mysterious fire it set the woods aflame.
Yet with the first few thunderstorms, and after the new
rains,
A green grass sprang again there, laurel and olive and
myrtle,
Hopes, victories and battles, and liberty and joy.

— *From Mnemosyna.*

THE VISION OF THANÁSE THE MARTYR.

The eye of God that never shuts kept vigil also;
And suddenly there came in their thousands round Tha-
náse
The mighty spirits from another world,
With the symbols of their ancient martyrdom, their man-
liness of old,
And they kissed him on the forehead and breathed new
vigor through him;
And o'er his gloomy prison they, in their azure stoles,
Spread wide their wings abroad, and opened round above
him
The deeps of heaven infinite, and starred them o'er
With memories immortal and sweet perfumes from the
grave.

— *From the Fourth Canto of Thanáse Diakos, in Mnemosyna.*

VALDES, Armando Palacio, a Spanish novelist and critic; born at Madrid in 1859. A good representative, though not in all respects the highest, of the new school of Spanish fiction, he is natural, graphic, full of life and color, and might be called an idealizing realist. His novels are *El Senorito Octavio, Marta y Maria* (translated with the title *Marquis of Peñalta* in 1886); *El Idilio de un Enfermo* (Invalid); *Aguas Fuertas* (Strong Waters — stories and sketches); *José, Riverita, Maximina* (translated in 1888 — a sequel to *Riverita,* and commended as a book that makes goodness interesting), *El Cuarto Poder* (The Fourth Estate); *La Hermana San Sulpicio* (Sister St. Sulpice — translated in 1890); and *Espuma* (Froth). The translations here noted are by Nathan Haskell Dole, of Boston. In explanation of the following selection, it should be stated that Sister St. Sulpice, her own name Gloria, had taken but a temporary vow of two years in the convent. The critical works of Valdes are *Los Oradores del Ateneo; Los Novelistas Españoles; Neuve Viaje al Parnaso;* and *La Literatura en 1881* (in collaboration).

SEVILLE.

Walking through the streets of Seville at that time of the evening was like visiting at the houses. Families and their callers gathered in the patios, and there was an excellent view of the patios from the streets through the screen doors. I saw young ladies in thin dresses, rocking back and forth in their American chairs, their black hair braided and decorated with some bright-colored flower, while their beaux, lolling unceremoniously in easy-chairs, chatted with them in low tones or fanned them. I heard their cries, their laughter, their piquant phrases.

In some of the court-yards they were playing the guitar and singing merry malagueñas or melancholy peteneras, with prolonged, mournful notes, interrupted by the *oles!* and clapping of hands among the hearers.

In others, two or three young girls would be dancing seguidillas; the castanets clacked merrily; the silhouettes of the dancers floated back and forth across the screen door in attitudes now haughty, now languid and languishing, always provocative, full of voluptuous promises.

Those were the patios which might be called traditional.

There were others, also, in modern style or modernized, where fashionable waltzes were played on the pianoforte or the more popular pieces from the zarzuelas or operettas recently performed in Madrid, unless, indeed, they sang the *Vorrei Morir,* or the *La Stella Confidente,* or some other of the pieces composed by the Italians for the enjoyment of sympathetic families of the middle classes.

There were, finally, also those of mysterious character, where the light was always soberly reduced to a minimum, silent and sad in appearance; by close attention one might see by the half-light that reigned amid the leaves of the plants the form of some loving couple, and if the passer-by walked softly or paused, perhaps his ear might catch the soft, tender sound of a kiss, though I would not vouch for it.

Everywhere the strong floods of light that poured out from the patios, the noise and uproar that came from out the grated doors, filled the street with animation, and spread through the city an atmosphere of cordiality and gayety.

It was the life of the south, free, gushing, expansive, unafraid of the curious gaze of the passer-by, rather desirous of it, and proud of satisfying it, where still is spread abroad, although so many centuries have passed, the sentiment of hospitality, the religion of the Arabs.

At such a time Seville presents a magic spectacle; an enchantment disturbing to the mind and conducive to visions. It seemed as if one were present in a strange, transparent city, an immense cosmorama such as disturbs our fancy when we are children, and awakens in

the heart irresistible desires to fly to other mysterious and poetic regions.

I breathed intoxicating odors; not the slightest stir cooled the brow. My steps grew shorter and slower as I wandered dizzily through the confused labyrinth of streets, all lighted up with gushing floods of light, echoing gayly with sounds of music, vibrating with shouts and the merry laughter of women.

When it was eleven o'clock my feet would turn swiftly toward the Calle de Argote de Molina, till I reached Gloria's house. Mystery gave our interviews an infinite enchantment. With my forehead leaning against the iron bars of the grating, feeling my mistress's gentle breath on my cheek and the touch of her perfumed hair, I let hours pass uncounted, which will perhaps be the happiest of my existence.

Gloria talked, talked an endless stream: dazzled by the light of her eyes, which, like two electric accumulators, were slowly and gently magnetizing me, I listened to her without moving an eyelash, delighted by her sweet and piquant Andalusian accent, the remembrance of which makes more than one Englishman sigh amid the fogs of Britain.

What did she talk about?

I hardly know: — about the insignificant happenings of the day, of the trifles of life; sometimes of the future, inventing a thousand contradictory plans which made me laugh; sometimes again of the events that had taken place in the convent. I enjoyed immensely hearing her tell about the tricks which she had performed during her school-days, the thousand and one comic or melancholy incidents that had taken place while she was at the college.

As a girl she had been full of the mischief, she frankly confessed. Scarcely a day passed without her playing some trick on the Sisters. The sad and monotonous life of the convent was not for her. They arose very early and spent half an hour in prayer in the class-room; they then heard mass. On going out they were allowed to speak to each other, but simply to exchange the greetings of the day. At recess, or the hour of recreation, as they

called it, they were also allowed to talk. Outside of these hours they were forbidden to communicate, but she never had obeyed this order, either when she was a student, or after she became a Sister.

"I could not, my son, I could not; the words would crowd upon my tongue, and would have to be spoken, or I should burst."

On one occasion, for having made fun of the Sister San Onofre, they had shut her up in the garret; from there she could look down into the barracks, and hearing the sentinel cry: "Sentinel on guard," she replied at the top of her voice, "On guard! (*alerta está*)."

This caused a genuine scandal, and brought upon her condign punishment. But she laughed at punishments, just as she did at the Sisters. Many times she had been obliged to do penance by entering all the classes, dropping on her knees in the middle of the room, and making crosses on the floor with her tongue. She had done so, but she made the other girls laugh with her grimaces.

I wanted to know something about Mother Florentina, for what the French nun told me about her had aroused my curiosity.

"Ah! the Mother Florentina was very kind; she always called us *filletas,* and let us do what we pleased, except when we were set to work. . . . Oh, then there was nothing else to do but to put in with all our might; she would not allow the least particle of dust in our rooms; she kept us sweeping until the floors shone like a mirror. You know, don't you, that she had to pay dearly for that little dance at Marmolejo? She was retrograded and obliged to ask pardon on her knees of the whole Sisterhood. Poor Mother! for our fault, I should say — for yours!"

"I knew that she was no longer Mother Superior; the nun who came to open the door for me told me so; a smart nun, certainly, with very stern eyes and a foreign accent."

"Oh, yes, Sister Desirée."

"She must be a hard one to get along with."

"Most trying! We are no friends. When I was an interne she left me no peace; till one day came the

thunder-clap, you know; I mean I almost broke her head. From that time she became as pliable as a glove."

The hours swiftly sped, but we heard them not, nor wished to hear the strokes of the clock solemnly sounding in the silence and loneliness of the night. Still, the ill-mannered stroke of one would startle us, and fill us with anxiety. We still remain for some little time talking. Half-past one sounds.

"Go, go!"

"Only just five minutes more."

The five minutes pass, and then five more, and still I do not move. Then Gloria suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, springs up, vexed with her own sweet self, and says abruptly:

"Adios! hasta mañana — till to-morrow!"— *Sister Saint Sulpice.*

VALERA y ALCALA GALIANO, JUAN, a Spanish statesman, diplomat and novelist; born at Cabra, October 18, 1824; died at Madrid, April 19, 1905. He studied at Granada, became secretary of legation at Naples and later at Dresden, Lisbon and St. Petersburg. In 1859 he was made Minister of Commerce and Agriculture. After serving as ambassador at Frankfort, he took part in the Spanish revolution of 1868. Subsequently he was ambassador to Lisbon, Washington, Brussels and Vienna. He was also made a member of the Senate, the Council of State and the Spanish Academy. His writings in prose fiction have assured him a high place in literature. His *Pepita Jiménez* (1874), marks the revival of Spanish fiction. Among his later works are *Dora Luz* (1878); *Morsamor* (1899); *De Rios Argentinos* (1901); *Ecos Argentinos* (1901).

IN THE GLEN.

My father, wishing to pay off to Pepita the compliment of her garden party, invited her in her turn to make a visit to our country-house of the Pozo de la Solana. . . . We had to go in the saddle. As I have never learned to ride horseback, I mounted, as on all the former excursions with my father, a mule which Dientes, our mule-driver, pronounced twice as good as gold, and as steady as a hay-wagon. . . . Now Pepita Ximenez, whom I supposed I should see in side-saddle on an animal of the donkey species also,— what must she do but astonish me by appearing on a fine horse of piebald marking, and full of life and fire. It did not take me long to see the sorry figure I should cut, jogging along in the rear with fat Aunt Casilda and the vicar, and to be mortified by it. When we reached the villa and dismounted, I felt relieved of as great a load as if it was I that had carried the mule, and not the mule that had carried me. . . .

Bordering the course of the brook, and especially in the ravines, are numerous poplars with other well-grown trees, which, in conjunction with the shrubbery and taller herbs, form dusky and labyrinthine thickets. A thousand fragrant sylvan growths spring up spontaneously there; and in truth it is difficult to imagine anything wilder, more secluded, more completely solitary, peaceful, and silent, than that spot. In the blaze of noonday, when the sun is pouring down his light in floods from a sky without a cloud, and in the calm warm hours of the afternoon siesta, almost the same mysterious terrors steal upon the mind as in the still watches of the night. One comprehends there the way of life of the ancient patriarchs, and of the heroes and shepherds of primitive tradition, with all the apparitions and visions they were wont to have,— now of nymphs, now of gods, and now of angels, in the midst of the brightness of day.

In the passage through those dusky thickets, it came about at a given moment, I know now how, that Pepita

and I found ourselves side by side and alone. All the others have remained behind.

I felt a sudden thrill run over all my body. It was the very first time I had ever been alone with that woman; the place was extremely solitary, and I had been thinking but now of the apparitions — sometimes sinister, sometimes winsome, but always supernatural — that used to walk at noonday in the sight of the men of an earlier time.

Pepita had put off at the house her long riding-skirt, and now wore a short one that did not hamper the graceful lightness of her natural movements. On her head she had set a charmingly becoming little Andalusian shade-hat. She carried in her hand her riding-whip; and somehow my fancy struck out the whimsical conceit that this was one of those fairy wands with which the sorceress could bewitch me at will, if she pleased.

I do not shrink from setting down on this paper deserved eulogies of her beauty. In that wild woodland scene, it seemed to me even fairer than ever. The plan that the old ascetic saints recommended to us as a safeguard,— namely, to think upon the beloved one as all disfigured by age and sickness, to picture her as dead, lapsing away in corruption, and a prey to worms,— that picture came before my imagination in spite of my will. I say "in spite of my will," because I do not believe that any such terrible precaution is necessary. No evil thought as to the material body, no untoward suggestion of the malign spirit, at that time disturbed my reason nor made itself felt by my senses or my will.

What did occur to me was a line of reasoning, convincing at least in my own mind, that quite obviated the necessity of such a step of precaution. Beauty, the product of a divine and supreme art, may be indeed but a weak and fleeting thing, disappearing perchance in a twinkling: still the idea and essence of that beauty are eternal; once apprehended by the mind of man, it must live an immortal life. The loveliness of that woman, such as it has shown itself to me to-day, will vanish, it is true, within a few brief years; that wholly charming body, the flowing lines and contours of that exquisite

form, that noble head so proudly poised above the slender neck and shoulders,— all, all will be but food for loathsome worms; but though the earthly form of matter is to change, how as to the mental concepting of that frame, the artistic ideal, the essential beauty itself? Who is to destroy all that? Does it not remain in the depths of the Divine Mind? Once perceived and known by me, must it not live forever in my soul, victorious over age and even over death? — *Pepita Ximenez.*

PEPITA'S EYES.

As I must have told you in former letters, Pepita's eyes, though green like those of Circe, have a most tranquil and exemplary expression. One would decide that she was not conscious of the power of her eyes at all, nor ever knew that they could serve for any other purpose than simply that of seeing with. When her gaze falls upon you, its soft light is so clear, so candid and pure, that so far from fomenting any wicked thought, it appears as if it favored only those of the most limpid kind. It leaves chaste and innocent souls in unruffled repose, and it destroys all incentive to ill in those that are not so. Nothing of ardent passion, nothing of unhallowed fire, is there in the eyes of Pepita. Like the calm, mild radiance of the moon, rather, is the sweet illumination of her glance.

Well, then I have to tell you now, in spite of all the above, that two or three times I have fancied I caught an instantaneous gleam of splendor, a lightning-like flash, a devastating leap of flame, in those fine eyes when they rested upon mine. Is this only some ridiculous bit of vanity, suggested by the arch-fiend himself? I think it must be. I wish to believe that it is, and I will believe that it is.

No, it was not a dream, it was not the figment of a mad imagination, it was but the sober truth. She does suffer her eyes to look into mine with the burning glance of which I have told you. Her eyes are endowed with a magnetic attraction impossible to explain. They draw me on, they undo me, and I cannot withhold my own

from them. At those times my eyes must blaze with a baleful flame like hers. Thus did those of Amnon when he contemplated Tamar; thus did those of the Prince of Shechem when he looked upon Dinah.

When our glances meet in that way I forget even my God. Her image instead rises up in my soul, victorious over everything. Her beauty shines resplendent beyond all other beauty; the joys of heaven seem to me of less worth than her affection, and an eternity of suffering but a trifling cost for the incalculable bliss infused into my being by a single one of those glances of hers, though they pass quick as the lightning's flash.

When I return to my dwelling, when I am alone in my chamber, in the silence of the night,— then, oh then, all the horror of my situation comes upon me, and I form the best of resolutions,— but only to break them again forthwith.

I promise myself to invent a pretext of sickness, or to seek some other subterfuge, no matter what, in order not to go to Pepita's house on the succeeding night; and yet I go, just as if no such resolution had been taken. . . .

Not alone to my sight is she so delectable, so grateful, but her voice also sounds in my ears like the celestial music of the spheres, revealing to me all the harmonies of the universe. I even go to the point of imagining that there emanates from her form a subtile aroma of delicious fragrance, more delicate than that of mint by the brook-sides, or than wild thyme on the mountain slopes.— *Pepita Ximenez.*

VAMBERY, Arminius, an Hungarian traveler and historian; born at Szerdahely, March 19, 1832. He was a soldier in the revolution of 1848, was seriously wounded in the battle of Comorn, and after the war had to escape to Turkey, whence he traveled over a large portion of Central Asia. He

lived many years in Constantinople and in 1863–64 visited Persia, Khiva, Bokhara, Samarkand and Herat. On his return to Hungary he became Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature at Buda Pesth. Among his principal works are *Travels in Central Asia* (1865); *Wanderings and Adventures in Persia* (1867); *Sketches in Central Asia* (1868); *History of Bokhara* (1873); *Central Asia and the Anglo-Russian Boundary Question,* and *Islam in the Nineteenth Century* (1875); *Manners in Oriental Countries* (1876); *Primitive Civilization of the Turko-Tartar People* (1879); *Origin of the Magyars* (1882); *The Turkish People* (1885); *The Future Contest for India* (1886), and various philological treatises, including a *German-Turkish Dictionary.* His works are very popular in England, though their accuracy has been seriously questioned

ST. STEPHEN, THE FIRST KING OF HUNGARY.

(Reigned 997–1038.)

King Stephen led the Hungarian nation from the darkness of paganism into the light of Christianity, and from the disorders of barbarism into the safer path of western civilization. He induced his people to abandon the fierce independence of nomadic life, and assigned to them a place in the disciplined ranks of European society and of organized states. Under him, and through his exertions, the Hungarian people became a western nation. Never was a change of such magnitude, and we may add such a providential change, accomplished in so short a time, with so little bloodshed, and with such signal success as this remarkable transformation of the Hungarian people. The contemporaries of this great and noble man, those who assisted him in guiding the destinies of the Hungarian nation, gave him already full credit for the wise and patriotic course pursued by him, and the Hungarian

nation of the present day still piously and gratefully cherishes his memory. To the Hungarians of to-day, although eight and a half centuries removed from St. Stephen, his fame continues to be a living one, and they still fondly refer to his exalted example, his acts, his opinions, and admirations, as worthy to inspire and admonish the young generations in their country.

This need be no matter for surprise, for at no period of Hungary's history has her political continuity been interrupted in such a way as to make her lose sight of the noble source from which its greatness sprang. No doubt a complete change has taken place in the political and social order, in the course of so many centuries, but the state structure, however modified, still rests upon the deep and sure foundations laid by the wisdom of her first king. One day in the year, the 20th of August — called St. Stephen's day — is still hallowed to his memory. On that day his embalmed right hand is carried about with great pomp and solemnity, in a brilliant procession, accompanied by religious ceremonies, through Ancient Buda, and shown to her populace. The kingdom of Hungary is called the realm of St. Stephen to this day, the Hungarian kings are still crowned with the crown of St. Stephen, and the nation acknowledges only him to be its king whose temples have been touched by the sacred crown. The Catholic Church in Hungary, although it no more occupies its former pre-eminent position in the state, still retains enough of power, wealth, and splendor to bear ample testimony to the lavish liberality of St. Stephen. Thus the historian meets everywhere with traces of his benignant activity, and whilst the fame and saintliness of the great king have surrounded his name with a luminous halo in the annals of his nation, that very brilliancy has prevented from coming down to posterity such mere terrestrial and every-day details as would assist in drawing his portrait. The grand outlines of his form detach themselves vividly and sharply from the dark background of his age — but there is a lack of contemporary accounts which would help to fill up these outlines, and the legends of the succeeding generations which make mention of him can but ill supply this want, for they re-

gard in him the saint only, and not the man. His deeds alone remain to guide us in the task of furnishing a truthful picture of the founder of his country, and well may we apply to him the words of Scripture, that the tree shall be known by its fruit.— *The Story of the Nations: Hungary.*

VAN ALSTYNE, Francis Jane Crosby, an American poet and hymn writer; born at New York in 1829. She was blind from childhood, as was her husband Van Alstyne. The marriage of Miss Crosby to Van Alstyne was brought about in the Home of the Blind, of which both were inmates, in 1858. When fifteen she wrote the following verse, which she says was her guiding star through life, and the secret of her cheerfulness:

O what a happy soul I am,
  Although I cannot see!
I am resolved that in this world
  Contented I will be.
How many blessings I enjoy
  That other people don't;
Whew! To weep or sigh because I am blind
  I cannot nor I won't.

She taught school and was very apt. It was after this that she turned her hand to song writing. She wrote words for many of the songs of George F. Root, the well known composer. Some of them are favorites now, among others *Hazel Dell; Rosalie, the Prairie Flower; Proud World, Goodby; I'm Going Home; Honeysuckle Glen;* and *There's Music in the Air.*

Some of her cantatas are *Flower Queen* and the *Pilgrim Fathers.*

While a teacher at the Home for the Blind Miss Crosby met Henry Clay, Presidents Tyler and Van Buren, General Winfield Scott and Governor Seward.

In 1844 a volume of verses, called *The Blind Girl and Other Poems,* was published, with a portrait of the writer. In 1849, *Monterey and Other Poems,* and in 1858 *A Wreath of Columbia Flowers* followed.

It was in 1864, upon the advice of William B. Bradbury, the famous composer of sacred music, that Miss Crosby wrote her first hymn. It began thus:

> We are going, we are going,
> To a home beyond the skies.

Since that time she has composed over 3,000 hymns. The hymn that has brought her most fame is *Safe in the Arms of Jesus.* It was composed in 1868.

Others of her hymns are *Rescue the Perishing; Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross,* and *Keep Thou My Way, O Lord.*

VANBRUGH, Sir John, an English dramatist; born at London in 1666; died there, March 26, 1726. He was of Flemish ancestry, and was educated in France. He entered the army and became captain, but resigned and devoted himself to architecture. He designed Castle Howard, in Yorkshire, and built Blenheim, the residence of the Duke of Marlborough. He was knighted in 1714 and made Comptroller of the Royal Works, and in 1716 became

Surveyor of the Works at Greenwich Hospital. His plays are well written and give amusing pictures of contemporary life. Their titles are: *The Relapse* (1697); *The Provoked Wife* (1697); *Æsop* (1698); an adaptation of Fletcher's *Pilgrim* (1700); *Confederacy* (1705), adaptations from Molière's comedies, and an unfinished comedy, *The Journey to London*, completed by Colley Cibber.

LOVELESS AND AMANDA.

Love.— How true is that philosophy, which says
Our heaven is seated in our minds!
Through all the roving pleasures of my youth
(Where nights and days seem all consumed in joy,
Where the false face of luxury
Display'd such charms,
As might have shaken the most holy hermit,
And made him totter at his altar),
I never knew one moment's peace like this.
Here, in this little, soft retreat,
My thoughts unbent from all the cares of life,
Content with fortune,
Eased from the grating duties of dependence,
From envy free, ambition under foot,
My life glides on, and all is well within.

Enter AMANDA.

How does the happy cause of my content,
My dear Amanda? [*Meeting her kindly.*
You find me musing on my happy state
And full of grateful thoughts to Heaven and you.
Aman.— Those grateful offerings Heaven can't receive
With more delight than I do,
Would I could share with it as well
The dispensations of its bliss!
That I might search its choicest favors out,
And shower 'em on your head forever.

Love.— The largest boons that Heaven thinks fit to grant,
To things it has decreed shall crawl on earth,
Are in the gift of woman form'd like you.
Perhaps when time shall be no more,
When the aspiring soul shall take its flight
And drop this ponderous lump of clay behind it,
It may have appetites we know not of,
And pleasures as refined as its desires —
But till that day of knowledge shall instruct me,
The utmost blessing that my thought can reach
[*Taking her in his arms.*
Is folded in my arms, and rooted in my heart.

Aman.— There let it grow forever!

Love.— Well said, Amanda — let it be forever —
Would Heaven grant that ——

Aman.— 'Twere all the heaven I'd ask.
But we are clad in black mortality,
And the dark curtain of eternal night
At last must drop between us.

Love.— It must.
That mournful separation we must see,
A bitter pill it is to all; but doubles its ungrateful taste,
When lovers are to swallow it.

Aman.— Perhaps that pain may only be my lot.
—*The Relapse.*

PICTURE OF THE LIFE OF A WOMAN OF FASHION.

Sir John Brute, *in the "Provoked Wife," disguised in his lady's dress, joins in a drunken midnight frolic, and is taken by the Constable and Watchmen before a Justice of the Peace.*

Justice. Pray, madam, what may be your ladyship's common method of life? if I may presume so far.

Sir John. Why, sir, that of a woman of quality.

Justice. Pray, how may you generally pass your time, madam? Your morning, for example?

Sir John. Sir, like a woman of quality. I wake about two o'clock in the afternoon — I stretch, and make a sign for my chocolate. When I have drunk three cups,

I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings. Then, hanging upon their shoulders, I'm trailed to my great chair, where I sit and yawn for my breakfast. If it don't come presently, I lie down upon my couch, to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the playbills.

JUSTICE. Very well, madam.

SIR JOHN. When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter; and half an hour after, I send to the cook to know if the dinner is almost ready.

JUSTICE. So, madam.

SIR JOHN. By that time my head is half dressed, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition that the meat's all cold upon the table; to amend which I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen, to be all dressed over again.

JUSTICE. Poor man.

SIR JOHN. When I have dined, and my idle servants are presumptuously set down at their ease to do so too, I call for my coach, to go to visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I never shall find one at home while I live.

JUSTICE. So! there's the morning and afternoon pretty well disposed of. Pray, how, madam, do you pass your evenings?

SIR JOHN. Like a woman of spirit, sir; a great spirit. Give me a box and dice. Seven's the main! Oons, sir, I set you a hundred pound! Why, do you think, women are married now-a-days to sit at home and mend napkins? Oh, the Lord help your head!

JUSTICE. Mercy on us, Mr. Constable! What will this age come to?

CONSTABLE. What will it come to indeed, if such women as these are not set in the stocks!

FABLE.

A Band, a Bob-wig, and a Feather,
Attacked a lady's heart together.
The Band in a most learned plea,
Made up of deep philosophy,

Told her if she would please to wed
A reverend beard, and take, instead
Of vigorous youth,
Old solemn truth,
With books and morals, into bed,
How happy she would be!

The Bob he talked of management,
What wondrous blessings Heaven sent
On care, and pains, and industry:
And truly he must be so free
To own he thought your airy beaux,
With powdered wig and dancing shoes,
Were good for nothing — mend his soul!

But prate, and talk, and play the fool.
He said 'twas wealth gave joy and mirth,
And that to be the dearest wife
Of one who laboured all his life
To make a mine of gold his own,
And not spend sixpence when he'd done,
Was heaven upon earth.

When these two blades had done, d'ye see,
The Feather — as it might be me —
Steps, sir, from behind the screen,
With such an air and such a mien —
Like you, old gentleman — in short,
He quickly spoiled the statesman's sport
It proved such sunshine weather,
That you must know, at the first beck
The lady leaped about his neck,
And off they went together.

VAN DYKE, HENRY JACKSON, an American clergyman and poet; born at Germantown, Pa., November 10, 1852. He studied at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, and afterward at Princeton College. He then entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and having graduated there in 1877, he went to Germany and studied at the University of Berlin. Before leaving Princeton, he edited for a time the *Princeton Book,* and was corresponding editor of the *Presbyterian,* published in Philadelphia. He returned to America in 1879 and took charge of a Congregational church at Newport; and in 1882 became pastor of the Presbyterian Brick Church in New York. He was preacher at Harvard University in 1891 and 1892; and in 1895 he became Lyman Beecher Lecturer at Yale. In 1900 he became Professor of English Literature in Princeton University. His literary works, besides many contributions to periodicals, include *The Reality of Religion* (1884); *The Story of the Psalms* (1887); *The National Sin of Literary Piracy* (1888); *The Poetry of Tennyson* (1889); *God and Little Children* (1890); *Straight Sermons to Young Men and Other Human Beings* (1893); *The Bible as It Is* (1893); *The Christ Child in Art: a Study of Interpretation* (1894); *The People Responsible for the Character of Their Rulers* (1895), and *Responsive Readings* (1895). Other works are *Historic Presbyterianism* (1893); *Little Rivers* (1895); *That Monster* (1896); *The Higher Critic* (1896); *The Gospel for an Age of Doubt* (1897); *The Builders and Other Poems* (1897); *Ships and Havens* (1897); *Fisherman's Luck* (1899); *The Toiling of*

Felix (1900); *The Blue Flower* (1901); *The Ruling Passion* (1902); *Music and Other Poems* (1904); and *The School of Life* (1905).

THE BREATH OF TIME.

The monuments of mortals
Are as the flower of the grass:
Through Time's dim portals
A voiceless, viewless wind doth pass;
And where it breathes, the brightest blooms decay,
The forests bend to earth more deeply day by day,
And man's great buildings slowly fade away.
One after one
They pay to that dumb breath
The tribute of their death;
And are undone.
The towers incline to dust,
The massive girders rust,
The domes dissolve in air,
The pillars that upbear
The lofty arches crumble, stone by stone,
While man the builder looks about him in despair,
For all his works of pride are overthrown.
—*From The Builders.*

ARMENIA.

Stand back, ye messengers of mercy! Stand
Far off, for I will save my troubled folk
In my own way. So the false Sultan spoke;
And Europe, hearkening to his base command,
Stood still to see him heal his wounded land.
Through blinding snows of winter and through smoke
Of burning towns, she saw him deal the stroke
Of cruel mercy that his hate had planned.
Unto the prisoners and the sick he gave
New tortures, horrible, without a name;
Unto the thirsty, blood to drink; a sword
Unto the hungry; with a robe of shame

He clad the naked, making life abhorred.
He saved by slaughter, but denied a grave.
— *The Independent, March 5, 1896.*

VAN DYKE, JOHN CHARLES, an American art critic and librarian; born at New Brunswick, N. J., April 21, 1856. For many years he studied art in Europe, has lectured at various universities, and is Professor of Art at Rutgers College. In 1878 he became librarian of Sage Library. His works are *Books and How to Use Them* (1883); *Principles of Art* (1887); *Art for Art's Sake* (1893); *History of Painting* (1893); *Old Dutch and Flemish Masters* (1895); *Modern Flemish Masters* (1896); *Nature for Its Own Sake* (1898); *Italian Painting* (1901); *Old English Masters* (1902); *The Meaning of Pictures* (1903).

WHAT A BURNE-JONES PICTURE MEANS.

"The words of an artist explaining the general aim and purpose of his art are always helpful in understanding the work itself. After reading the letters of Millet and Watts we comprehend their pictures much better, for they tell us what was their point of view, what they strove for and what meaning they intended to convey. Fortunately, we have written testimony that will explain Sir Edward Burne-Jones and his view of art with equal clearness. It appears in a letter which he wrote to a friend years ago, with perhaps no thought that it would ever be seen by the public eye. In part it runs thus: "I mean by a picture a beautiful romantic dream of something that never was, never will be; in a light better than any light that ever shone; in a land no one can define or remember, only desire; and the forms divinely beautiful — and then I wake up with the waking of Brunhild."

After that statement no one could possibly think of Burne-Jones as a realist or an academician or a painter devoted merely to exploiting his skill of hand. He was opposed to all that. The forms of reality or of tradition were merely the means of suggesting an unreality. For he was primarily absorbed with "a beautiful romantic dream of something that never was."

With his poetic temperament he early fell in love with the classic and Biblical traditions, the mediæval legends, the old romances, the fabled stories of antiquity. They were the starting point of his romantic thoughts — the beginning of his reveries — that grew into pictorial forms divinely beautiful. He mused over the Days of Creation, the Garden of Pan, the story of Merlin, the tale of the Sleeping Beauty. He saw the characters he loved in his mind's eye, saw them drawn, modeled and painted as they should appear in art. That was his ideal. Then he took up his brush and tried to paint them — tried to realize this ideal upon canvas. That produced his picture. It also produced with himself what he has called "the waking of Brunhild" — that is, disappointment. He never could realize fully what he saw in the mirror of dreams. The figures were more "divinely beautiful" in his vision than upon his canvas. He was, however, his own severest critic in this respect.

It is easy to understand how a mind so poetically endowed, so romantically inclined, would see material fit for its purpose in the old English ballads. It was in the *Percy Reliques* that Burne-Jones found the story of *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.* It was a popular tale with the early dramatic writers and often alluded to as an illustration of love leveling all ranks. For it seems that King Cophetua was a reigning prince in Africa who

> ". . . cared not for women-kinde
> But did them all disdaine"

until from his palace window he saw pass by the beggar maid "all in gray." Then peace of mind forsook him. He could not be happy without her, and his love struggled with his rank until one eventful day when he hap-

pened to be out walking. The beggars followed him in a drove asking alms. He dismissed them one by one with money, all except Penelophon:

"The King he cal'd her back againe,
And unto her he gave his chaine;
And said, 'With us you shal remaine
Till such time as we dye.'
. . . . . .
"'What is thy name, faire maid?' quoth he:
'Penelophon, O King,' quoth she:
With that she made a lowe courtsèy,
A trim one as I weene.

"Thus hand in hand along they walke
Unto the King's pallàce;
The King with courteous, comly talke
This beggar doth embrace.
The beggar blusheth scarlet red,
And straight againe as pale as lead.
But not a word at all she said,
She was in such amaze."

And they were wed, and the beggar maid

". . . behaved herself that day
As if she had never walkt the way;
She had forgot her gowne of gray,
Which she did weare of late."

The tale ends, like all good love stories, with long life and much happiness:

"Thus they led a quiet life
Duringe their princely raigne,
And in a tombe were buried both
As writers sheweth plaine.
The lords they tooke it grievously,
The ladies tooke it heavily,
The commons cryed piteously,
Their death to them was paine."

The story is certainly romantic enough — far enough removed from the actual — to suit the painter's purpose; and it is just as certainly poetic. And yet there is more romance in the picture than in the poem, more pathos in the wondering face of the beggar maid than the tale tells us. This is not merely an illustration that supplements a written text, but it is a distinct creation. The legendary figures that barely existed in a few lines of an old ballad are here brought into new life and being. They live with all the splendor of mediævalism. The dramatic scene of bringing Penelophon home to the palace appears before us. There she sits on the King's golden throne, lost in a confused whirl of thoughts, shrinking into her beggar's garment of gray, dazed at the splendor of her surroundings. And there sits at her feet King Cophetua quite willing to cast his kingdom and crown at her feet.

The very mood of the lovers is perhaps caught up and repeated in a low melody which the two youths at the railing are singing — a melody that spreads the feeling of pathos, of passion, and suggests the strange, sweet sadness of romance. Indeed, the picture is just what Burne-Jones described it.

But while this bit of old romance is far enough removed from the actual, Burne-Jones has not seen fit to overlook the beauty of the material. He intended that the picture should be beautiful in more than the tale it told. It is a marvel of skillful design and rich color. The King himself is clad in glittering blue-steel armor, and over the armor is a mantle of blue green lined with purple; his spear and shield lean against the steps of the dais and his jewel-hilted sword rests between his knees.

The beggar maid in her mantle of gray, which but poorly hides her bare feet and arms, sits upon purple cushions. She is fair with dull golden hair and light gray eyes. In her right hand she holds some purple anemones. The chair of state is raised on a flight of steps with an open balustrade around the double seat, and the whole is covered with beaten metal-work in gold, showing reliefs of lions and other animals in the

Assyrian style. "Myrtle branches are seen through the rails on the left, and an orange tree laden with fruit and blossoms stands behind where two youths lean on the coping singing from an illuminated score. They wear long gowns of red and blue and changing green and pink. Through a partly curtained window in the background are seen the ramparts of the castle, a stretch of forest land and a quiet evening sky."

From top to bottom the picture is composed, drawn, executed to please the eye. And yet it is odd, archaic-looking. Its drawing is constrained and somewhat angular, its composition is arbitrary rather than realistic, and its blue-green tone of color is morbid. Undeniably, it has what the mob calls "a queer look." It harks back to Crivelli or Mantegna and in some respects makes one think of Pinturiccio or Botticelli. That is the inheritance of Pre-Raphaelitism, of which Burne-Jones was a late exponent. The mystery and wonder with the strange composition and color were the necessary result of his teaching under Rossetti. But in the years to come, when this odd look has passed away and the affectation and strained effort of Pre-Raphaelitism are forgotten, it is a question if the splendid decorative workmanship of such a panel as this will not be regarded with the same admiration that we to-day bestow upon Botticelli's *Allegory of Spring*. The workmanship alone with its decorative result will keep the picture from oblivion. The story may pass and the types become obsolete and the sentiment be considered mere sentimentality; but the skill of the craftsman will endure.

And yet this is not painting in the Velasquez sense. There is no free swing of the brush. Everything is measured and weighed with the greatest nicety and executed with the greatest care. It was a belief of the Pre-Raphaelites that if the painter looked after the facts the beauty would look after itself. And so we have in this picture by Burne-Jones a surface executed with the exactness of a Japanese lacquer or a precious piece of cloisonné. The brush is small and the touch minute. The King's crown, armor and jeweled sword, the gold of the steps, the beaten reliefs of lions and peacocks, the

patterns of the cloth, the flowers and fruits, are all wrought with the skill of a goldsmith. And the total result of it is not a finical or petty surface, but something that impresses one by its richness. The blue-green and purple notes of color which are repeated throughout the picture rather help on the feeling of regal splendor. The total effect seems to carry us back into knightly days, and brings up before us the barbaric glory of an African prince in the olden time.

Of course this refinement of surface, this devotion to the painting of textures, is counterbalanced to some extent by harshness in the contours. The drawing is sharp and one feels the edges. The golden throne seems wanting in the sense of solidity; the King himself, for all his splendor, seems brittle, and the beggar maid is seemingly petrified. Again, the formality of the composition has resulted in a somewhat huddled appearance. There is more material in the panel than it will comfortably hold. These are some of the things that give it "a queer look" to our eyes, though we have gathered from the painter's own words that he never intended that the picture should have a pronounced realistic look.

Pre-Raphaelitism, from which Burne-Jones descended, was started in England about 1847 by Rossetti, Holman Hunt and Sir John Millais, in connection with several poets and sculptors — seven in all. Mr. Ruskin was its advocate and had much to do with bringing it into public notice. It was in effect an emulation of the sincerity, the loving care and the scrupulous exactness in matters of truth that characterized the Italian painters before Raphael. It was an attempted return to the veracity of the early masters — Botticelli, Bellini, Mantegna and their contemporaries. With it there was mingled a moral and religious pose and a whatnot of mysticism and morbidity comparable to that of Botticelli. It was an honest effort pushed, perhaps, to an extreme. The members of the brotherhood did not continue together for any length of time, but the influence of the movement was far-reaching.

Burne-Jones was a pupil of Rossetti, the real founder of Pre-Raphaelitism, and from him he got much of the

mystic, the dreamy and the melancholy quality of his art. He was born in Birmingham in 1833 and educated at King Edward's School, in that town. He left Oxford before graduation and joined William Morris in London. He met Rossetti in 1855, and under his influence, with Morris, Swinburne and others for friends, he was soon launched on a career. Recognition came to him late but was substantial enough toward the end. The Royal Academy made him an Associate — a something which he afterward resigned; Oxford gave him the degree of D. C. L., and France gave him the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. He was made a baronet in 1894. When he died, in 1898, the pictures in his studio sold for $150,000. But long before that he had won his spurs with the painters and was respected and honored as an artist of uncommon genius.

The *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid* was painted in 1884 and is a very large canvas, measuring twelve feet in height by nine feet in width. It hangs to-day in the National Gallery of British Art, and is considered not only one of the masterpieces of the collection but possibly the most complete picture that Burne-Jones ever painted.— *Ladies' Home Journal.*

VAUGHAN, Henry, a Welsh poet and mystic; born at Skethiog-on-Usk in 1621; died there, April 23, 1695. He was known as "the Silurist," from his being born in South Wales, the country of the Silures. He had a twin brother Thomas, known as "the Rosicrucian," with whom he entered Jesus College, Oxford, in 1638; having been privately educated since 1632 by the rector of Llangattock. It was early in the great rebellion that the brothers went to Oxford; King Charles kept his court there, and the young Vaughans were hot Royalists.

Thomas bore arms, and Henry was imprisoned. Thomas, after many trials, returned to Oxford, devoted his life to alchemy, and wrote books on such subjects as the state of man after death, "grounded on proto-chemistry"; the discovery of the true "*cælum terræ,*" and the like. At what time Henry left the university is not known; but it was evidently after he had studied some time in London and had been introduced into the society of men of letters that he published his first volume, *Poems with the Tenth Satire of Juvenal Englished* (1646). He published his collection of sacred poems, *Silex Scintillans,* in 1650. His *Olor Iscanus, the Swan of Usk,* a collection of secular verses, was published by his brother in 1651. A mystical treatise in prose, *The Mount of Olives,* followed in 1652; and then two prose translations, *Flores Solitudinis,* in 1654, and *Hermetical Physick,* in 1655. In 1678 an Oxford friend collected the poems of Vaughan's middle life in a volume entitled *Thalia Rediviva.* One of the best of his single poems is entitled *The Retreate.*

The poems of Vaughan evince considerable strength and originality of thought and copious imagery, though tinged with a gloomy sectarianism, and marred by crabbed rhymes. Campbell scarcely does justice to Vaughan in styling him one of the harshest even of the inferior order of the school of conceit," though he admits that he has "some few scattered thoughts that meet our eye amidst his harsh pages, like wild-flowers on a barren heath." As a sacred poet, Vaughan has an intensity of feeling only inferior to Crashaw. He had a dash of Celtic enthusiasm. He does not seem to have attained to a competence in either, for he com-

plains much of the proverbial poverty and suffering of poets:

> As they were merely thrown upon the stage,
> The mirth of fools, and legends of the age.

In his latter days, Vaughan grew deeply serious and devout, and published his *Sacred Poems,* which contain his happiest effusions. The poet was not without hopes of renown, and he wished the river of his native vale to share in the distinction:

> When I am laid to rest hard by thy streams,
> And my sun sets where first it sprang in beams,
> I'll leave behind me such a large kind light
> As shall redeem thee from oblivious night,
> And in these vows which — living yet — I pay,
> Shed such a precious and enduring ray.
> As shall from age to age thy fair name lead
> Till rivers leave to run, and men to read!

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun:
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day: there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sunrising; far day sullies flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning-hymn; each bush

And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine;
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries; the first the world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star; the stone and hidden food;
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move — they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay;
Despatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may;
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

THE RAINBOW.

Still young and fine, but what is still in view
We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnished flaming arch did first descry;
When Zerah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair;
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!

When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distinct, and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt all and One.

THE STORY OF ENDYMION.

(Written after reading M. Gombauld's romance of "Endymion."

I've read thy soul's fair night-piece, and have seen
The amours and courtship of the silent queen;
Her stolen descents to earth, and what did move her
To juggle first with heaven, then with a lover;
With Latmos' louder rescue, and (alas!)
To find her out, a hue and cry in brass;
Thy journal of deep mysteries, and sad
Nocturnal pilgrimage; with thy dreams, clad
In fancies darker than thy cave; thy glass
Of sleepy draughts; and as thy soul did pass
In her calm voyage, what discourse she heard
Of spirits; what dark groves and ill-shaped guard
Ismena led thee through; with thy proud flight
O'er Periardes, and deep-musing night
Near fair Eurotas' banks; what solemn green
The neighbour shades wear; and what forms are seen
In their large bowers; with that sad path and seat
Which none but light-heeled nymphs and fairies beat;
Their solitary life, and how exempt
From common frailty — the severe contempt
They have of man — their privilege to live
A tree or fountain, and in that reprieve
What ages they consume: with the sad vale
Of Diophania; and the mournful tale
Of the bleeding, vocal myrtle: these and more,
Thy richer thoughts, we are upon the score
To thy rare fancy for. Nor dost thou fall
From thy first majesty, or ought at all
Betray consumption. Thy full vigorous bays
Wear the same green, and scorn the lean decays
Of style or matter; just as I have known

Some crystal spring, that from the neighbour down
Derived her birth, in gentle murmurs steal
To the next vale, and proudly there reveal
Her streams in louder accents, adding still
More noise and waters to her channel, till
At last, swollen with increase, she glides along
The lawns and meadows, in a wanton throng
Of frothy billows, and in one great name
Swallows the tributary brooks' drowned fame.
Nor are they mere inventions, for we
In the same piece find scattered philosophy,
And hidden, dispersed truths, that folded lie
In the dark shades of deep allegory,
So neatly weaved, like arras, they descry
Fables with truth, fancy with history.
So that thou hast, in this thy curious mould,
Cast that commended mixture wished of old,
Which shall these contemplations render far
Less mutable, and lasting as their star;
And while there is a people, or a sun,
Endymion's story with the moon shall run.

TIMBER.

Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,
  Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Passed o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings
  Which now are dead, lodged in thy living towers.

And still a new succession sings and flies,
  Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
  While the low violet thrives at their root.

NIGHT AND NICODEMUS.

Most blessed believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blinde eyes
Thy long expected healing wings could see,
  When thou didst rise;

And, what can never more be done,
Did at midnight speak with the Sun!

O who will tell me where
He found thee at that dead and silent hour?
What hallow'd, solitary ground did bear
So rare a flower;
Within whose sacred leaves did lie
The fulness of the Deity?
No mercy-seat of gold,
No dead and dusty Cherub, nor carved stone,
But his own livings works, did my Lord hold
And lodge alone;
Where trees and herbs did watch and peep
And wonder, while the Jews did sleep.

Dear night! this world's defeat;
The stop to busie fools; care's check and curb;
The day of Spirits; my soul's calm retreat
Which none disturb!
Christ's progress and his prayer-time;
The hours to which high Heaven doth chime.

God's silent, searching flight:
When my Lord's head is filled with dew; and all
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night;
His still, soft call;
His knocking time; the soul's dumb watch,
When Spirits their Fair Kindred catch.

Were my loud, evil days,
Calm and undaunted as is Thy dark Tent,
Whose peace but by some Angel's wing or voice
Is seldom rent;
Then I in Heaven all the long year
Would keep, and never wander here.

—*From Silix Scintillans.*

DEATH.

Though since thy first sad entrance
By just Abel's blood,
'Tis now six thousand years well nigh,
And still thy sovereignty holds good;
Yet by none art thou understood.

We talk and name thee with much ease,
As a tryed thing,
And every one can slight his lease,
As if it ended in a Spring,
Which shades and bowers doth rent-free bring.

To thy dark land these heedless go.
But there was One
Who search'd it quite through to and fro,
And then, returning like the Sun,
Discover'd all that there is done.

And since his death we thoroughly see
All thy dark way;
Thy shades but thin and narrow be,
Which his first looks will quickly fray;
Mists make but triumphs for the day.

— *From Silex Scintillans.*

EARLY INNOCENCE.

Happy those early days, when I
Shin'd in my Angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, Celestiall thought;
When yet I had not walkt above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded Cloud or flowre

My gazing soul would dwell an houre,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My Conscience with a sinfule sound,
Or had the black art to dispence
A sev'rall sinne to ev'ry sence,
But felt through all this fleshly dresse
Bright shootes of everlastingness.
O, how I long to travell back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plaine,
Where first I left my glorious traine;
From whence th' Inlightened spirit sees
That shady City of Palme trees.
—*From The Retreate.*

THEY ARE ALL GONE.

They are all gone into the world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear;

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove —
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmering and decays.

O holy hope! and high humility!
High as the heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have showed them me
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous death — the jewel of the just —
Shining nowhere but in the dark!

What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.

If a star were confined into a tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there,
But when the hand that locked her up gives room,
She'll shine through all the sphere.

O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty.

Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

THE MORNING WATCH.

O Joyes! Infinite Sweetness! with what flowers
And shoots of glory my soul breakes and buds!
All the long houres
Of night and rest,
Through the still shrouds
Of sleep and clouds,
This dew fell on my breast;
O how it *Blouds,*
And *Spirits* all my Earth! Heark! In what Rings
And *Hymning Circulations* the quick world
Awakes and sings!
The rising winds,

And falling springs,
Birds, beasts, all things
Adore him in their kinds.
Thus all is hurled
In sacred Hymnes and Order the great *Chime*
And Symphony of nature. Prayer is
The world in tune,
A spirit-voyce,
And vocall joyes,
Whose *Eccho* is Heaven's blisse.
O let me climbe
When I lye down. The pious soul by night
Is like a clouded starre, whose beames though said
To shed their light
Under some cloud,
Yet are above,
And shine and move
Beyond that mystic shrowd.
So in my Bed,
That curtain'd grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide
My lamp and life, both shall in thee abide.

— *Silex Scintillans.*

PEACE.

My Soul, there is a Countrie
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd Sentrie
All skilful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits, crowned with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
And (O my Soul, awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There growes the flowre of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress and thy ease.

Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.
—*From Olor Iscanus, the Swan of Usk.*

VAUQUELIN, Jean de la Fresnaye, a French poet; born at La Fresnaye, near Falaise, in 1535; died at Caen in 1607. He followed for a time the profession of arms; then was Advocate Royal and Lieutenant-General under Henry III., and finally President of the *Présidial* bench at Caen under Henry IV. The *Œuvres Poetiques* of Vauquelin contain many sportive songs and other light pieces which are read with pleasure. He was the first writer of idyls in French verse, and is considered as the real founder of French satire, which he redeemed from the grossness that had hitherto characterized the productions that went under that name. His *Foresteries,* which he began to publish at the age of twenty, shows the same qualities which are found more fully developed in his *Idillies* — qualities which are summed up by the author himself in the descriptive phrase, "*la Nature en chemise.*" Some of his sonnets, political and religious, are of an elevated sentiment. His *Art Poetique* is rude in style, but interesting for the blunt novelty of its ideas.

MIDSUMMER.

Shady valleys, tumbling floods,
Crystal fountains, lofty woods,
Where Philanon hath oft presst

Lively Phillis to his breast,
Blest be ye, and never air
Strip your winter branches bare;
Lovely valleys, parching heat
Never soil your green retreat;
Never hoof of herd uncouth,
Fountains, break your margins smooth;
Streams, your windings never lie
By the dog-star scorched and dry;
Never woodman's axe intrude,
Forests, on your solitude;
Nor the wolf be ever here
To scare your flocks with nightly fear;
Still the Nymphs, a holy choir,
To your haunts for peace retire;
Pan himself, with you to dwell,
Bid his Mænalus farewell.

— *From Les Idillies.*

TITYRUS' HARP.

The harp that whilom on the reedy shore
Of Mincius, to the listening shepherds sung
Such strains as never, haply, or before
Or sithence, 'mid the mountain cliffs have rung
Of Mænalus, or on Lycæus hoar;
And sounded next, to bolder music strung,
The gifts of Pales, and what perils bore,
What toils achiev'd, that Phrygian goddess-sprung, —
Now on an aged oak, making the gloom
More awful, hangs; where, if the wind have stirr'd,
Seems as a proud and angry voice were heard:
"Let none with universe hardiment presume
To touch me; for, once vocal at command
Of Tityrus, I brook no meaner hand."

— *Free Translation from Imitation of Costanzo.*

VAUX, THOMAS, LORD, an English poet; born at Harrowden, Northamptonshire, in 1510; died in 1562. He was the son of Nicholas Vaux, a distinguished statesman and warrior who was created a baron by Henry VIII., and from whom is descended the present Baron Vaux. Upon the attainment of his majority he took his seat in Parliament as a baron in the twenty-second year of the reign of Henry VIII. He had been already with Wolsey in his embassy to the Emperor Charles V.; and in 1532 he accompanied the King to France — having previously, it is said, had the custody of Queen Catherine. In 1533 he was made a Knight of the Bath, and afterward Captain of the Island of Jersey; which office he surrendered in 1536. His poems, which were for some time attributed to his father, are chiefly to be found in the *Paradyse of Daintye Devyces,* which was reprinted long after in *The Bibliographer. The Assault of Cupid,* and the *Dyttie, or Sonnet Made by the Lord Vaux in Tyme of the Noble Queene Marye,* were reprinted by Dr. Percy and Mr. Ellis. Among the best known of his pieces are *The Aged Louer Renounceth Loue; No Pleasure Without some Paine; Of the Instabilitie of Youth; Of a Contented Minde; Of Beying Asked the Occasion of his White Heade.*

THE TORPOR OF OLD AGE.

My lusts they do me leave,
  My fancies all be fled,
And tract of time begins to weave
  Gray hairs upon my head.

My muse doth not delight
Me as she did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight
As they have been of yore.

For reason me denies
This youthly, idle rhyme;
And day by day to me she cries,
Leave of these toys in time.

The wrinkles in my brow,
The furrows in my face,
Say limping age will lodge him now
Where youth must give him place.

Thus must I youth give up,
Whose badge I long did wear;
To them I yield the wanton cup
That better may it bear.
— *From the Aged Louer Renounceth Loue.*

OF A CONTENTED MINDE.

When all is done and said,
In th' end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss,
That hath a quiet mind;
And clear from worldly cares,
To deem can be content,
The sweetest time in all his life
On thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour;
And death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay,
Whereas the mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
  Unto the mind alone,
For many have been harmed by speech,
  Through thinking, few or none;
Fear oft restraineth words,
  But makes not thought to cease,
And he speaks best that hath the skill
  When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death,
  Our kinsmen at the grave.
But virtues of the mind unto
  The heavens with us we have;
Wherefore for virtue's sake
  I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life
  To deem in thinking spent.

— *Taken from The Paradyse of Daintye Devyces.*

VAZOFF, Ivan, a Bulgarian novelist and poet; born at Sopot, Eastern Roumelia, in August, 1850. He was educated first at the school of his native town; and was then sent by his father, a small trader, to Kalofer and to Philippopolis. From 1870 to 1872 he resided in Roumania; and then returned to Sopot and entered his father's business. But in 1876, having become more and more an object of suspicion to the Turkish authorities, he had to fly for his life north across the Balkan; and reaching Bucharest he joined the Bulgarian Revolutionary Committee. The three stormy years that followed saw the development of his genius and the publication of three famous volumes of patriotic lyrical poetry, *The Banner and the Guzla; The Sorrows of Bulgaria,* and *The Deliverance.* He

returned in 1878 to find Sopot destroyed; and he then accepted a judicial appointment from the Russians. In the following year he was elected a member of the permanent committee of the provincial assembly of Eastern Roumelia; and having settled at Philippopolis, the new capital, he there published his earliest prose works, *Not Long Ago; Mitrofan; Hadji* and *The Outcast.* He also issued here his comedy entitled *Mikhalaki* and two new collections of poetry: *Fields and Woods,* and *Italy,* the latter published in 1884, after he had been traveling in that country. During the war of 1885 he visited the battle-fields and published his *Slivnitza;* and in 1886 he left for Russia and settled in Odessa. Here he wrote his masterpiece, *Pod Igoto* (Under the Yoke) which first appeared in serial form in *Sbornik,* a review published by the Bulgarian Minister of Public Instruction. In 1889 he returned and settled in Sofia. In 1892 he published *The Great Desert of Rilo* and *In the Heart of the Rhodope,* and undertook the editorial management of the monthly periodical, *Dennitsa*—the *Morning Star.*

THE MARTYR OF THE MILL.

Suddenly a storm of bullets burst upon the mill. As the volley grew louder, the Turks approached still nearer. From the continued silence, they came to the conclusion that the concealed rebel was unarmed. Bullets rained upon the walls.

The Turks were now quite close. The time was at hand. Ognianoff stood upright at a window, the doctor in the doorway.

They looked at each other; then each discharged his revolver into the surging mass of the enemy. The unexpected rejoinder brought three Turks to the ground, and revealed the force of the mill. The Turks saw that there was more than one rebel there. This confused

them, but only for a moment. The victors of Klassoura rushed with a shout at the building. Some aimed from the banks at the openings in the walls, so as to prevent the defenders from appearing there and firing at the attacking party. The struggle could not last.

"We're done for, Doctor," said Ognianoff; "farewell for ever, my brother!"

"Farewell, brother!"

"But neither of us, Doctor, must fall into their hands alive."

"No, neither of us. I've four cartridges left; and I'm keeping one for myself."

"I'm keeping two, Doctor," and Ognianoff involuntarily turned toward Rada. She lay there still, but her face had become deathlike in its pallor; from her left breast a thin stream of blood was quietly trickling down over her dress. A bullet had glanced off the wall and struck her; and she had passed from unconsciousness into eternal slumber.

Then Ognianoff left his post and drew near to her; he knelt down, took her cold hands in his, and imprinted one long kiss on her icy lips; he kissed her forehead, her wondrous, loving eyes, her hair, and her wound where the blood was flowing. If he uttered any sound, murmured a last farewell in that last kiss, whispered a "Good-by, till we meet again, Rada," it could not be heard in the roar of the guns outside and the pattering of the bullets within. He wrapped her in his cloak. When he arose, tears were flowing down his cheeks.

A whole ocean of sorrow was in those tears.

Perhaps — who knows? — there was mingled also a warm feeling of gratitude to Providence!

During this last mute farewell, which lasted only half a minute, Sokoloff was facing alone the hundred assailants. Suddenly he turned round and saw Rada. Then his hair stood on end, his eyes flashed like a tiger's, and, heedless of the danger, he drew himself up at full length in the door-way, as though mocking at the bullets, and cried, in the purest Turkish:

"You cursed dogs! you shall pay dearly for every drop

of Bulgarian blood!" and he discharged his revolver into the thick of the crowd.

With redoubled frenzy the horde now rushed at the impregnable fortress — for such the ruined mill seemed to have become. A wild shout followed by a fresh volley, cleft the air.

"Ah!" groaned the doctor, flinging away his revolver. A bullet had pierced his right hand. Inexpressible horror and despair were depicted on his face. Ognianoff, still firing at the crowd, and also covered with blood, asked:

"Are you in pain, brother?"

"No, but I've fired off my last cartridge — I forgot."

"Here; there are two left in my revolver; take it," said Ognianoff, handing the weapon to Sokoloff. "Now they shall see how a Bulgarian apostle dies!" And drawing the long yataghan from the doctor's belt, he rushed from the door into the crowd, dealing frightful blows left and right.

Half an hour later the whole horde, triumphant and ferocious, was marching with demoniacal glee from the valley with Ognianoff's head on a pole. The doctor's head, slashed to pieces by their knives — it had first been shattered by the doctor himself with a bullet — could not serve as a trophy. So also Rada's head was left behind for reasons of policy.

A cart behind conveyed the killed and wounded.

With savage shouts of triumph the band reached the town. It was more silent and deserted than a graveyard. They set up the trophy in the market-place.— *From Pod Igoto.*

VEDAS, the sacred books of Brahminism, of the earliest or Vedic period, supposed to have extended from 1200 to 200 B.C. Excluding the Brâmanas and Sûtras, which are of the nature of commentaries, and are referred to 1000 to 200 B.C., the

Vedas, or sacred hymns, assumed to date 12000 to 1000 B.C., exist in four collections: the Rig-Veda, Sâma-Veda, Yajur-Veda, and Atharva-Veda — the first, which is the most prized, containing 1,028 hymns and 10,580 verses. Many translations of portions of these have been made in German and English, *e. g.*, accompanying Muir's *Original Sanskrit Texts* (5 vols., 1863–70). Max Müller has published 6 volumes of text and translation of *Rig-Veda-Sanhita,* beginning 1869 — Sanhita meaning text; and gives an account of the sacred writings in his *History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature* (1859). The word Veda means "knowledge." Müller speaks of the Vedas as the oldest of human writings.

HYMN TO AGNI (THE GOD OF FIRE) AND THE MARUTS (THE STORM-GODS).

1. Thou art called forth to this fair sacrifice for a draught of milk; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

2. No god indeed, no mortal, is beyond the might of thee, the mighty one; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

3. They who know the great sky, the Visve Devas without guile; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

4. The wild ones who sing their song, unconquerable by force; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

5. They who are brilliant, of awful shape, powerful, and devourers of foes; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

6. They who in Heaven are enthroned as gods, in the light of the firmament; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

7. They who toss the clouds across the surging sea; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

8. They who shoot with their darts across the sea with might; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

9. I pour out to thee for the early draught the sweet (juice) of Soma; with the Maruts come hither, O Agni!

HYMN TO THE MARUTS (THE STORM-GODS).

1. Sing forth, O Kanvas, to the sportive host of your Maruts, brilliant on their chariots, and unscathed —

2. They who were born together, self-luminous, with the spotted deer (the clouds), the spears, the daggers, the glittering ornaments.

3. I hear their whips, almost close by, as they crack them in their hands; they gain splendor on their way.

4. Sing forth your god-given prayer to the exultant host of your Maruts, the furiously vigorous, the powerful.

5. Celebrate the bull among the cows (the storm among the clouds), for it is the sportive host of the Maruts; he grew as he tasted the rain.

6. Who, O ye men, is the oldest among you here, ye shakers of heaven and earth, when you shake them like the hem of a garment?

7. At your approach the son of man holds himself down; the gnarled cloud fled at your fierce anger.

8. They at whose racings the earth, like a hoary king, trembles for fear on their ways.

9. Their birth is strong indeed; there is strength to come forth from their mother, nay, there is vigor twice enough for it.

10. And these sons, the singers, enlarged the fences in their coursings; the cows had to walk knee-deep.

11. They cause this long and broad unceasing rain to fall on their ways.

12. O Maruts, with such strength as yours, you have caused men to fall, you have caused the mountains to fall.

13. As the Maruts pass along, they talk together on the way; does anyone hear them?

14. Come fast on your quick steeds! there are worshippers for you among the canvas; may you well rejoice among them.

HYMN TO THE MARUTS AND INDRA.

The Prologue.

The sacrificer speaks:

1. With what splendor are the Maruts all equally endowed, they who are of the same age, and dwell in the same house? With what thoughts? From whence are they come? Do these heroes sing forth their (own) strength because they wish for wealth?

2. Whose prayers have the youths accepted? Who has turned the Maruts to his own sacrifice? By what strong devotion may we delight them, they who float through the air like hawks?

The Dialogue.

The Maruts speak:

3. From whence, O Indra, dost thou come alone, thou who art mighty? O Lord of men, what has thus happened to thee? Thou greetest (us), when thou comest together with (us) the bright (Maruts). Tell us, then, thou with thy bay horses, what thou hast against us!

Indra speaks:

4. The sacred songs are mine (mine are), the prayers; sweet are the libations! My strength rises, my thunderbolt is hurled forth. They call for me, the prayers yearn for me. Here are my horses, they carry me toward them.

The Maruts speak:

5. Therefore, in company with our strong friends, having adorned our bodies, we now harness our fallow deer with all our might; for, Indra, according to thy custom, thou hast been with us.

Indra speaks:

6. Where, O Maruts, was that custom of yours, that you should join me who am alone in killing Ahi? I indeed am terrible, strong, powerful — I escaped from the blows of every enemy.

The Maruts speak:

7. Thou hast achieved much with us as companions. With the same valor, O hero! let us achieve, then, many things, O thou most powerful, O Indra! whatever we, O Maruts, wish with our heart.

Indra speaks:

8. I slew Vritra, O Maruts, with might, having grown strong through my own vigor; I, who hold the thunderbolt in my arms, I have made these all-brilliant waters to flow freely for man.

The Maruts speak:

9. Nothing, O powerful lord, is strong before thee; no one is known among the gods like unto thee. No one who is now born will come near, no one who has been born. Do what has to be done, thou who art grown so strong.

Indra speaks:

10. Almighty power be mine alone, whatever I may do, daring in my heart; for I indeed, O Maruts, am known as terrible: of all that I threw down, I, Indra, am the lord.

Indra speaks:

11. O Maruts, now your praise has pleased me, the glorious hymn which you have made for me, ye men! — for me, for Indra, for the powerful hero, as friends, for your own sake and by your own efforts.

Indra speaks:

12. Truly, there they are, shining toward me, assuming blameless glory, assuming vigor. O Maruts, wherever I have looked for you, you have appeared to me in bright splendor; appear to me also now!

The Epilogue.

The sacrificer speaks:

13. Who has magnified you here, O Maruts? Come hither, O friends, toward your friends. Ye brilliant Maruts, cherish these prayers, and be mindful of these rites.

14. The wisdom of Manya has brought us to this, that he should help as the poet helps the performer of a

[illegible] bring [illegible] quickly! March on to the sage! [illegible] the wagon has rested for you.

17. This your praise, O Marut, this your song comes from Mandarya, the son of Mana, the poet. Come hither with [illegible]! May we [illegible] offering, food, and a lamp with running water.—*Muir's Original Sanskrit Texts, Part I., Hymns to the Maruts.*

PRAYER FROM THE VEDAS.

This new and excellent praise of thee, O splendid, playful sun, is offered by us to thee. Be gracious to this my speech. Approach this craving mind as a kind man seeks a woman. May that sun who contemplates and knows [illegible] all worlds be our protection. Let us meditate on the adorable light of the divine ruler, may it guide our intellects. Desirous of food, we praise the gift of the splendid sun, who would be undeniably worshipped. Venerable men, guided by understanding, salute the divine sun with oblations and praise.—*Handbook of Sanskrit Literature.*

VEDDER, David, a Scottish lyric poet; born at Burness, Orkney, in 1790; died at Newington, near Edinburgh, February 11, 1836. He was the son of a small proprietor near Kirkwall. Deprived of his parents early in life, he entered the merchant marine, and afterward the customs service. In 1832 he was placed on the retired list; when he took up his residence in Edinburgh, near which town he died. Vedder began to rhyme very early in life, but he did not venture on publishing till 1826, when *The Covenanter's Communion and Other Poems* appeared. There followed *Moorland Harmonies: Legendary and Lyrical Pieces* in 1832, and in the same

year a *Memoir of Sir Walter Scott, with Critical Notices of His Writings.* Ten years later he reappeared as the author of a volume of *Poems, Legendary, Lyrical, and Descriptive.* In 1848 Vedder and his son-in-law, Frederick Schenck, a lithographer, issued jointly an illustrated book entitled *The Pictorial Gift-Book of Lays and Lithography.* His last work was a new English version of the German story of *Reynard the Fox,* published in 1852.

THE TEMPLE OF NATURE.

Talk not of temples — there is one
  Built without hands, to mankind given;
Its lamps are the meridian sun,
  And all the stars of heaven;
Its walls are the cerulean sky;
  Its floors the earth so green and fair;
The dome is vast immensity —
  All Nature worships there!

The Alps, arrayed in stainless snow,
  The Andean ranges yet untrod,
At sunrise and at sunset glow
  Like altar-fires to God.
A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze,
  As if with hallowed victims rare;
And thunder lifts its voice in praise —
  All Nature worships there!

The Ocean heaves resistlessly,
  And pours its glittering treasures forth;
His waves — the priesthood of the sea —
  Kneel on the shell-gemmed earth,
And there emit a hollow sound,
  As if they murmured praise and prayer
On every side 'tis holy ground —
  All Nature worships there!

The cedar and the mountain pine,
  The willow on the fountain brim,
The tulip and the eglantine,
  In reverence bend to Him;
The song-birds pour their sweetest lays
  From tower and tree and middle air;
The rushing river murmurs praise —
  All Nature worships there!

VEGA CARPIO, Felix Lope de, a Spanish poet and dramatist; born at Madrid, November 25, 1562; died there, August 27, 1635. The Bishop of Avila was interested in his education; and, at seventeen, he entered the University of Alcalá de Henares, where he distinguished himself. After many vicissitudes, and after service as a soldier in the Invincible Armada, he became a Franciscan priest. His fame was so unbounded that a brilliant diamond was called a Lope diamond; a fine day, a Lope day, etc. He is said to have been the most prolific author who ever lived, having written eighteen hundred dramas. Lord Holland gave a list of four hundred and ninety-seven still extant. Besides these, were long poems, *Arcadia; La Hermosura de Angelica,* etc. His miscellaneous writings were published in twenty-one volumes (Madrid, 1776).

FROM THE "ESTRELLA DE SEVILLA."

Sancho.— I kiss thy feet.
King.— Rise, Sancho, rise and know
I wrong thee much to let thee stoop so low.
Sancho.—My liege, confounded with thy grace I stand;
Unskilled in speech, no words can I command

To tell the thanks I feel.
King.— Why, what in me
To daunt thy noble spirit canst thou see?
Sancho.—Courage and majesty that strike with awe;
My sovereign lord; the fountain of the law;
In fine, God's image, which I come to obey,
Never so honored as I feel to-day.
King.—Much I applaud thy wisdom, much thy zeal;
And now, to try thy courage, will reveal
That which you covet so to learn — the cause
That thus my soldier to the presence draws.
Much it imports the safety of my reign
A man should die — in secret should be slain;
This must some friend perform; search Seville through,
None can I find so fit to trust as you.
Sancho.— Guilty he needs must be.
King.— He is.
Sancho.— Then why,
My sovereign liege, in secret should he die?
If public law demands the culprit's head,
In public let the culprit's blood be shed.
Shall Justice's sword, which strikes in face of day
Stoop to dark deeds — a man in secret slay?
The world will think who kills by means unknown
No guilt avenges, but implies his own.
If slight his fault, I dare for mercy pray.
King.— Sancho, attend; — you came not here to-day
An advocate to plead a traitor's cause,
But to perform my will, to execute my laws,
To slay a man; and why the culprit bleed
Matters not thee, it is thy monarch's deed;
If base, thy monarch the dishonor bears.
But say — to draw against my life who dares,
Deserves he death?
Sancho.— Oh, yes! a thousand times.
King.—Then strike without remorse: these are the wretch's crimes.
Sancho.— So let him die; for sentence Ortiz pleads:
Were he my brother, by this arm he bleeds.
King.— Give me thy hand.
Sancho.— With that my heart I pledge.

King.— So, while he heeds not, shall thy rapier's edge
Reach his proud heart.
Sancho.— My liege! my sovereign lord!
Sancho's my name, I wear a soldier's sword.
Would you with treacherous acts and deeds of shame
Taint such a calling, tarnish such a name?
Shall I — shall I to sink from open strife,
Like some base coward, point the assassin's knife?
No! face to face his foe must Ortiz meet,
Or in the crowded mart, or public street,
Defy and combat him in open light.
Curse the mean wretch who slays, but dares not fight.
Naught can excuse the vile assassin's blow;
Happy, compared with him, his murdered foe —
With him who, living, lives but to proclaim,
To all he meets, his cowardice and shame.
King.— E'en as thou wilt; but in this paper read,
Signed by the king, the warrant of the deed.
Act as you may, my name shall set you free.
Sancho.— Does, then, my liege, so meanly deem of me?
I know his power, which can the earth control,
Know his unshaken faith and steadfast soul.
Shall seals, shall parchments, then, to me afford
A surer warrant than my sovereign's word?
To guard my actions, as to guide my hand,
I ask no surety but my king's command.
Perish such deeds! [*Tears the paper.*] they serve but to record
Some doubt, some question of a monarch's word.
What need of bonds? By honor bound are we —
I to avenge thy wrongs, and thou to rescue me.
One price I ask — the maid I name for bride.
King.— Were she the richest and best allied
In Spain, I grant her.
Sancho.— So throughout the world,
May oceans view thy conquering flag unfurled!
King.— Nor shall thy actions pass without a meed.
This note informs thee, Ortiz, who must bleed,
But, reading, be not startled at a name;
Great is his prowess; Seville speaks his fame.
Sancho.—I'll put that prowess to the proof ere long.

TO-MORROW.

Lord, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
  Thou didst seek after me — that Thou didst wait,
  Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?
Oh, strange delusion, that I did not greet
  Thy blest approach! and, oh, to heaven how lost,
  If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet!
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
  "Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
  How He persists to knock and wait for thee!"
And, O, how often to that voice of sorrow,
  "To-morrow, we will open," I replied!
And when the morrow came, I answered still, "To-morrow."

— *Translation of* LONGFELLOW.

COUNTRY LIFE.

  Let the vain courtier waste his days,
  Lured by the charm that wealth displays,
The couch of dawn, the board of costly fare;
  Be his to kiss the ungrateful hand
  That waves the sceptre of command,
And rear full many a palace in the air:
  Whilst I enjoy, all unconfined,
  The glowing sun, the genial wind,
And tranquil hours, to rustic toil assigned;
  And prize far more, in peace and health,
Contented indigence than joyless wealth.
  Not mine in fortune's face to bend,
  At Grandeur's altar to attend,
Reflect his smile, and tremble at his frown;
  Not mine a fond, aspiring thought,
  A wish, a sigh, a vision, fraught
With Fame's bright phantom, Glory's deathless crown!
  Nectareous draughts and viands pure
  Luxuriant nature will insure;

These the clear fount and fertile field
Still to the wearied shepherd yield;
And when repose and visions reign,
Then we are equals all, the monarch and the swain.

VERHAEREN, EMILE, a Belgian poet and critic; born at St. Amand, near Antwerp, in 1855. After some time spent at a college in Ghent, he became a student at the university of Louvain, where he founded and edited a journal, in which work he was assisted by Van Dyck, the singer. He also formed, about this time, a close friendship with Maeterlinck. In 1881 he was called to the bar at Brussels, but soon gave up his legal career to devote himself entirely to literature. In 1883 he published *Les Flamandes,* his first volume of poems, and shortly afterward became one of the editors of *L'Art Moderne,* to which review he was for ten years a constant contributor. In 1892 he founded, with the help of two friends, the section of art in the "House of the People" at Brussels. Here the best music is performed, and lectures are given upon literary and artistic subjects. Between 1886 and 1896 he brought out successively eight small volumes of poems: *Les Moines; Les Soirs; Les Débacles; Les Flambeaux Noirs; Apparus dans mes Chemins; Les Campagnes Hallucinées; Les Villages Illusoires;* and *Les Villes Tentaculaires* Verhaeren's *Les Campagnes Hallucinées; Les Villes Tentaculaires,* and a later work entitled *Les Aubes* constitute what is known as his "Trilogy," his longest and most ambitious effort, written throughout in a tragic and prophetic spirit. Verhaeren's diligence as

a critic, and the sanity and generosity of his literary appreciations, are witnessed by his writings in the pages of *L'Art Moderne; La Jeune Belgique; La Wallonie; La Revue Indépendante; Les Ecrits pour l'Art; Magazine of Art,* and many other periodicals.

LE SILENCE.

Ever since ending of the summer weather,
When last the thunder and the lightning broke,
Shatt'ring themselves upon it at one stroke,
The Silence has not stirred there in the heather.

All round about stand steeples straight as stakes,
And each its bell between its fingers shakes;
And round about, with their three-storied loads,
  The teams prowl down the roads;
All round about where'er the pine-woods end,
The wheel creaks on along its rutty bed,
But not a sound is strong enough to rend
  That space intense and dead.

Since summer, thunder-laden, last was heard,
The Silence has not stirred;
And the broad heath-land, where the nights sink down
Beyond the sand-hills brown,
Beyond the endless thickets closely set,
To the far borders of the far-away,
  Prolongs It yet.

Even the winds disturb not as they go
The boughs of those long larches, bending low
  Where the marsh-water lies,
In which Its vacant eyes
Gaze at themselves unceasing, stubbornly,
Only, sometimes, as on their way they move,
The noiseless shadows of the clouds above,
Or of some great bird's hov'ring flight on high,
  Brush It in passing by.

Since the last bolt that scored the earth aslant,
Nothing has pierced the Silence dominant.

Of those who cross Its vast immensity,
Whether at twilight or at dawn it be,
There is not one but feels
The dread of the Unknown that It instils;
An ample force supreme, It holds Its sway,
Uninterruptedly the same for aye.
Dark walls of blackest fir-trees bar from sight
The outlook toward the paths of hope and light;
  Great, pensive junipers
Affright from far the passing travelers;
Long, narrow paths stretch their straight lines unbent,
Till they fork off in curves malevolent;
And the sun, ever shifting, ceaseless lends
Fresh aspects to the mirage whither tends
  Bewilderment.

Since the last bolt was forged amid the storm,
The polar Silence at the corners four
Of the wide heather-land has stirred no more.

Old shepherds, whom their hundred years have worn
To things all dislocate and out of gear,
And their old dogs, ragged, tired-out, and torn,
Oft watch It on the soundless lowlands near,
Or downs of gold beflecked with shadows' flight,
Sit down immensely there beside the night.
Then, at the curves and corners of the mere,
  The waters creep with fear;
The heather veils itself, grows wan and white;
All the leaves listen upon all the bushes,
And the incendiary sunset hushes
Before Its face his cries of brandished light.
And in the hamlets that about It lie,
Beneath the thatches of their hovels small,
The terror dwells of feeling It is nigh,
And though It stirs not, dominating all.
Broken with dull despair and helplessness,
Beneath Its presence they crouch motionless,

As though upon the watch — and dread to see,
Through rifts of vapor, open suddenly
At evening, in the noon, the argent eyes
Of Its mute mysteries.

— *From Les Villages Illusoires; translation of* Miss Alma Strettel.

VERLAINE, Paul, a French poet; born at Metz, March 30, 1844; died at Paris, January 8, 1896. His father, a captain in the engineers, removed with his family to Paris in 1851; and it was there that Paul spent the greater part of his life, varied by visits to England, Belgium, Holland and Germany. His first volume of poems, *Poèmes Saturniens,* was published at the age of twenty-three; and was followed by *Fêtes Galantes* (1869); *La Bonne Chanson* (1870); *Romances sans Paroles* (1874), *Sagesse* (1881); *Jadis et Naguère* (1884); *Amour* (1888); *Parallèlement* (1889); *Dédicaces* (1890); *Bonheur* (1891); *Chansons pour Elle* (1891); *Liturgies Intimes* (1892); *Elégies* (1893); *Odes en son Honneur* (1893); *Dans les Limbes* (1894); *Epigrammes* (1894); and the following works in prose: *Les Poètes Maudits* (1884); *Louise Leclercq* (1885); *Mémoires d'un Veuf* (1886); *Mes Hôpitaux* (1891); *Mes Prisons* (1893); *Quinze Jours en Hollande* 1893), and *Confessions* (1895).

More than any other man of letters of his time, Verlaine was a sort of public figure, typefying, for all the world, the traditional vagabond character of the poet. As the whole of his work was personal, one long confession of the joys and sorrows, the

sins and repentances, of his strange, troubled, intensely living life, it is perhaps natural that an undue attention should have been given, not always quite sympathetically, to these private accidents of existence, about which he has himself said all that need be said.

THE BLUE SKY IS SMILING.

The blue sky is smiling afar o'er the roof,
  Smiling its tend'rest and best;
A green tree is rearing above the same roof
  Its swaying crest.

The belfry-bells up in the motionless sky
  Softly and peacefully ring;
The birds that go sailing athwart the same sky
  Unceasing sing.

The murmur of bees everywhere fills the air —
  Honey-bees up from the street;
My God! there is life everywhere in the air,
  Calm life and sweet.

Then what have you done, guilty man, that you weep?
  What guilty thing have you done,
That under the life-giving sun you can weep —
  The smiling sun?

—*From Sagesse; translation of* J. W. BANTA.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

And thou must love Me, child, the Saviour said: —
  Behold My bleeding heart; My riven side;
  My wounded feet, that Mary knelt, dim-eyed,
To clasp; Mine arms to thee outspread.

Thy sins I've borne: My cross with blood is red;
  Sponge, nails, all, all, thy wand'ring heart shall guide
  To love where nought was known but selfish pride;
My blood shall be thy wine, My flesh thy bread.

I've loved thee, brother mine, e'en down to death;
My Father's child in spirit and in faith,
For thee I've suffered, as the Scripture saith,
Thine agony went out with my last breath;
Thy tears hung cold upon My clammy brow;
O tearful, trembling friend, rest with Me now.
—*From Sagesse; translation of* J. W. BANTA

A TALK SENTIMENTAL.

In the deserted park, silent and vast,
Erewhile two shadowy, glimmering figures passed.
Their lips were colorless, and dead their eyes;
Their words were scarce more audible than sighs.
In the deserted park, silent and vast,
Two spectres conjured up the buried past.
"Our ancient ecstasy, do you recall?"
"Why, pray, should I remember it at all?"
"Does still your heart at mention of me glow?
Do still you see my soul in slumber?" "No!"
"Ah, blessed, blissful days when our lips met!
You loved me so!" "Quite likely — I forget."
—*Translation of* GERTRUDE HALL.

IN A MINOR KEY.

Tranquil in the twilight dense
By the speaking branches made,
Let us breathe the influence
Of the silence and the shade.

Let your heart melt into mine,
And your soul reach out to me,
'Mid the languors of the pine
And the sighing of the arbute tree.

Close your eyes, your hand let be
Folded on your slumbering heart,
From whose hold all treachery
Drive forever, and all art.

JULES VERNE.

Let us with the hour accord!
  Let us let the gentle wind,
Rippling in the sunburnt sward,
  Bring us to a patient mind!

And when Night across the air
  Shall her solemn shadow fling,
Touching voice of our despair,
  Long the nightingale shall sing.
— *Translation of* GERTRUDE HALL.

VERNE, JULES, a French novelist; born at Nantes, February 8, 1828; died at Amiens, March 24, 1905. He was educated in his native town, studied law in Paris, where he devoted much attention to dramatic literature. His comedy *Les Pailles Rompues* was performed at the Gymnase in 1850, and *Onze Tours de Liège* followed. His fame rests upon his scientific romances, which have a touch of extravagance in their treatment. His works, which are widely read, have been translated into English. Among them are *Five Weeks in a Balloon* (1870); *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1872); *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* (1873); *Meridiana: the Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa* (1873); *From the Earth to the Moon Direct in Ninety-seven Hours Twenty Minutes, and a Trip Round It* (1873); *The Fur Country, or Seventy Degrees North Latitude* (1874); *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1874); *A Floating City,* and *The Blockade Runners* (1874); *The English at the North Pole* (1874); *Dr. Ox's Experiment* (1874); *A Winter Amid the Ice* (1875); *The Mysterious Island*

(1875); *The Survivors of the "Chancellor"* (1875); *Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar* (1876); *The Child of the Cavern* (1877); *Hector Servadac, or the Career of a Comet* (1877); *Dick Sands, the Boy Captain* (1878); *Le Rayon Vert* (1882); *Kéraban-le-têta* (1883); *L'Étoile du Sud* (1884); *Le Pays de Diamants* (1884); *Le Chemin de France* (1887); *Deux Ans de Vacances* (1888); *Famille Sans Nom* (1889); *Cæsar Cascabel* (1890); *Mathias Sautlorf* (1890); *Nord contre Sud* (1890); *The Purchase of the North Pole* (1890); *Claudius Bombamac* (1892); *Château des Carpathes* (1892); *Le Sphinx des Glaces* (1897); and *Le Village Aerien* (1900).

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

And now, how can I retrace the impression left by me upon that walk under the waters? Words are impotent to relate such wonders! Captain Nemo walked in front, his companions followed some steps behind. Conseil and I remained near each other, as if an exchange of words had been possible through our metallic cases. I no longer felt the weight of my clothing, or my shoes, of my reservoir of air, or of my thick helmet, in the midst of which my head rattled like an almond in his shell.

The light, which lit the soil thirty feet below the surface of the ocean, astonished me by its power. The solar rays shone through the watery mass easily and dissipated all color, and I clearly distinguished objects at a distance of a hundred and fifty yards. Beyond that the tints darkened into fine gradations of ultramarine, and faded into vague obscurity. Truly this water which surrounded me was but another air denser than the terrestrial atmosphere but almost as transparent. Above me was the calm surface of the sea. We were walking on fine, even sand, not wrinkled, as on a flat shore, which retains the impression of the billows. This dazzling carpet, really a reflector, repelled the rays of the

sun with wonderful intensity, which accounted for the vibration which penetrated every atom of liquid. Shall I be believed when I say that, at the depth of thirty feet, I could see as if I was in broad daylight?

For a quarter of an hour I trod on this sand sown with the impalpable dust of shells. The hull of the Nautilus, resembling a long shoal, disappeared by degrees; but its lantern, when darkness should overtake us in the waters, would help to guide us on board by its distinct rays. Soon forms of objects outlined in the distance were discernible. I recognized magnificent rocks, hung with a tapestry of zoöphytes of the most beautiful kind, and I was at first struck by the peculiar effect of this medium.

It was then ten in the morning, the rays of the sun struck the surface of the waves at rather an oblique angle, and at the touch of their light, decomposed by refraction as through a prism, flowers, rocks, plants, shell, and polypi were shaded at the edges by the seven solar colors. It was marvellous, a feast for the eyes, this complication of colored tints, a perfect kaleidoscope of green, yellow, orange, violet, indigo, and blue; in one word, the whole palette of an enthusiastic colorist! Why could I not communicate to Conseil the lively sensations which were mounting to my brain, and rival him in expressions of admiration? For aught I knew, Captain Nemo and his companion might be able to exchange thoughts by means of signs previously agreed upon. So for want of better, I talked to myself; I declaimed in the copper box which covered my head, thereby expending more air in vain words than was, perhaps, expedient.

Various kinds of isis, clusters of pure tuft-coral, prickly fungi, and anemones, formed a brilliant garden of flowers, enamelled with porplutæ, decked with their collarettes of blue tentacles, sea-star studding the sandy bottom, together with asterophytons like fine lace embroidered by the hands of naïads; whose festoons were waved by the gentle undulations caused by our walk. It was a real grief to me to crush under my feet the brilliant specimens of mollusks which strewed the ground by thousands, of

hammer-heads, donaciæ (veritable bounding shells), of staircases, and red helmet-shells, angel-wings, and many others producced by this inexhaustible ocean. But we were bound to walk, so we went on, whilst above our heads waved shoals of physalides, leaving their tentacles to float in their train, medusæ whose umbrellas of opal or rose-pink, escalloped with a band of blue, sheltered us from the rays of the sun and fiery pelagiæ which, in the darkness, would have strewn our path with phosphorescent light.

All these wonders I saw in the space of a quarter of a mile, scarcely stopping, and following Captain Nemo, who beckoned me on by signs. Soon the nature of the soil changed; to the sandy plain succeeded an extent of slimy mud, which the Americans call "ooze," composed of equal parts of siliceous and calcareous shells. We then traveled over a plain of sea-weed of wild and luxuriant vegetation. This sward was of close texture, and soft to the feet, and rivalled the softest carpet woven by the hand of man. But whilst verdure was spread at our feet, it did not abandon our heads. A light net-work of marine plants, of that inexhaustible family of sea-weeds of which more than two thousand kinds are known, grew on the surface of the water. I saw long ribbons of fucus floating, some globular, others tuberous, laurenciæ and cladostephi of most delicate foliage, and some rhodomeniæ palmatæ, resembling the fan of a cactus. I noticed that the green plants kept nearer the top of the sea whilst the red were at a greater depth, leaving to the black or brown hydrophytes the care of forming gardens and parterres in the remote beds of the ocean.

We had quitted the Nautilus about an hour and a half. It was near noon; I knew by the perpendicularity of the sun's rays, which were no longer refracted. The magical colors disappeared by degrees, and the shades of emerald and sapphire were effaced. We walked with a regular step, which rang upon the ground with astonishing intensity; the slightest noise was transmitted with a quickness to which the ear is unaccustomed on the earth; indeed, water is a better conductor of sound than air, in the ratio of four to one. At this period the earth sloped downward;

the light took a uniform tint. We were at a depth of a hundred and five yards and twenty inches, undergoing a pressure of six atmospheres.

At this depth I could still see the rays of the sun, though feebly; to their intense brilliancy had succeeded a reddish twilight, the lowest state between day and night; and we could still see well enough.— *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.*

WE START ON THE JOURNEY.

"You see, the whole island is composed of volcanoes," said the Professor, "and remark carefully that they all bear the name of Yokul. The word is Icelandic, and means a glacier. In most of the lofty mountains of that region the volcanic eruptions come forth from ice-bound caverns. Hence the name applied to every volcano on this extraordinary island."

"But what does this word Sneffels mean?"

To this question I expected no rational answer. I was mistaken.

"Follow my finger to the western coast of Iceland; there you see Reykjawik, its capital. Follow the direction of one of its innumerable fjords or arms of the sea, and what do you see below the sixty-fifth degree of latitude?"

"A peninsula,— very like a thigh-bone in shape."

"And in the centre of it —"

"A mountain."

"Well, that's Sneffels."

I had nothing to say.

"That is Sneffels,— a mountain about five thousand feet in height, one of the most remarkable in the whole island, and certainly doomed to be the most celebrated in the world, for through its crater we shall reach the Centre of the Earth."

"Impossible!" cried I, startled and shocked at the thought.

"Why impossible?" said Professor Hardwigg in his severest tones.

"Because its crater is choked with lava, by burning rocks,— by infinite dangers."

"But if it be extinct?"

"That would make a difference."

"Of course it would. There are about three hundred volcanoes on the whole surface of the globe,— but the greater number are extinct. Of these Sneffels is one. No eruption has occurred since 1219; — in fact it has ceased to be a volcano at all."

After this what more could I say? Yes,— I thought of another objection.

"But what is all this about Scartaris and the kalends of July —?"

My uncle reflected deeply. Presently he gave forth the result of his reflections in a sententious tone.

"What appears obscure to you, to me is light. This very phrase shows how particular Saknussemm is in his directions. The Sneffels mountain has many craters. He is careful therefore to point the exact one which is the highway into the Interior of the Earth. He lets us know, for this purpose, that about the end of the month of June, the shadow of Mount Scartaris falls upon the one crater. There can be no doubt about the matter."

My uncle had an answer for everything.

"I accept all your explanations," I said, "and Saknussemm is right. He found out the entrance to the bowels of the earth; he has indicated correctly; but that he or any one else ever followed up the discovery, is madness to suppose."

"Why so, young man?"

"All scientific teaching, theoretical and practical, shows it to be impossible."

"I care nothing for theories," retorted my uncle.

"But is it not well known that heat increases one degree for every seventy feet you descend into the earth? — which gives a fine idea of the central heat. All the matters which compose the globe are in a state of incandescence; even gold, platinum, and the hardest rocks, are in a state of fusion. What would become of us?"

"Don't be alarmed at the heat, my boy."

"How so?"

"Neither you nor anybody else know anything about the real state of the earth's interior. All modern experiments tend to explode the older theories. Were any such heat to exist, the upper crust of the earth would be shattered to atoms, and the world would be at an end."

A long, learned, and not uninteresting discussion followed, which ended in this wise: —

"I do not believe in the dangers and difficulties which you, Henry, seem to multiply; and the only way to learn is, like Arne Saknussemm, to go and see."

"Well," cried I, overcome at last, "let us go and see. Though how we can do that in the dark is another mystery."

"Fear nothing. We shall overcome these, and many other difficulties. Besides, as we approach the Centre, I expect to find it luminous —"

"Nothing is impossible."

"And now that we have come to a thorough understanding, not a word to any living soul. Our success depends on secrecy and despatch."

Thus ended our memorable conference, which roused a perfect fever in me. Leaving my uncle, I went forth like one possessed. Reaching the banks of the Elbe, I began to think. Was all I had heard really and truly possible? Was my uncle in his sober senses, and could the interior of the earth be reached? Was I the victim of a madman, or was he a discoverer of rare courage and grandeur of conception?

To a certain extent I was anxious to be off. I was afraid my enthusiasm would cool. I determined to pack up at once. At the end of an hour, however, on my way home, I found that my feelings had very much changed.

"I'm all abroad," I cried; "'tis a nightmare,— I must have dreamed it."

At this moment I came face to face with Gretchen, whom I warmly embraced.

"So you have come to meet me," she said; "how good of you. But what is the matter?"

Well, it was no use mincing the matter; I told her all. She listened with awe, and for some minutes she could not speak.

"Well?" I at last said, rather anxiously.

"What a magnificent journey. If I were only a man! A journey worthy of the nephew of Professor Hardwigg. I should look upon it as an honor to accompany him."

"My dear Gretchen, I thought you would be the first to cry out against this mad enterprise."

"No; on the contrary, I glory in it. It is magnificent, splendid,— an idea worthy of my father. Henry Lawson, I envy you."

This was, as it were, conclusive. The final blow of all.

When we entered the house we found my uncle surrounded by workmen and porters, who were packing up. He was pulling and hauling at a bell.

"Where have you been wasting your time? Your portmanteau is not packed,— my papers are not in order,— the precious tailor has not brought my clothes, nor my gaiters,— the key of my carpet bag is gone!"

I looked at him stupefied. And still he tugged away at the bell.

"We are really off, then?" I said.

"Yes, of course,— and yet you go out for a stroll, unfortunate boy!"

"And when do we go?"

"The day after to-morrow, at daybreak."

I heard no more; but darted off to my little bedchamber and locked myself in. There was no doubt about it now. My uncle had been hard at work all the afternoon. The garden was full of ropes, rope-ladders, torches, gourds, iron clamps, crow-bars, alpenstocks, and pickaxes.— enough to load ten men.

I passed a terrible night. I was called early the next day, to learn that the resolution of my uncle was unchanged and irrevocable. I also found my cousin and affianced wife as warm on the subject as was her father.

Next day, at five o'clock in the morning, the post-chaise was at the door. Gretchen and the old cook received the keys of the house; and, scarcely pausing to wish any one good-by, we started on our adventurous journey into the Centre of the Earth.— *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth.*

FIRST LESSONS IN CLIMBING.

At Altona, a suburb of Hamburg, is the Chief Station of the Kiel railway, which was to take us to the shores of the Belt. In twenty minutes from the moment of our departure we were in Holstein, and our carriage entered the station. Our heavy luggage was taken out, weighed, labelled, and placed in a huge van. We then took our tickets, and exactly at seven o'clock were seated opposite each other in a first-class railway carriage.

My uncle said nothing. He was too busy examining his papers, among which of course was the famous parchment, and some letters of introduction from the Danish consul, which were to pave the way to an introduction to the Governor of Iceland. My only amusement was looking out of the window. But as we passed through a flat though fertile country, this occupation was slightly monotonous. In three hours we reached Kiel, and our baggage was at once transferred to the steamer.

We had now a day before us, a delay of about ten hours; which fact put my uncle in a towering passion. We had nothing to do but to walk about the pretty town and bay. At length, however, we went on board, and at half past ten were steaming down the Great Belt. It was a dark night, with a strong breeze and a rough sea, nothing being visible but the occasional fires on shore, with here and there a lighthouse. At seven in the morning we left Korsör, a little town on the western side of Seeland.

Here we took another railway, which in three hours brought us to the capital, Copenhagen, where, scarcely taking time for refreshment, my uncle hurried out to present one of his letters of introduction. It was to the director of the Museum of Antiquities, who, having been informed that we were tourists bound for Iceland, did all he could to assist us. One wretched hope sustained me now. Perhaps no vessel was bound for such distant parts.

Alas! a little Danish schooner, the *Valkyrie,* was to sail on the second of June for Reykjawik. The captain, M. Bjarne, was on board, and was rather surprised at

the energy and cordiality with which his future passenger shook him by the hand. To him a voyage to Iceland was merely a matter of course. My uncle, on the other hand, considered the event of sublime importance. The honest sailor took advantage of the Professor's enthusiasm to double the fare.

"On Tuesday morning at seven o'clock be on board," said M. Bjarne, handing us our receipts.

"Excellent! Capital! Glorious!" remarked my uncle, as we sat down to a late breakfast; "refresh yourself, my boy, and we will take a run through the town."

Our meal concluded, we went to the Kongens-Nye-Torw; to the King's magnificent palace; to the beautiful bridge over the canal near the Museum; to the immense cenotaph of Thorwaldsen, with its hideous naval groups; to the castle of Rosenberg; and to all the other lions of the place,—none of which my uncle even saw, so absorbed was he in his anticipated triumphs.

But one thing struck his fancy, and that was a certain singular steeple situated on the Island of Amak, which is the southeast quarter of the city of Copenhagen. My uncle at once ordered me to turn my steps that way, and accordingly we went on board the steam ferry boat which does duty on the canal, and very soon reached the noted dockyard quay.

In the first instance we crossed some narrow streets, where we met numerous groups of galley slaves, with parti-colored trousers, gray and yellow, working under the orders and the sticks of severe task-masters, and finally reached the Vor-Frelser's-Kirk.

This church exhibited nothing remarkable in itself; in fact, the worthy Professor had only been attracted to it by one circumstance, which was, that its rather elevated steeple started from a circular platform, after which there was an exterior staircase, which wound round to the very summit.

"Let us ascend," said my uncle.

"But I never climb church towers," I cried; "I am subject to dizziness in my head."

"The very reason why you should go up. I want to cure you of a bad habit."

"But, my good sir—"

"I tell you to come. What is the use of wasting so much valuable time?"

It was impossible to dispute the dictatorial commands of my uncle. I yielded with a groan. On payment of a fee, a verger gave us the key. He, for one, was not partial to the ascent. My uncle at once showed me the way, running up the steps like a school-boy. I followed as well as I could, though no sooner was I outside the tower, than my head began to swim. There was nothing of the eagle about me. The earth was enough for me, and no ambitious desire to soar ever entered my mind. Still, things did not go badly until I had ascended one hundred and fifty steps, and was near the platform, when I began to feel the rush of cold air. I could scarcely stand, when, clutching the railings, I looked upwards. The railing was frail enough, but nothing to those which skirted the terrible winding staircase, that appeared, from where I stood, to ascend to the skies.

"Now then, Henry!"

"I can't do it!" I cried, in accents of despair.

"Are you, after all, a coward, sir?" said my uncle, in a pitiless tone. "Go up, I say!"

To this there was no reply possible. And yet the keen air acted violently on my nervous system; sky, earth, all seemed to swim round, while the steeple rocked like a ship. My legs gave way like those of a drunken man. I crawled upon my hands and knees; I hauled myself up slowly, crawling like a snake. Presently I closed my eyes, and allowed myself to be dragged upwards.

"Look around you," said my uncle, in a stern voice; "Heaven knows what profound abysses you may have to look down. This is excellent practice."

Slowly, and shivering all the while with cold, I opened my eyes. What then did I see? My first glance was upwards at the cold, fleecy clouds, which as by some optical delusion appeared to stand still, while the steeple, the weathercock, and our two selves, were carried swiftly along. Far away on one side could be seen the grassy plain, while on the other lay the sea, bathed in translucent light. The Sund, or Sound, as we call it, could be

discovered beyond the point of Elsinore, crowded with white sails, which, at that distance, looked like the wings of sea-gulls; while to the east could be made out the far-off coast of Sweden. The whole appeared a magic panorama.

But, faint and bewildered as I was, there was no remedy for it. Rise and stand up I must. Despite my protestations my first lesson lasted quite an hour. When, nearly two hours later, I reached the bosom of mother earth, I was like a rheumatic old man bent double with pain.

"Enough for one day," said my uncle, rubbing his hands; "we will begin again to-morrow."

There was no remedy. My lessons lasted five days, and at the end of that period, I ascended blithely enough, and found myself able to look down into the depths below without even winking, and with some degree of pleasure.—*A Journey to the Centre of the Earth.*

OUR VOYAGE TO ICELAND.

The hour of departure came at last. The night before, the worthy Mr. Thompson brought us the most cordial letters of introduction for Count Trampe, Governor of Iceland, for M. Pictursson, coadjutor to the bishop, and for M. Finsen, mayor of the town of Reykjawik. In return, my uncle nearly crushed his hands, so warmly did he shake them.

On the second of the month, at two in the morning, our precious cargo of luggage was taken on board the good ship *Valkyrie*. We followed, and were very politely introduced by the captain to a small cabin with two standing bed places, neither very well ventilated nor very comfortable. But in the cause of science men are expected to suffer.

"Well, and have we a fair wind?" cried my uncle, in his most mellifluous accents.

"An excellent wind!" replied Captain Bjarne. "We shall leave the Sound, going free with all sails set."

A few minutes afterwards, the schooner started before the wind, under all the canvas she could carry, and entered the channel. An hour later, the capital of Den-

mark seemed to sink into the waves, and we were at no great distance from the coast of Elsinore. My uncle was delighted; for myself, moody and dissatisfied, I appeared almost to expect a glimpse of the ghost of Hamlet.

"Sublime madman," thought I, "you, doubtless, would approve our proceedings. You might, perhaps, even follow us to the centre of the earth, there to resolve your eternal doubts."

But no ghost, or anything else, appeared upon the ancient walls. The fact is, the castle is much later than the time of the heroic prince of Denmark. It is now the residence of the keeper of the Strait of the Sound, and through that Sound more than fifteen thousand vessels of all nations pass every year.

The castle of Kronborg soon disappeared in the murky atmosphere, as well as the tower of Helsinborg, which raises its head on the Swedish Bank. And here the schooner began to feel in earnest the breezes of the Cattegat. The *Valkyrie* was swift enough, but with all sailing boats there is the same uncertainty. Her cargo was coal, furniture, pottery, woolen clothing, and a load of corn. As usual, the crew was small,—five Danes doing the whole of the work.

"How long will the voyage last?" asked my uncle.

"Well, I should think about ten days," replied the skipper; "unless, indeed, we meet with some northeast gales among the Faroe Islands."

"At all events, there will be no very considerable delay," cried the impatient Professor.

"No, Mr. Hardwigg," said the captain, "no fear of that. At all events, we shall get there some day."

Towards evening the schooner doubled Cape Skagen, the northernmost part of Denmark, crossed the Skager-Rak during the night,—skirted the extreme point of Norway through the gut of Cape Lindness, and then reached the Northern Seas. Two days later, we were not far from the coast of Scotland, somewhere near what Danish sailors call Peterhead, and then the *Valkyrie* stretched out direct for the Faroe Islands, between Orkney and Shetland. Our vessel now felt the full force of the ocean waves, and the wind shifting, we with great

difficulty made the Faroe Isles. On the eighth day, the captain made out Myganness, the westernmost of the Isles, and from that moment headed direct for Portland, a cape on the southern shores of the singular island for which we were bound.

The voyage offered no incident worthy of record. I bore it very well, but my uncle, to his great annoyance, and even shame, was remarkably sea-sick! This *mal de mer* troubled him the more, that it prevented him from questioning Captain Bjarne as to the subject of Sneffels, as to the means of communication, and the facilities of transport. All these explanations he had to adjourn to the period of his arrival. His time meanwhile was spent lying in bed, groaning, and dwelling anxiously on the hoped-for termination of the voyage. I didn't pity him.

On the eleventh day we sighted Cape Portland, over which towered Mount Myrdals Yokul, which, the weather being clear, we made out very readily. The Cape itself is nothing but a huge mount of granite, standing naked and alone to meet the Atlantic waves. The *Valkyrie* kept off the coast, steering to the westward. On all sides were to be seen whole "schools" of whales and sharks. After some hours we came in sight of a solitary rock in the ocean, forming a mighty vault, through which the foaming waves poured with intense fury. The islets of Westman appeared to leap from the ocean, being so low in the water as scarcely to be seen until you were right upon them. From that moment the schooner was steered to the westward in order to round Cape Reykjaness, the western point of Iceland.

My uncle, to his great disgust, was unable even to crawl on deck, so heavy a sea was on, and thus lost the first view of the Land of Promise. Forty-eight hours later, after a storm which drove us far to sea under bare poles, we came once more in sight of land, and were boarded by a pilot, who, after three hours of dangerous navigation, brought the schooner safely to an anchor in the bay of Faxa before Reykjawik.

My uncle came out of his cabin, pale, haggard, thin, but full of enthusiasm, his eyes dilated with pleasure and satisfaction. Nearly the whole population of the town

was on foot to see us land. The fact was that scarcely any one of them but expected some goods by the periodical vessel.

Professor Hardwigg was in haste to leave his prison, or rather as he called it, his hospital; but before he attempted to do so, he caught hold of my hand, led me to the quarter-deck of the schooner, took my arm with his left hand, and pointed inland with his right, over the northern part of the bay, to where rose a high two-peaked mountain,— a double cone covered with eternal snow.

"Behold," he whispered in an awe-stricken voice; "behold — Mount Sneffels!"

Then without further remark, he put his finger to his lips, frowned darkly, and descended into the small boat which awaited us. I followed, and in a few minutes we stood upon the soil of mysterious Iceland!

Scarcely were we fairly on shore when there appeared before us a man of excellent appearance, wearing the costume of a military officer. He was, however, but a civil servant, a magistrate, the governor of the island,— Baron Trampe. The Professor knew whom he had to deal with. He therefore handed him the letters from Copenhagen, and a brief conversation in Danish followed, to which I of course was a stranger, and for a very good reason, for I did not know the language in which they conversed. I afterwards heard, however, that Baron Trampe placed himself entirely at the beck and call of Professor Hardwigg.

My uncle was most graciously received by M. Finsen, the mayor, who, as far as costume went, was quite as military as the governor, but also, from character and occupation, quite as pacific. As for his coadjutor, M. Pictursson, he was absent on an episcopal visit to the northern portion of the diocese. We were therefore compelled to defer the pleasure of being presented to him. His absence was, however, more than compensated by the presence of M. Fridriksson, professor of natural science in the college of Reykjawik, a man of invaluable ability. This modest scholar spoke no languages save Icelandic and Latin. When, therefore, he addressed him-

self to me in the language of Horace, we at once came to understand one another. He was, in fact, the only person that I did thoroughly understand during the whole period of my residence in this benighted island.

Out of three rooms of which his house was composed, two were placed at our service, and in a few hours we were installed with all our baggage, the amount of which rather astonished the simple inhabitants of Reykjawik.

"Now, Harry," said my uncle, rubbing his hands, "all goes well; the worst difficulty is now over."

"How the worst difficulty over?" I cried, in fresh amazement.

"Doubtless. Here we are in Iceland. Nothing more remains but to descend into the bowels of the earth."

"Well, sir, to a certain extent you are right. We have only to go down,— but, as far as I am concerned, that is not the question. I want to know how we are to get up again."

"That is the least part of the business, and does not in any way trouble me. In the meantime, there is not an hour to lose. I am about to visit the public library. Very likely I may find there some manuscripts from the hand of Saknussemm. I shall be glad to consult them."

"In the meanwhile," I replied, "I will take a walk through the town. Will you not likewise do so?"

"I feel no interest in the subject," said my uncle. "What for me is curious in this island, is not what is above the surface, but what is below."

I bowed by way of reply, put on my hat and furred cloak, and went out.

It was not an easy matter to lose oneself in the two streets of Reykjawik; I had therefore no need to ask my way. The town lies on a flat and marshy plain, between two hills. A vast field of lava skirts it on one side, falling away in terraces toward the sea. On the other hand is the large bay of Faxa, bordered on the north by the enormous glacier of Sneffels, and in which bay the *Valkyrie* was then the only vessel at anchor. Generally there was one or two English or French gunboats, to watch and protect the fisheries in the offing. They were now, however, absent on duty.

The longest of the streets of Reykjawik runs parallel to the shore. In this street the merchants and traders live in wooden huts made with beams of wood, painted red,— mere log huts, such as you find in the wilds of America. The other street, situated more to the west, runs towards a little lake between the residences of the bishop and the other personages not engaged in commerce.

I had soon seen all I wanted of these weary and dismal thoroughfares. Here and there was a strip of discolored turf, like an old worn-out bit of woolen carpet; and now and then a bit of kitchen garden, in which grew potatoes, cabbage, and lettuces, almost diminutive enough to suggest the idea of Lilliput.

In the center of the new commercial street, I found the public cemetery, enclosed by an earthen wall. Though not very large, it appeared not likely to be filled for centuries. From hence I went to the house of the Governor, —a mere hut in comparison with the Mansion House at Hamberg, but a palace alongside the other Icelandic houses. Between the little lake and the town was the church, built in simple Protestant style, and composed of calcined stones, thrown up by volcanic action. I have not the slightest doubt that in high winds its red tiles were blown out, to the great annoyance of the pastor and congregation. Upon an eminence close at hand was the national school, in which were taught Hebrew, English, French and Danish.

In three hours my tour was complete. The general impression upon my mind was sadness. No trees, no vegetation, so to speak,— on all sides volcanic peaks,— the huts of turf and earth,— more like roofs than houses. Thanks to the heat of these residences, grass grows on the roof, which grass is carefully cut for hay. I saw but few inhabitants during my excursion, but I met a crowd on the beach, drying, salting, and loading cod-fish, the principal article of exportation. The men appeared robust but heavy; fair-haired, like Germans, but of pensive mien,— exiles of a higher scale in the ladder of humanity than the Esquimaux, but, I thought, much more

unhappy, since, with superior perceptions, they are compelled to live within the limits of the Polar Circle.

Sometimes they gave vent to a convulsive laugh, but by no chance did they smile. Their costume consists of a coarse capote of black wool, known in Scandinavian countries as the "vadmel," a broad-brimmed hat, trousers of red serge, and a piece of leather tied with strings for a shoe,— a coarse kind of moccasin.

The women, though sad-looking and mournful, had rather agreeable features, without much expression. They wear a bodice and petticoat of sombre vadmel. When unmarried, they wear a little brown knitted cap over a crown of plaited hair; but when married, they cover their heads with a colored handkerchief, over which they tie a white scarf.— *A Journey to the Centre of the Earth.*

THE REAL JOURNEY COMMENCES.

Our real journey had now commenced.

Hitherto our courage and determination had overcome all difficulties. We were fatigued at times; and that was all. Now, unknown and fearful dangers we were about to encounter.

I had not as yet ventured to take a glimpse down the horrible abyss into which in a few minutes more I was about to plunge. The fatal moment had, however, at last arrived. I had still the option of refusing or accepting a share in this foolish and audacious enterprise. But I was ashamed to show more fear than the eider-duck hunter. Hans seemed to accept the difficulties of the journey so tranquilly, with such calm indifference, with such perfect recklessness of all danger, that I actually blushed to appear less of a man than he!

Had I been alone with my uncle, I should certainly have sat down and argued the point fully; but in the presence of the guide I held my tongue. I gave one moment to the thought of my charming cousin, and then I advanced to the mouth of the central shaft.

It measured about a hundred feet in diameter, which made about three hundred in circumference. I leaned over a rock which stood on its edge, and looked down.

My hair stood on end, my teeth chattered, my limbs trembled, I seemed utterly to lose my centre of gravity, while my head was in a sort of whirl, like that of a drunken man. There is nothing more powerful than this attraction toward an abyss. I was about to fall headlong into the gaping well, when I was drawn back by a firm and powerful hand. It was that of Hans. I had not taken lessons enough at the Frelser's-kirk of Copenhagen in the art of looking down from lofty eminences without blinking!

However, few as the minutes were during which I gazed down this tremendous and even wondrous shaft, I had a sufficient glimpse of it to give me some idea of its physical conformation. Its sides, which were almost as perpendicular as those of a well, presented numerous projections which doubtless would assist our descent.

It was a sort of wild and savage staircase, without banister or fence. A rope fastened above, near the surface, would certainly support our weight and enable us to reach the bottom, but how, when we had arrived at its utmost depth, were we to loosen it above? This was, I thought, a question of some importance.

My uncle, however, was one of those men who are nearly always prepared with expedients. He hit upon a very simple method of obviating this difficulty. He unrolled a cord about as thick as my thumb, and at least four hundred feet in length. He allowed about half of it to go down the pit and catch in a hitch over a great block of lava which stood on the edge of the precipice. This done, he threw the second half after the first.

Each of us could now descend by catching the two cords in one hand. When about two hundred feet below, all the explorer had to do was to let go one end and pull away at the other, when the cord would come falling at his feet. In order to go down farther, all that was necessary was to continue the same operation.

This was a very excellent proposition, and, no doubt, a correct one. Going down appeared to me easy enough; it was the coming up again that now occupied my thoughts.

"Now," said my uncle, as soon as he had completed

this important preparation, "let us see about the baggage. It must be divided into three separate parcels, and each of us must carry one on his back. I allude to the more important and fragile articles."

My worthy and ingenious uncle did not appear to consider that we came under that denomination.

"Hans," he continued, "you will take charge of the tools and some of the provisions; you, Harry, must take possession of another third of the provisions and of the arms. I will load myself with the rest of the eatables, and with the more delicate instruments."

"But," I exclaimed, "our clothes, this mass of cord and ladders,— who will undertake to carry them down?"

"They will go down of themselves."

"And how so?" I asked.

"You shall see."

My uncle was not fond of half measures, nor did he like anything in the way of hesitation. Giving his orders to Hans, he had the whole of the non-fragile articles made up into one bundle; and the packet, firmly and solidly fastened, was simply pitched over the edge of the gulf.

I heard the moaning of the suddenly displaced air, and the noise of falling stones. My uncle, leaning over the abyss, followed the descent of his luggage with a perfectly self-satisfied air, and did not rise until it had completely disappeared from sight.

"Now then," he cried, "it is our turn."

I put it in good faith to any man of common sense,— was it possible to hear this energetic cry without a shudder?

The Professor fastened his case of instruments on his back. Hans took charge of the tools, I of the arms. The descent then commenced in the following order: Hans went first, my uncle followed, and I went last. Our progress was made in profound silence,— a silence only troubled by the fall of pieces of rock, which, breaking from the jagged sides, fell with a roar into the depths below.

I allowed myself to slide, so to speak, holding frantically on the double cord with one hand and with the

other keeping myself off the rocks by the assistance of my iron-shod pole. One idea was all the time impressed upon my brain. I feared that the upper support would fail me. The cord appeared to me far too fragile to bear the weight of three such persons as we were, with our luggage. I made as little use of it as possible, trusting to my own agility, and doing miracles in the way of feats of dexterity and strength upon the projecting shelves and spurs of lava, which my feet seemed to clutch as strongly as my hands.

The guide went first, I have said, and when one of the slippery and frail supports broke from under his feet he had recourse to his usual monosyllabic way of speaking.

"Gifakt—"

"Attention,—look out," repeated my uncle.

In about half an hour we reached a kind of small terrace, formed by a fragment of rock projecting some distance from the sides of the shaft.

Hans now began to haul upon the cord on one side only, the other going as quietly upward as the other came down. It fell at last, bringing with it a shower of small stones, lava and dust, a disagreeable kind of rain or hail.

While we were seated on this extraordinary bench I ventured once more to look downwards. With a sigh I discovered that the bottom was still wholly invisible. Were we, then, going direct to the interior of the earth?

The performance with the cord recommenced, and a quarter of an hour later we had reached to the depth of another two hundred feet.

I have very strong doubts if the most determined geologist would, during that descent, have studied the nature of the different layers of earth around him. I did not trouble my head much about the matter; whether we were among the combustible carbon, silurians, or primitive soil, I neither knew nor cared to know.

Not so the inveterate Professor. He must have taken notes all the way down, for, at one of our halts, he began a brief lecture.

"The farther we advance," said he, "the greater is my confidence in the result. The disposition of these

volcano strata absolutely confirms the theories of Sir Humphry Davy. We are still within the region of the primordial soil; the soil in which took place the chemical operation of metals becoming inflamed by coming in contact with the air and water. I at once regret the old and now for ever exploded theory of a central fire. At all events, we shall soon know the truth."

Such was the everlasting conclusion to which he came. I, however, was very far from being in humor to discuss the matter. I had something else to think of. My silence was taken for consent; and still we continued to go down.

At the expiration of three hours, we were, to all appearance, as far off as ever from the bottom of the well. When I looked upwards, however, I could see that the upper orifice was every minute decreasing in size. The sides of the shaft were getting closer and closer together; we were approaching the regions of eternal night!

And still we continued to descend!

At length, I noticed that when pieces of stone were detached from the sides of this stupendous precipice, they were swallowed up with less noise than before. The final sound was sooner heard. We were approaching the bottom of the abyss!

As I had been very careful to keep account of all the changes of cord which took place, I was able to tell exactly what was the depth we had reached, as well as the time it had taken.

We had shifted the rope twenty-eight times, each operation taking a quarter of an hour, which in all made seven hours. To this had to be added twenty-eight pauses; in all ten hours and a half. We started at one; it was now, therefore, about eleven o'clock at night.

It does not require great knowledge of arithmetic to know that twenty-eight times two hundred feet make five thousand six hundred feet in all (more than an English mile).

While I was making this mental calculation a voice broke the silence. It was the voice of Hans.

"Halt!" he cried.

I checked myself very suddenly, just at the moment when I was about to kick my uncle on the head.

"We have reached the end of our journey," said the worthy Professor, in a satisfied air.

"What, the interior of the earth?" said I, slipping down to his side.

"No, you stupid fellow! but we have reached the bottom of the well."

"And I suppose there is no farther progress to be made?" I hopefully exclaimed.

"Oh, yes; I can dimly see a sort of tunnel, which turns off obliquely to the right. At all events, we must see about that to-morrow. Let us sup now, and seek slumber as best we may."

I thought it time, but made no observations on that point. I was fairly launched on a desperate course, and all I had to do was to go forward hopefully and trustingly.

It was not even now quite dark, the light filtering down in a most extraordinary manner.

We opened the provision bag, ate a frugal supper, and each did his best to find a bed amid the pile of stones, dirt, and lava, which had accumulated for ages at the bottom of the shaft.

I happened to grope out the pile of ropes, ladders, and clothes which we had thrown down; and upon them I stretched myself. After such a day's labor, my rough bed seemed as soft as down!

For a while I lay in a sort of pleasant trance.

Presently, after lying quietly for some minutes, I opened my eyes and looked upwards. As I did so I made out a brilliant little dot, at the extremity of this long, gigantic telescope.

It was a star without scintillating rays. According to my calculations, must be β in the constellation of the Little Bear.

After this little bit of astronomical recreation, I dropped into a sound sleep.—*A Journey to the Centre of the Earth.*

WE CONTINUE OUR DESCENT.

At eight o'clock the next morning, a faint kind of dawn of day awoke us. The thousand and one prisms of the

lava collected the light as it passed, and brought it to us like a shower of sparks.

We were able with ease to see objects around us.

"Well, Harry, my boy," cried the delighted Professor, rubbing his hands together, "what say you now? Did you ever pass a more tranquil night in our house in the König Strasse? No deafening sounds of cart-wheels, no cries of hawkers, no bad language from boatmen or watermen?"

"Well, uncle, we are quiet at the bottom of this well; but to me there is something terrible in this calm."

"Why," said the Professor, hotly, "one would say you were already beginning to be afraid. How will you get on presently? Do you know that, as yet, we have not penetrated one inch into the bowels of the earth?"

"What can you mean, sir?" was my bewildered and astonished reply.

"I mean to say that we have only just reached the soil of the island itself. This long vertical tube, which ends at the bottom of the crater of Sneffels, ceases here just about on a level with the sea."

"Are you sure, sir?"

"Quite sure. Consult the barometer."

It was quite true that the mercury, after rising gradually in the instrument, as long as our descent was taking place, had stopped precisely at twenty-nine degrees.

"You perceive," said the Professor, "we have as yet only to endure the pressure of air. I am curious to replace the barometer by the manometer."

The barometer, in fact, was about to become useless,— as soon as the weight of the air was greater than what was calculated as above the level of the ocean.

"But," said I, "is it not very much to be feared that this ever-increasing pressure may in the end turn out very painful and inconvenient?"

"No," said he. "We shall descend very slowly, and our lungs will be gradually accustomed to breathe compressed air. It is well known that aëronauts have gone so high as to be nearly without air at all; why, then, should we not accustom ourselves to breathe when we have,— say, a little too much of it? For myself, I am

certain I shall prefer it. Let us not lose a moment. Where is the packet which preceded us in our descent?"

I smilingly pointed it out to my uncle. Hans had not seen it, and believed it caught somewhere above us: "huppe," as he phrased it.

"Now," said my uncle, "let us breakfast, and breakfast like people who have a long day's work before them."

Biscuit and dried-meat, washed down by some mouthfuls of water flavored with schiedam, was the material of our luxurious meal.

As soon as it was finished, my uncle took from his pocket a note-book destined to be filled by memoranda of our travels. He had already placed his instruments in order, and this is what he wrote:—

Monday, July 1st.

Chronometer, 8h. 17m. morning.
Barometer, 29 degrees.
Thermometer, 43 degrees Fahrenheit.
Direction, E. S. E.

This last observation referred to the obscure gallery, and was indicated to us by the compass.

"Now, Harry," cried the Professor, in an enthusiastic tone of voice, "we are truly about to take our first step into the Interior of the Earth; never before visited by man since the first creation of the world. You may consider, therefore, that at this precise moment our travels really commence."

As my uncle made this remark, he took in one hand the Ruhmkorf coil apparatus, which hung round his neck, and with the other he put the electric current into communication with the worm of the lantern. And a bright light at once illumined that dark and gloomy tunnel!

The effect was magical!

Hans, who carried the second apparatus, had it also put into operation. This ingenious application of electricity to practical purposes enabled us to move along by the light of an artificial day, amid even the flow of the most inflammable and combustible gases.

"Forward!" cried my uncle. Each took up his burden. Hans went first, my uncle followed, and I going third, we entered the sombre gallery!

Just as we were about to engulf ourselves in this dismal passage, I lifted up my head, and through the tube-like shaft saw that Iceland sky I was never to see again!

Was it the last I should ever see of any sky?

The stream of lava flowing from the bowels of the earth in 1229, had forced itself a passage through the tunnel. It lined the whole of the inside with its thick and brilliant coating. The electric light added very greatly to the brilliancy of the effect.

The great difficulty of our journey now began. How were we to prevent ourselves from slipping down the steeply-inclined plane? Happily some cracks, abrasures of the soil, and other irregularities, served the place of steps; and we descended slowly, allowing our heavy luggage to slip on before, at the end of a long cord.

But that which served as steps under our feet, became in other places stalactites. The lava, very porous in certain places, took the form of little round blisters. Crystals of opaque quartz, adorned with limpid drops of natural glass suspended to the roof like lustres, seemed to take fire as we passed beneath them. One would have fancied that the genii of romance were illuminating their underground palaces to receive the sons of men.

"Magnificent, glorious!" I cried, in a moment of involuntary enthusiasm; "what a spectacle, uncle! Do you not admire these variegated shades of lava, which run through a whole series of colors, from reddish brown to pale yellow,— by the most insensible degrees? And these crystals,— they appear like luminous globes."

"You are beginning to see the charms of travel, Master Harry," cried my uncle. "Wait a bit, until we advance farther. What we have as yet discovered is nothing — onward, my boy, onward!"

It would have been a far more correct and appropriate expression, had he said, "Let us slide," for we were going down an inclined plane with perfect ease. The compass indicated that we were moving in a southeasterly direction. The flow of lava had never turned to the

right or the left. It had the inflexibility of a straight line.

Nevertheless, to my surprise, we found no perceptible increase in heat. This proved the theories of Humphry Davy to be founded on truth, and more than once I found myself examining the thermometer in silent astonishment.

Two hours after my departure it only marked 54 degrees Fahrenheit. I had every reason to believe from this that our descent was far more horizontal than vertical. As for discovering the exact depth to which we had attained, nothing could be easier. The Professor, as he advanced, measured the angles of deviation and inclination; but he kept the result of his observations to himself.

About eight o'clock in the evening, my uncle gave the signal for halting. Hans seated himself on the ground. The lamps were hung to fissures in the lava rock. We were now in a large cavern where air was not wanting. On the contrary, it abounded. What could be the cause of this,— to what atmospheric agitation could be ascribed this draught? But this was a question which I did not care to discuss just then. Fatigue and hunger made me incapable of reasoning. An unceasing march of seven hours had not been kept up without great exhaustion. I was really and truly worn out, and delighted enough I was to hear the word Halt.

Hans laid out some provisions on a lump of lava, and we each supped with keen relish. One thing, however, caused us great uneasiness,— our water reserve was already half exhausted. My uncle had full confidence in finding subterranean resources, but hitherto we had completely failed in so doing. I could not help calling my uncle's attention to the circumstance.

"And you are surprised at this total absence of springs?" he said.

"Doubtless,— I am very uneasy on the point. We have certainly not enough water to last us five days."

"Be quite easy on that matter," continued my uncle. "I answer for it we shall find plenty of water,— in fact, far more than we shall want."

"But when?"

"When we once get through this crust of lava. How can you expect springs to force their way through these solid stone walls?"

"But what is there to prove that this concrete mass of lava does not extend to the centre of the earth? I don't think we have as yet done much in a vertical way."

"What puts that into your head, my boy?" asked my uncle, mildly.

"Well, it appears to me that if we had descended very far below the level of the sea,— we should find it rather hotter than we have."

"According to your system," said my uncle; "but what does the thermometer say?"

"Scarcely 15 degrees by Reaumur, which is only an increase of 9 since our departure."

"Well, and what conclusion does that bring you to?" inquired the Professor.

"The deduction I draw from this is very simple. According to the most exact observations, the augmentation of the temperature of the interior of the earth is 1 degree for every hundred feet. But certain local causes may considerably modify this figure. Thus at Yakoust in Siberia, it has been remarked that the heat increases a degree every thirty-six feet. The difference evidently depends on the conductibility of certain rocks. In the neighborhood of an extinct volcano, it has been remarked that the elevation of temperature was only 1 degree on every five-and-twenty feet. Let us, then, go upon this calculation, — which is the most favorable, — and calculate."

"Calculate away, my boy."

"Nothing easier," said I, pulling out my note-book and pencil. "Nine times one hundred and twenty-five feet make a depth of eleven hundred and twenty-five feet."

"Archimedes could not have spoken more geometrically."

"Well?"

"Well, according to my observations, we are at least ten thousand feet below the level of the sea."

"Can it be possible?"

"Either my calculation is correct, or there is no truth in figures."

The calculations of the Professor were perfectly correct. We were already six thousand feet deeper down in the bowels of the earth than any one had ever been before. The lowest known depth to which man had hitherto penetrated was in the mines of Kitz-Bahl, on the Tyrol, and those of Wuttemburg in Bohemia.

The temperature, which should have been eighty-one, was in this place only fifteen. This was a matter for serious consideration.—*A Journey to the Centre of the Earth.*

VERPLANCK, Gulian Crommelin, an American jurist and essayist; born at New York, August 6, 1786; died at Fishkill Landing, N. Y., March 18, 1870. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1801, studied law, and after being admitted to the bar went to Europe, where he resided several years. Upon his return he entered political life, and was elected to the State Legislature. In 1822 he was appointed Professor of the Evidences of Christianity in the Episcopal Theological Seminary, New York; in 1824 he published a volume of *Essays on the Nature and Uses of the Various Evidences of Revealed Religion,* and the next year a legal work on *The Doctrine of Contracts.* In 1825, he was elected a member of Congress, retaining his seat for eight years, and especially distinguished himself by procuring the passage of a bill increasing the term of copyright from twenty-eight to forty-two years. In 1827, in conjunction with William Cullen Bryant

and Robert C. Sands, he published *The Talisman*, an illustrated miscellany. From time to time he delivered discourses, of which a collection was published in 1833, under the title, *Discourses and Addresses on Subjects of American History, Arts, and Literature*. Later lectures were *The Right Moral Influence of Liberal Studies* (1833); *The Influence of Moral Causes upon Opinion, Science, and Literature* (1834); *The American Scholar* (1836). In 1847 he completed an illustrated edition of *Shakespeare's Plays*, for which he furnished Prefaces and Notes.

JOHN JAY.

The name of John Jay is gloriously associated with that of Alexander Hamilton in the history of our liberties and our laws. John Jay had completed his academic education in Columbia College several years before the commencement of the Revolution. The beginning of the contest between Great Britain and the Colonies found him already established in legal reputation; and, young as he still was, singularly well fitted for his country's most arduous services, by a rare union of the dignity and gravity of mature age with youthful energy and zeal. At the age of thirty he drafted, and in effect himself framed, the first Constitution of the State of New York, under which we lived for forty-five years, which still forms the basis of our present State Government, and from which other States have since borrowed many of its most remarkable and original provisions. At that age, as soon as New York threw off her colonial character, he was appointed the first Chief Justice of the State.

Then followed a long, rapid, and splendid succession of high trusts and weighty duties, the results of which are recorded in the most interesting pages of our national history. It was the moral courage of Jay, at the head of the Supreme Court of his own State, that gave confidence and union to the people of New York. It was from his richly stored mind that proceeded, while repre-

senting this State in the Congress of the United States (over whose deliberations he for a time presided), many of those celebrated State papers whose grave eloquence commanded the admiration of Europe, and drew forth the eulogy of the master orators and statesmen of the time — of Chatham and Burke whilst by the evidence which they gave to the wisdom and talent that guided the councils of America, they contributed to her reputation and ultimate triumph as much as the most signal victories of her arms. As our Minister at Madrid and Paris his capacity penetrated, and his calm firmness defeated, the intricate wiles of the diplomatists and Cabinets of Europe until, in illustrious association with Franklin and John Adams, he settled and signed the definitive treaty of peace, recognizing and confirming our national independence. On his return home a not less illustrious association awaited him, in a not less illustrious cause — the establishment and defence of the present National Constitution, with Hamilton and Madison. The last Secretary of Foreign Affairs under the old Confederation, he was selected by Washington as the first Chief Justice of the United States under the new Constitution. His able negotiation and commercial treaty with Great Britain, and his six years' administration as Governor of this State, completed his public life.

After a long and uninterrupted series of the highest civil employments, in the most difficult times, he suddenly retired from their toils and dignities, in the full vigor of mind and body, at a time when the highest honors of the nation still courted his acceptance and at an age when, in most statesmen, the objects of ambition show as gorgeously, and its apparitions are as stirring as ever. He looked upon himself as having fully discharged his debt of service to his country; and, satisfied with the ample share of public honor which he had received, he retired with cheerful content, without ever once casting a reluctant eye toward the power or dignities he had left. For the last thirty years of his remaining life he was known to us only by the occasional appearance of his name, or the employment of his pen, in the service of piety or philanthrophy. A

halo of veneration seemed to encircle him, as one belonging to another world, though yet lingering amongst us. When, during the last year, the tidings of his death came to us, they were received through the nation with solemn awe, like that with which we read the mysterious passage of ancient Scripture — "And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him."— *Address at Columbia College, 1830.*

SHAKESPEARE'S NAME.

The right orthography of the great poet's name has been, for the last sixty years, as disputed and doubtful a question as any other of the many points which have perplexed and divided his editors and critics. Shakespere, Shakespeere, Shakspeare, Schackspeere, Shaxspeare, Shakspear, Shakespear, Shakspere, Shaxpere, are among the variations, of more or less authority; besides one or two others, like Shaxbred, which are evidently blunders of a careless or ignorant scribe. More recent and minutely accurate researches seem to me to have proved, from the evidence of deeds, parish-registers, town-records, etc. (see the various extracts in Collier's *Life*), that the family name was Shakspere, with some varieties of spelling, such as might occur among illiterate persons in an uneducated age. The evidence that the poet himself considered this his family name (which before seemed most probable), has been, within a few years, confirmed by the discovery of his undoubted autograph in a copy of the first edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne, in folio — a book of his familiarity with which there are many traces in his later works, and which he has used in the way of direct imitation, and almost of transcription in the *Tempest,* act II, scene 1. I therefore fully agree with Sir Frederick Madden, in his tract on this point, and with Mr. Knight, in his Biography and Pictorial edition of Shakespeare, that the poet's legal and habitual signature was William Shakspere. Yet I, nevertheless, concur with Dr. Nares (Glossary), Mr. Collier, Mr. Dyce, and others, in retaining the old orthography Shakespeare, by which the poet was alone known as an

author, in his own day and long after. The following reasons seem to me conclusive: Whether from the inconvenience of the Stratford mode of spelling the name not corresponding in London with its fixed pronunciation, or for some other reason, the poet, at an early period of his literary and dramatic career, adopted, for all public purposes, the orthography of Shakespeare. His name appears thus spelled in the first edition of his *Venus and Adonis* (1593), where the dedication of the "first heir of his invention" to the Earl of Southampton is subscribed at full length, William Shakespeare. This very popular poem passed through at least six editions during the author's lifetime, between 1593 and 1606, and several more within a few years after his death, in all of which the same spelling is preserved. This was followed, in 1594, by his poem of *Lucrece*, where the same orthography is preserved, in the signature to the dedication to the same noble friend and patron. All the succeeding editions, of which there were at least four during the author's lifetime, retain the same orthography. Again, in his *Sonnets*, first printed in 1609, we have nearly the same orthography, it differing only in printing the name Shake-speare.

All the editions of Shakespeare's several poems differ from those of his plays published during his life in that typographical accuracy which denotes an author's own care, while the contemporary old quarto editions of his plays, published separately, commonly swarm with gross errors either of the printer or the copyist. Again, all those editions of his genuine plays, thus published during his life, as well as others falsely ascribed to him, concur in the same mode of spelling the name, it being given invariably either Shake-speare, or Shakespeare. His name appears thus in at least sixty title-pages of single plays, published by different printers, during his own life. Finally, in the folio collection of 1623, made by his friends Heminge and Condell, we find the same orthography, not only in the title and dedication, and list of performers, but in the verses prefixed by the poet's personal friends, Ben Jonson, Holland, Digges — the only variance being that the editors and Ben Jonson write

Shakespeare, and Digges has the name Shake-speare. All the succeeding folios retain the same mode, and two at least of those were published while many of the poet's contemporaries still lived. Moreover, all the poet's literary contemporaries, who have left his name in print, give it in the same way — as Ben Jonson, several times; Drayton, Meares (in his oft-quoted list of Shakespeare's works written before 1598); Allot in his collection called the "English Parnassus" — with several others.

So again, in the next generation, we find the same mode universally retained — as, for example, by Milton, by Davenant, who was certainly the poet's godson, and who seems to have been willing to pass for his illegitimate son; and by the painstaking Fuller. The last writer, in his notice of Shakespeare, in his *Worthies of England,* refers to "the warlike sound of his surname (whence some may conjecture him of military extraction), Hasti-vibrans, or Shakespeare."

The heraldic grant of armorial bearings confirmed to the poet, in his ancestor's right, bearing the crest of a falcon, supporting (or brandishing) a spear, etc., seems to be founded on the very same signification and pronunciation of the name. Thus Shakespeare remained the only name of their great dramatist known to the English public, from 1593, for almost two centuries after, until, in the last half of the last century, the authority of Malone and his fellow-commentators substituted, in popular use, Shakspeare — a version of the name which has the least support of any of the variations.

The result of the whole evidence on this point, which in regard to any other English author would hardly be worth examining, but which has its interest to thousands of Shakespeare's readers on both sides of the Atlantic, is simply this: The poet, for some reason, thought fit to adapt the spelling of his name to the popular mode of pronouncing it according to the pronunciation of London and his more cultivated readers; but this was done in his public, literary, and dramatic character only — while as a Warwickshire gentleman, and a burgher of Stratford-upon-Avon, he used his old family orthography in the form he thought most authentic.

Such variations in the spelling of surnames were not at all unusual in the poet's age, and before, and half a century after, of which many instances have fallen under my own casual observation. When half the business of life is transacted, as now, by cheques, notes, bills, receipts, and all those informal evidences of contract that the old law contemptuously designated as mere "parole contracts," although written, the identity of spelling, like a certain similarity of handwriting, becomes of absolute necessity for all persons who have any business of any kind. In the older modes of life, where few transactions were valid without the attestation of a seal and witnesses, both law and usage were satisfied with the similarity of sounds (the *idem sonans* of the courts), and a man might vary his signature as he pleased. Thus the poet could see no objection to having, like his own Falstaff, one name for his family and townsfolk, and another for the public — Shakespere for his domestic use and his concerns at Stratford-upon-Avon, and Shakespeare for the rest of England — we may add, though he did not, for posterity, and the whole world.

HAMLET'S MADNESS.

Hamlet, after the interview with his father's spirit, has announced to his friends his probable intent "to bear himself strange and odd," and put on an "antic disposition." But the poet speaks his own meaning through Hamlet's mouth, when he makes the prince assure his mother, "It is not madness." The madness is but simulated. Still, it is not "cool reason" that directs his conduct and governs his impulses. His weakness and his melancholy, the weariness of life, the intruding thoughts of suicide, the abrupt transitions, the towering passion, the wild or scornful levity, the infirmity of purpose — these are not feigned. They indicate crushed affections and blighted hopes. They show the sovereign reason — not overthrown by disease, not captive to any illusion, not paralyzed in its power of attention and coherent thought — but perplexed, darkened, distracted by natural and contending emotions from real causes. His mind is

overwhelmed with the oppressive sense of supernatural horrors, of more horrible earthly wrongs, and terrible duties. Such causes would throw any mind from its propriety; but it is the sensitive, meditative, yet excitable and kind-hearted prince, quick in feeling, warm in affection, rich in thought, "full of large discourse, looking before and after," yet (perhaps on account of those very endowments), feeble in will and irresolute in act. He it is, who

> "Hath a father killed, and mother stain'd,
> Excitements of his reason and his blood."

Marked and peculiar as is his character, he is yet, in this, the personification of a general truth of human nature, exemplified a thousand times in the biography of eminent men. He shows the ordinary incompatibility of high perfection of the meditative mind, whether poetical or philosophical (and Hamlet is both), with the strong will, the prompt and steady determination that give energy and success in the active contests of life.

It is thus that, under extraordinary and terrible circumstances impelling him to action, Hamlet's energies are bent up to one great and engrossing object, and still he shrinks back from the execution of his resolves, and would willingly find refuge in the grave.

It may be said that, after all, this view of Hamlet's mental infirmity differs from the theory of his insanity only in words; that the unsettled mind, the morbid melancholy, the inconstancy of purpose, are but, in other language, the description of a species of madness. In one sense this may be true. Thin partitions divide the excitement of passion, the absorbing pursuit of trifles, the delusions of vanity, the malignity of revenge — in short, any of the follies or vices that "flesh is heir to" — from the stage of physical or mental disease, which in the law of every civilized people causes the sufferer to be regarded as "of unsound mind and memory," incompetent to discharge the duties of society, and no longer to be trusted with its privileges. It was from the conviction of this truth that a distinguished and acute physician, of great eminence and experience in the treatment of insanity

(Dr. Haslam), was led, in the course of a legal inquiry, in reply to the customary question, "Was Miss B—— of sound mind?" to astonish his professional audience by asserting that he had "never known any human being of sound mind."

But the poet's distinction is the plain and ordinary one. It is that between the irregular, fevered action of an intellect excited, goaded, oppressed, and disturbed by natural thoughts and real causes too powerful for its control — and the same mind, after it has been affected by the change (modern science would say, by that physical change) which may deprive the sufferer of his power of coherent reasoning, or else inflict upon him some self-formed delusion influencing all his perceptions, opinions, and conduct. If, instead of the conventional reality of the ghostly interview, Hamlet had been painted as acting under the impulses of the self-raised phantoms of an overheated brain, that would be insanity in the customary sense, in which, as a morbid physical affection, it is to be distinguished from the fitful struggles of a wounded spirit — of a noble mind torn with terrible and warring thoughts.

This is the difference between Lear, in the agony of intolerable passion from real and adequate causes, and the Lear of the stormy heath, holding an imaginary court of justice upon Goneril and her sister.

Now as to this scene with Ophelia. How does it correspond with this understanding of the poet's intent?

Critics of the highest authority in taste and feeling have accounted for Hamlet's conduct solely upon the ground of the absorbing and overwhelming influence of the one paramount thought which renders hopeless and worthless all that formerly occupied his affections. The view is, in conception and feeling, worthy of the poet; but it is not directly supported by a single line in his text, while it overlooks the fact that he has taken pains to mark, as an incident of his plot, the unfortunate effect upon Hamlet's mind of Ophelia's too confiding obedience to her father's suspicious caution. The author could not mean that this scene should be regarded as a sudden and causeless outbreak of passion, unconnected with any prior

interview with Ophelia. He has shown us that, immediately after the revelation of the murder, the suspicious policy of Polonius compels his daughter to "repel Hamlet's letters," and deny him access. This leads to that interview so touchingly described by Ophelia — of silent but piteous expostulation, of sorrow, suspicion, and unuttered reproach:

> "With his other hand thus, o'er his brow,
> He falls to such perusal of my face
> As he would draw it."

This silence, more eloquent than words, implies a conflict of mixed emotions, which the poet himself was content to suggest, without caring to analyze it in words. Whatever these emotions were, they had no mixture of levity, anger, or indifference.

When the Prince again meets Ophelia it is with calm and solemn courtesy. She renews the recollection of her former refusal of his letters, by returning "the remembrances of his that she had longed to re-deliver." The reader knows that, in the gentle Ophelia, this is an act, not of her will, but of her yielding and helpless obedience. To her lover it must appear as a confirmation of her abrupt and seemingly causeless breaking off of all former ties at a moment when he most needed sympathy and kindness. This surely cannot be received with calmness. Does she, too, repel his confidence, and turn away from his altered fortunes and his broken spirit? The deep feelings that had before choked his utterance cannot but return. He wraps himself in his cloak of assumed madness. He gives vent to intense emotion in agitated and contradictory expressions ("I did love you once" — "I loved you not"), and in wild invective, not at Ophelia personally, but at her sex's frailties. In short, as elsewhere, where he fears to repose confidence, he masks, under his assumed "antic disposition," the deep and real 'excitement of his reason and his blood."

This understanding of this famous scene seems to me required by the poet's marked intention to separate

Ophelia from Hamlet's confidence, by Polonius compelling her —

> "— To lock herself from his resort;
> Admit no messenger, receive no tokens."

All which would otherwise be a useless excrescence on the plot. It, besides, appears so natural in itself, that the only hesitation I have as to its correctness arises from respect to the differing opinions of some of those who have most reverenced and best understood Shakespeare's genius. — *From Shakespeare's Plays.*

VERY, JONES, an American poet and essayist; born at Salem, Mass., August 28, 1813; died there, May 8, 1880. Entering Harvard at the end of the sophomore year, he was graduated in 1836, and was a tutor in Greek, 1836–38, while studying divinity. In 1838 he retired to Salem. By many of his eminent contemporaries, such as Emerson, Bryant, Channing and Dana, he was regarded as a rare phenomenon of originality and spirituality; and the recorded fragments of his conversations suggest a more unique individuality than his poems, which, however, are full of delicate grace and a most exalted soul-experience, comparable to that of Madame Guion, Catharine Adorna, or Edward Payson. He believed that his poems were written by a kind of Divine inspiration. The first edition was prepared by Emerson, *Essays and Poems,* 1839. William P. Andrews edited the poems, with a Memoir, 1883; and a complete edition, with biography, was published by the Rev. James Freeman Clarke in 1886.

TO HIM THAT HATH SHALL BE GIVEN.

Why readest thou? thou canst not gain the life
  The spirit leads but by the spirit's toil:
The labor of the body is not strife
  Such as will give to thee the wine and oil;
To him who hath, to him my verse shall give,
  And he the more from all he does shall gain;
The spirit's life he, too, shall learn to live,
  And share on earth in hope the spirit's pain;
Be taught of God; none else can teach thee aught;
  He will thy steps forever lead aright;
The life is all that He His sons has taught;
  Obey within, and thou shalt see its light,
And gather from its beams a brighter ray,
  To cheer thee on along thy doubtful way.

IN HIM WE LIVE.

Father! I bless Thy name that I do live,
  And in each motion am made rich with Thee,
That when a glance is all that I can give,
  It is a kingdom's wealth, if I but see;
This stately body cannot move, save I
  Will to its nobleness my little bring;
My voice its measured cadence will not try,
  Save I with every note consent to sing;
I cannot raise my hands to hurt or bless,
  But I with every action must conspire
To show me there how little I possess,
  And yet that little more than I desire;
May each new act my new allegiance prove,
Till in Thy perfect love I ever live and move.

THE CLAY.

Thou shalt do what Thou wilt with Thine own hand,
  Thou form'st the spirit like the moulded clay;
For those who love Thee keep Thy just command,
  And in Thine image grow as they obey;

New tints and forms with every hour they take
Whose life is fashioned by Thy Spirit's power;
The crimson dawn is round them when they wake,
And golden triumphs wait the evening hour;
The queenly sceptred night their souls receives,
And spreads their pillows 'neath her sable tent,
Above them sleep their palm with poppy weaves,
Sweet rest Thou hast to all who labor lent,
That they may rise refreshed to light again
And with Thee gather in the whitening grain.

THE PRESENCE.

I sit within my room, and joy to find
That Thou, who always lov'st, art with me here,
That I am never left by Thee behind,
But by Thyself Thou keep'st me ever near.
The fire burns brighter when with Thee I look,
And seems a kinder servant sent to me;
With gladder heart I read Thy holy book,
Because Thou art the eyes with which I see.
This aged chair, that table, watch, and door
Around in ready service ever wait;
Nor can I ask of Thee a menial more
To fill the measure of my large estate
For Thou Thyself, with all a Father's care,
Where'er I turn, art ever with me there.

THE SABBATIA.

The sweet-brier rose has not a form more fair
Nor are its hues more beauteous than thine own,
Sabbatia, flower most beautiful and rare!
In lonely spots blooming unseen, unknown.
So spiritual thy look, thy stem so light,
Thou seemest not from the dark earth to grow;
But to belong to heavenly regions bright,
Where night comes not, nor blasts of winter blow.
To me thou art a pure, ideal flower,
So delicate that mortal touch might mar;
Not born, like other flowers, of sun and shower,

But wandering from thy native home afar
To lead our thoughts to some serener clime,
Beyond the shadows and the storms of time.

THE LATTER RAIN.

The latter rain — it falls in anxious haste
Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste
As if it would each root's lost strength repair;
But not a blade grows green as in the spring;
No swelling twig puts forth its thickening leaves;
The robins only 'mid the harvests sing,
Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves;
The rain falls still — the fruit all ripened drops,
It pierces chestnut-burr and walnut-shell;
The furrowed fields disclose the yellow crops;
Each bursting pod of talents used can tell;
And all that once received the early rain
Declare to man it was not sent in vain.

THE SPIRIT-LAND.

Father! Thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed
In finding Thee are all things round us found;
In losing Thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound;
And to our eyes the vision is denied;
We wander in the country far remote,
'Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell;
Or on the records of past greatness dote,
And for a buried soul the living cell;
While on our path bewildered falls the night
That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

NATURE.

The bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
Because my feet find measure with its call;

The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
For I am known to them, both great and small.
The flower that on the lonely hillside grows
Expects me there when spring its bloom has given;
And many a tree and bush my wanderings knows,
And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven;
For he who with his Maker walks aright,
Shall be their lord as Adam was before;
His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,
Each object wear the dress that then it wore;
And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

YOURSELF.

'Tis to yourself I speak; you cannot know
Him whom I call in speaking such a one,
For you beneath the earth lie buried low,
Which he alone as living walks upon;
You may at times have heard him speak to you,
And often whispered, perchance, that you were he;
And I must ever wish that it were true,
For then you could hold fellowship with me:
But now you hear us talk as strangers, met
Above the room wherein you lie abed;
A word perhaps loud spoken you may get,
Or hear our feet when heavily they tread;
But he who speaks, or him who's spoken to,
Must both remain as strangers still to you.

THE DEAD.

I see them — crowd on crowd they walk the earth,
Dry, leafless trees no autumn wind laid bare;
And in their nakedness find cause for mirth,
And all unclad would winter's rudeness dare;
No sap doth through their clattering branches flow,
Whence springing leaves and blossoms bright appear;
Their hearts the living God have ceased to know
Who gives the spring-time to th' expectant year.
They mimic life, as if from Him to steal

His glow of health to paint the livid cheek;
They borrow words for thoughts they cannot feel,
That with a seeming heart their tongue may speak;
And in their show of life more dead they live
Than those that to the earth with many tears they give.

THE SILENT.

There is a sighing in the wood,
A murmur in the beating wave,
The heart has never understood
To tell in words the thoughts they gave.

Yet oft it feels an answering tone,
When wandering on the lonely shore,
And could the lips its voice make known,
'Twould sound as does the ocean's roar.

And oft beneath the wind-swept pine
Some chord is struck and strains to swell;
Nor sounds nor language can define —
'Tis not for words or sounds to tell.

'Tis all unheard, that Silent Voice,
Whose goings forth, unknown to all,
Bid bending reed and bird rejoice,
And fill with music Nature's hall.

And in the speechless human heart
It speaks, where'er man's feet have trod
Beyond the lip's deceitful art,
To tell of Him, the Unseen God.

VIAU, Théophile de, a French poet; born at Clairac in 1590; died at Chantilly in 1626. His grandfather had been secretary to the Queen of Navarre; and his father was an *avocat* at Bordeaux. His youth was passed in the little village of Boussères Sainte Radegonde, on the River Lot, amid scenes which he never tired of recalling in after years. He was educated by Scotch scholars; but on leaving school he fell into debaucheries which nearly ruined him. He went to Paris in 1610; but finding that preferment at Court was impossible for the son of a Huguenot, he withdrew in 1612 to the Netherlands, where he learned the use of snuff and the art of getting drunk by Dutch rule. Calvinist as Théophile was, he was nevertheless licentious, both in his conduct and in his writings. In 1619 he found it expedient to withdraw to England, where he attempted to get an introduction to James I.; but that Prince refused to see him. He drifted into infidelity; but seems to have found it convenient, in those changing times, to be now a Huguenot and now a Catholic, as occasion served. A work, entitled *Le Parnasse Satirique*, which appeared in 1622, was generally understood to be the production of de Viau, and he was prosecuted for it, brought to Paris, and there kept in prison for two years, being finally banished. His health was broken by his sufferings and anxieties in the prison, and at the age of thirty-six his life was brought to an end. His works consist of odes, elegies, sonnets, tragedies, a dramatic dialogue on immortality entitled *Socrate Mourant* and apologies for himself.

Viau stands out a clear and well-defined individu-

ality, one of those who are not mere *umbræ*, reflectors of other men's genius; but who dare to be independent, who occupy such a position that no history of French literature is complete without them.

LALAGE.

Roses and lilies, fair to view,
Canst in my garden see;
Brighter thy cheeks with either hue,
My own fair Lalage.

Evermore young, in yonder sky,
Shines Dian, heavenly fair;
Heaven's pure light on lover's eye,
Beams Lalage the rare.

Beautiful vision of the skies,
I wake to see but thee;
All the day long these ears, these eyes,
Know naught but Lalage.

Cupid, with fire and shaft and bow,
And Graces carved in white —
Everything 'minds me, high and low,
Of Lalage, my light.

— *Translation of* J. W. BANTA.

THE COUNTRY.

Listen! the birds with warbling faint
Lift morning hymns to yon red rays —
The only God they know — which paint
Fresh glory on their wings and ways.

The ploughshare plunges down the rows;
The ploughman in the furrows deep
Strides after, rousing as he goes,
His lazy oxen, half-asleep.

Night flies away; the murmurous day
  Wakes all the voices of the light;
And life and truth, for age and youth,
  Drive off the fantasies of night.

Alidor, deep in happy sleep,
  Kisses his Iris in a dream;
And waking, seeks those burning cheeks,
  Which still beside him blushing seem.

The blacksmith at his anvil stands —
  See how the quick fire ruddy shows,
Beneath the hammer in his hands,
  The iron with a white heat glows.

Yon dying candles feebly burn,
  The broad day makes their glimmer low;
The great sun dazzles as we turn,
  And catch his rays the casement through.

Up, Phillis sweet, the morning greet,
  And in the dewy garden seek
The flowers spread with white and red,
  To match the glory of thy cheek.

Translation of WALTER BESANT.

VIAUD, LOUIS MARIE JULIEN ("PIERRE LOTI"); a French novelist; born at Rochefort, January 14, 1850. He was educated at home and in the naval school at Brest, 1867; became midshipman in 1873, and lieutenant in 1881, and made many voyages in Oceanica and to Japan, Senegal, etc. Participating in the French war against Anam (south of China) in 1883, his truth-telling letters to *Figaro* led to his suspension from active service; he painted

"too black" the conduct of the French soldiers in taking the forts of Hué. He is a wonderful painter in words, making a picture with every brief stroke; and the translator of some of his works, Clara Bell, has admirably rendered the delicacy of his touch, color, and sentiment. *From Lands of Exile* (1887) seems to be a transcript of fact and scene in the Tonquin cruise, the extract here given being perhaps largely imaginative. His other works are *Aziyadé* (1879); *Rarahu, a Polynesian Idyl* (1880), (reprinted under the title of *Marriage of Loti*); *The Romance of a Spahi* (Algerian soldier) (1881); *Flowers of Ennui; Pasquala Ivanovitch; Suleima* (1882); *My Brother Yves* (1883); *The Three Women of Kasbah* (1884); *The Iceland Fisherman; Madame Chrysanthemum* (1887); *Japoneries of Autumn* (1889); *Au Maroc* (1890); *Le Roman d'un Enfant,* an autobiography (1890); *Le Livre de la Pitié et de la Mort* (1891); *Fantôme d' Orient,* a sequel to *Aziyadé* (1892); *Matelot* (1893). Of the above works, *From Lands of Exile; Rarahu; The Iceland Fisherman;* and *Madame Chrysanthemum* have been published in English.

THE MARBLE MOUNTAIN OF ANAM.

The caverns are peopled with idols; the entrails of the rocks are haunted; spells are sleeping in these deep recesses. Every incarnation of Buddha is here — and other, older images, of which the Bonzes no longer know the meaning. The gods are of the size of life; some standing up resplendent with gold, their eyes staring and fierce; others crouched and asleep, with half-closed eyes and a sempiternal smile. Some dwell alone, unexpected and startling apparitions in dark corners; others — numerous company — sit in a circle under a marble canopy in the green, dim light of a cavern; their attitudes and faces make one's flesh creep; they seem to be holding council.

And each one has a red silk cowl over his head — in some pulled low over the eyes to hide their faces, all but the smile: one has to lift it to see them.

The gilding and Chinese gaudiness of their costumes have preserved a sort of vividness that is still gorgeous; nevertheless they are very old; their silken hoods are all worm-eaten; they are a sort of wonderfully preserved mummies. The walls of the temple are of the primeval marble rock, hung with stalactites, and worn and grooved in every direction by the trickling water oozing from the hill above.

And lower down, quite at the bottom, in the nethermost caverns, dwell other gods who have lost every trace of color, whose names are forgotten, who have stalactites in their beards and masks of saltpetre. These are as old — as old as the world; they were living gods when our western lands were still frozen, virgin forests, the home of the cave-bear and the giant elk. The inscriptions that surround them are not Chinese, they were traced by primeval man before any known era; these bas-reliefs seem earlier than the dark ages of Angcor. They are antediluvian gods, surrounded by inscrutable things. The Bonzes still venerate them, and their cavern smells of incense.

The great and solemn mystery of this mountain lies in its having been sacred to the gods and full of worship ever since thinking beings have peopled the earth. Who were they who made those idols of the lowest caverns? . . . We came up from the subterranean regions, and when we reached the great gate once more I say to Lee-Loo: "Your great pagoda is very fine."

Lee-Loo smiles. "The great pagoda! — you have not seen it.'

And then he turns to the left, up the ascending flight of steps. Marble steps, as before, carpeted with the pink periwinkle, overhung by lilies, drooping palms, and luxuriant rare ferns, the rocks close in on it more and more; the pink creepers grow paler and the plants more slender in the cooler shade. Tawny ourangs are perched on every point of the spires that tower above us, watching with excited curiosity and moving like old men.

Another gateway in a new style rises before us, and we stop to look. It is not like the one we have left below; it is differently strange. This one is very simple, and it is impossible to explain what there is of unknown and unseen in this very simplicity; it is the quintessence of finality. The gateway strikes us at once as the gateway to *Beyond;* and that Beyond is *Nirvana,* the peace of the eternal void. There is a decoration of vague scroll-work, shapes that twine and cling in mystical embrace without beginning or end — a painless, joyless eternity, the eternity of the Buddhist — simply annihilation and rest in extinction.

We pass this gateway, and the walls, closing in by degrees, at last meet over our heads. The ourangs have all vanished together, hurrying away as if they knew where we are going now, and intend to go there, too, by a way known to them alone, and to be there before us. Our steps ring on the marble blocks with sonorous echo peculiar to underground passages. We make our way under a low vault which penetrates the heart of the mountain in the blackness of darkness.

Total night — and then a strange light dawns before us which is not daylight: a green glimmer, as green as green fire.

"The pagoda!" says Lee-Loo.

A doorway of irregular shape, all fringed with stalactites, stands open before us, rising to about half the height of the great sanctuary within. It is the very heart of the mountain, a deep and lofty cavern with green marble walls. The distance is drowned, as it were, in a transparent twilight looking like sea-water; and from above, through a shaft, down which the great monkeys are peeping at us, comes a dazzling beam of light of indescribable tint: it is as if we were walking into a huge emerald pierced by a moonbeam. And the shrines, the gods, the monsters in this subterranean haze, this mysterious and resplendent green halo of glory, have a vivid and supernatural splendor of hue.

Slowly we go down the steps of a stair guarded by four horrible idiots riding on nightmare creatures. Just facing us stand two little temples, all striped with sky-

blue and pink; their base is lost in shadow and they look like the enchanted dwellings of earth-gnomes. In a fissure in the rock a colossal god wearing a gold mitre squats smiling. And high above the shrines and images, the marble vault shuts it all in, like a stupendous and crushing curtain in a thousand green folds.

The guardian gods of the stairs glare at us with a leer in their great perfidious, greedy eyes, grinning from ear to ear with bogie laughter. They look as if they were shrinking closer to the wall to make way for us, holding in their steeds, which set their teeth like tigers. And far up, perched on the great dome round the opening through which the green rays fall, the ourangs are sitting, their legs and tails hanging over among the garlands of creepers, watching to see if we shall venture in.

Down we go — doubtfully, with involuntary slowness, under the influence of an unfamiliar and indescribable religious awe. As we reach the lowest step, there is a subterranean chill; we speak and rouse hollow echoes that transform our voices.

The floor of the cave is of very fine sand covered with the dung of bats, filling the air with a strange, musky smell; it is dented all over with the print left by monkeys, like that of little hands. Here and there stand ancient marble vases, and altars for Buddhist rites.

Then there are numbers of what look like very long, very enormous brown snakes hanging from the top of the vault down to the floor — or they may be cables, huge cables shining like bronze, stretched from top to bottom of this nave. They are roots of creepers, thousands of years old perhaps, larger than any known growth. The ourangs, growing bolder, seem to be about to descend by these to inspect us more closely, for they are the familiars of the sanctuary.

Presently we see a group of four Bonzes in violet robes who have followed us and are now standing on the top steps of the gap by which we came. They pause at the entrance of the underground passage in the sea-green twilight, looking tiny among the gods and monsters. And then, coming toward us, they slowly descend — down, down, into the greener radiance.

It was like a scene of another world, a ritual of admission of departed spirits into the Buddhist heaven. — *From Lands of Exile; translation of* CLARA BELL.

VIDAL, PETER, a Provençal troubadour; born at Toulouse about 1165; date of his death unknown. He was the son of a rich furrier, who was of a poetic turn. His career was so filled with fantastic adventures as to bring his sanity into serious doubt; indeed, he seems all his life to have been mad in everything but his poetry. He wandered as a vagrant from one Court to another — those of Alfonso II. of Aragon; Viscount Barral of Marseilles; Count Raymond VI. of Toulouse; the Marquis Boniface II. of Montferrat; King Emmerich of Hungary; and Count Richard of Poitiers, afterward King of England. At the Court of the Viscount Barral, he entered one morning the chamber of the Countess Adalasia, and awoke her with a kiss; and for this indiscretion he was obliged to leave. In 1190, having joined the crusade of King Richard, he married a Greek lady; and imagining that she was the daughter of the Greek Emperor at Constantinople, he assumed the arms of the Emperor himself, and had all the royal insignia borne before him. When the news of the capture of Byzantium was brought to him, he hurried to the Golden Horn in his usual headlong way, meaning to prefer his claims to the vacant throne. Whether it was during the voyage that he died, or directly after landing, cannot be ascertained.

A PRANDIAL IMPROVISATION.

I hate who gives a scanty feast;
  The mind where envy rankles;
A brawling monk; a smirking priest;
  And the maid who shows her ankles.

The fool who dotes upon his wife;
  The churl whose wine's diluted;
The pessimist, with joy at strife;—
  May these three be well hooted!

Deep shame befall who wears a sword
  He never draws in fight;
And be the huckster's brat abhorred
  Who apes the airs of knight.

Let scorn be hers who weds her groom;
  And his who weds his harlot;
And may the gibbet be the doom
  Of rogues that strut in scarlet.
  —*Sung to the guitar at the Countess Adalasia's castle.*

TO ADALASIA.

Thy breeze is blowing on my cheeks,
  O land of lyre and lance;
In every gush to me it speaks
  Of Her I love, and France.
'Twas there I sang, and won renown;
  'Twas there my heart I gave
Unto the dame whose cruel frown
  Me forth an exile drave.
How pleasant every breeze that leaves
  The land of lyre and lance—
How welcome every voice that weaves
  A Tale of Her and France.

Why, for the deed it bade me dare,
  Could not my love atone?
And wherefore does a form so fair
  So stern a spirit own?
Far better feel a Moslem blade,
  Than thus despairing pine;
So on my breast the cross I'll braid,
  And hie to Palestine.
Seek, song, with this my last farewell,
  The land of lyre and lance;
Nor to my lady fail to tell,
  I die for Her and France.
—*Written upon joining the Crusade of Richard I.*

ADALASIA RECONCILED.

Visions of beauty round me throng—
Each thought's a flower, each breath a song.
With hope my every fibre glows,
My very blood in music flows.
Her mantle Joy has round me cast,
My lady-love relents at last.

No grief has earth like that we prove
When swept in wrath from those we love;
Nor does a bliss for mortals smile
Like that when fond hearts reconcile.
I feel the bliss; I've felt the pain;
Nor shall I tempt the last again.
—*Written when the Countess "sent him a present of the kiss he stole."*

VIGNY, Alfred Victor, Comte de, a French poet and novelist; born at Loches, Touraine, March 28, 1799; died at Paris, September 17, 1863. At the age of sixteen he joined the regiment of musketeers of Louis XVIII., and accompanied the

King to Ghent during the Hundred Days. In 1823 he entered the line in order to be able to accompany the French expedition to Spain. His regiment, however, was detained in the Pyrenees, and the time he had hoped to give to action he spent in writing poetry, In 1826 he married Miss Lydia Bunbury, an Englishwoman of fortune, and two years later he retired from the army and devoted himself entirely to literature. Already, in 1815 and 1822, respectively, he had published two volumes of *Poëmes,* which were inspired by his classical and Biblical studies. His *Elloa, ou la Sœur des Anges,* appeared in 1824. It is the history of a fallen seraph. After he had definitely adopted literature as his pursuit in life he became one of the leaders of the Romantic movement, and his *Poëmes, Antiques et Modernes,* issued 1826 and 1837, were hailed as among the finest productions of the new school. In 1826 appeared his great historical romance entitled *Cinq-Mars.* The success of this romantic illustration of the times of Richelieu encouraged him to produce his *Stello, or the Blue-Devils* (1832), which defined the poet's position in society, and *Military Servitude and Greatness* (1835), the materials of which he derived from the history of the republic and the empire. As a dramatic writer he also achieved considerable success by his *Chatterton* (1835), an episode taken from *Stello.* He also wrote *La Maréchale d'Ancre,* and several other historical dramas. He was made a member of the French Academy in 1845. It was not until after Count de Vigny's death that his *Destinées: Poëmes Philosophiques,* were given to the world. An edition of his *Œuvres Complètes* appeared in 1883.

COME, MAIDEN, WITH ME O'ER THE WATERS.

Come, maiden, come with me to glide
All alone o'er the sea;
My lovely and portionless bride,
I only with thee.
My bark dances light on the waters,
Like a bird on the wing;
See — see its bright flag and its sail;
Think not that 'tis tiny and frail,
For I am its king.

Let the waters be stormy or still,
We shall not sink beneath;
Let the winds rage around at their will,
And threaten with death.
The winds and the waves I defy,
No longer, then, wait:
No wall to imprison thee now:
Not one to say nay to thy vow —
None with us but Fate.

The land? — it was made for the slave,
And for toil, day and night;
But the sea, for the free and the brave
Lies boundless and bright.
Each wave has a secret of pleasure;
It whispers to me,
"Wilt be happy? love ever, but only
Fear not to be poor and be lonely —
Dare, dare to be free!"

—*From Poëmes; translation of* WALTER BESANT.

THE HORN.

I love, through the deep woods at close of day,
To hear the horn sounding the stag at bay,
Or hunter's farewell note, which echo wakes,
And the north wind through all the forest takes.

How oft have I a midnight vigil kept,
And smiled to hear it — yet, more often wept!
It seemed the sound prophetic, which, of old,
The coming death of paladins foretold.

The horses halt upon the mountain-brow,
Foam-whitened; 'neath their feet is Roncevaux,
By day's last dying flame scarce colored o'er;
The far horizon shows the flying Moor.

"Seest thou naught, Turpin, in the torrent-bed?"
"I see two knights; one dying and one dead,
Both crushed 'neath a black rock's vast fragment lie;
The strongest holds a horn of ivory.

His soul's last breath twice called us to his aid!"
"God! how the horn wails through the forest glade."

LEGENDS OF OLD.

Ah! sweet it is, when all the boughs are black
And the deep snow lies heavy on the ground,
The legends of past days to summon back
And bid old stories once again go round.

To listen, while without the poplar only
Lifts up long arms against a wintry sky,
And on the tree the snow-robed raven lonely
Stands balanced like the vane that hangs on high.

Ah! sweet it is, old stories to recall,
The legends of that old world passed away:
While the white snow enwraps and covers all,
And trees hang out black branches to the day.

— *From Poëmes; translation in Temple Bar.*

VILLARI, Pasquale, an Italian historian; born at Naples, October 3, 1827. He was educated under Basilo Piroti and de Sanctis. He studied law and began to practice that profession; but in 1847 he was imprisoned for his share in the revolution of that year. Upon his release he went to Florence, where, in very needy circumstances, he devoted himself to the study of history, supporting himself by giving private lessons. In 1859 he published his *Storia di Girolamo Savonarola,* and was immediately made Professor of History at the University of Pisa. His work on Savonarola — which has been translated into English by his wife — was followed by *La Civiltà Latina e Germanica* (1861); *Leggende che Illustrano la Divina Commedia* (1865), and many critical, educational, and poetical treatises. His political pamphlet *Di Chi è la Colpa* —"Whose is the Fault?"— stirred the nation to its very depths; and the same year, 1866. Villari was called to the chair of History at the Institute of Higher Studies in Florence. He became General Secretary of Public Instruction in 1869, Senator in 1884, and Minister of Public Instruction in 1891. His *Niccolò Machiavelli* — translated by his wife — was published in 1877; and in 1893 he issued his *Storia de Firenze* —(Florentine History)— which has been also rendered into English by his wife.

MACHIAVELLI IN EARLY LIFE.

Of middle height, slender figure, with sparkling eyes, dark hair, rather a small head, a slightly aquiline nose, a tightly closed mouth: all about him bore the impress of a very acute observer and thinker, but not that of one able to wield much influence over others. He could

not easily rid himself of the sarcastic expression continually playing round his mouth and flashing from his eyes, which gave him the air of a cold and impassible calculator; while nevertheless he was frequently ruled by his powerful imagination; sometimes suddenly led away by it to an extent befitting the most fantastic of visionaries. He applied himself to the faithful service of the Republic, with all the ardor of an ancient Republican, inspired by reminiscences of Rome, pagan and republican. His leisure was devoted to reading, conversation, and the usual pleasures of life. Being of a cheerful temper, he was on good terms with his colleagues in the Chancery, and if intimate with his superior, Marcello Virgilio, was far more so with Biagio Buonaccorsi, who, although in an inferior position and but a mediocre scholar, was a worthy man and a firm friend. He it was who, when Machiavelli was at a distance, used to write him long and affectionate letters in a tone of real friendship, and from these we learn that the first secretary of the Ten was much given to gay living, and to various irregular love affairs, of which the two wrote to each other in a style that is far from edifying. — *From Niccolo Machiavelli; translation of* LINDA VILLARI.

CAPTURE OF SAVONAROLA.

Savonarola's adherents had either disappeared or were in hiding; all Florence now seemed against him.

The morning of the 8th of April, Palm Sunday, 1498, passed quietly, but it was easy for an observant eye to discern that this tranquillity was only the sullen calm that precedes a storm, and that it was a marvel no startling event had yet occurred. Savonarola preached St. Mark's, but his sermon was very short and sad: he offered his body as a sacrifice to God, and declared his readiness to face death for the good of his flock. Mournfully, but with much composure, he took leave of his people; and in giving them his benediction, seemed to feel that he was addressing them for the last time. The friar's adherents then hurried to their homes to procure arms, while a por-

tion of their adversaries held the corners of the streets, and all the rest marched through the city, crying "To St. Mark's, to St. Mark's, fire in hand!" They assembled on the piazza of the Signory; and when their numbers had sufficiently increased, moved in the direction of the convent, brandishing their weapons, and uttering fierce cries. On the way they caught sight of a certain man, named Pecori, who was quietly walking to the church of the Santissima Annunziata, singing psalms as he went; and immediately some of them rushed after him, crying, "Does the hypocrite still dare to memble!" And overtaking him on the steps of the Innocenti, they slew him on the spot. A poor spectacles-maker, hearing the great noise in the street, came out with his slippers in his hand; and while trying to persuade the people to be quiet, was killed by a sword-thrust in his head. Others shared the same fate; and in this way, infuriated by the taste of blood, the mob poured into the square of St. Mark. Finding the church thronged with the people who had attended vespers, and were still engaged in prayer, they hurled a dense shower of stones through the door; whereat a general panic ensued, the women shrieked loudly, and all took to flight. In a moment the church was emptied; its doors, as well as those of the convent were locked and barred; and no one remained within save the citizens who were bent on defending St. Mark's.

Although barely thirty in number, these comprised some of the most devoted of Savonarola's adherents; the men who had escorted him to the pulpit, and were ever prepared to risk their life in his service. For some days past they had known that the convent was in danger: and accordingly eight or ten of them had always come to guard it by night. Without the knowledge of Savonarola or Fra Domenico, whom they knew to be averse to all deeds of violence, they had, by the suggestion of Fra Silvestro and Fra Francesco de' Medici, secretly deposited a store of arms in a cell beneath the cloister. Here were some twelve breastplates and as many helmets; eighteen halberds, five or six crossbows, shields of different kinds, four or five harquebusses, a barrel of powder, and leaden bullets, and even, as it would seem, two small mortars.

Francesco Davanzati, who had furnished almost all these weapons and was then in the convent, brought out and distributed them to those best able to use them. Assisted by Baldo Inghimlami, he directed the defence for some time; placing guards at the weakest points, and giving the necessary orders. About sixteen of the friars took arms, and foremost among them were Fra Luca, son of Andrea della Robbia, and our Fra Benetto. It was a strange sight to see some of these men, with breastplates over their Dominican robes and helmets on their heads, brandishing enormous halberds, and speeding through the cloister with shouts of "Viva Cristo!" to call their companions to arms.

Savonarola was deeply grieved by this, and Fra Domenico went about imploring all to cast aside their weapons. "They must not stain their hands in blood; they must not disobey the precepts of the gospel, nor their superior's commands." So he cried, but all was in vain; for at that moment the furious yells outside rose to a deafening pitch, and more determined attacks were made on the gates. It was then that Savonarola resolved to end the fruitless and painful struggle by the sacrifice of his own safety; so, assuming his priest's vestments, and taking a cross in his hand, he said to his companions, "Suffer me to go forth, since through me *orta est haec tempestas*" (this storm has risen): and wished to surrender himself to his enemies at once. But he was met by universal cries of despair; friars and payment pressed round him with tears and supplications. "No! do not leave us! you will be torn to pieces; and what would become of us without you?" When he saw his most trusted friends barring the way before him, he turned about and bade all follow him to the church. First of all he carried the Host in procession through the cloisters; then led the way to the choir, and reminded them that prayer was the only weapon to be employed by ministers of religion: whereupon all fell on their knees before the consecrated wafer, and intoned the chant—"Salvum fac populum tuum, Domine" (O Lord, save thy people). Some had rested their weapons against the wall, others

still grasped them, and only a few remained on guard at the main entrances.

It was now about the twenty-second hour (*i.e.*, two hours before sundown); the throng on the Piazza had increased, the assailants were encouraged by meeting with no resistance, and the Signory's guards were coming to their aid. At this moment the mace-bearers appeared, to proclaim the Signory's decree that all in the convent were to lay down their arms; and that Savonarola was sentenced to exile, and ordered to quit the Florentine territory within twelve hours' time. Most of those who heard this announcement regarded it as a device of the enemy. It was difficult to credit that the Signory could order the attacked, who were making scarcely any defence, to lay down their arms, while the assailants, who were the sole authors of the disturbance, and in far greater numbers, were not only left unmolested, but supplied with reinforcements! Nevertheless, the proclamation decided several to obtain safe-conducts and hurry away.

Meanwhile night was falling, and the siege of the convent was being carried on with desperate ferocity. Some fired the gates; while others had successfully scaled the walls on the Sapienza side, and made their way into the cloisters. After sacking the infirmary and the cells, they all penetrated to the sacristy, sword in hand, and broke upon the door leading to the choir. When the friars, who were kneeling there in prayer, found themselves thus suddenly attacked, they were naturally stirred to self-defence. Seizing the burning torches, and crucifixes of metal and wood, they labored their assailants with so much energy that the latter fled in dismay, believing for a moment that a band of angels had come to the defence of the convent.

Then the other monks, who had laid down their arms at Savonarola's behest, again resumed the defence; and there was more skirmishing in the cloisters and corridors. At the same time the great bell of the convent, called the Piagnona, tolled forth the alarm; both besiegers and besieged fought with great fury; all was clamor and confusion, cries of despair, and clashing of steel. This was the moment when Baldo Inghirlami and Francesco Davanzati dealt such vigorous blows and that Fra Luca

d'Andrea della Robbia chased the foes through the cloisters, sword in hand. Fra Benedetto and a few others mounted on the roof, and repeatedly drove back the enemy with a furious hail of stones and tiles. Several of the monks fired their muskets with good effect inside the church; and a certain Fra Enrico, a young, fair-haired, handsome German, particularly distinguished himself by his prowess. At the first beginning of the struggle he had courageously sallied out into the midst of the mob, and possessed himself of the weapon he wielded so valiantly; accompanying each stroke with the cry, "Salvum fac populum.tuum, Domine."

At this juncture the victory was decidedly with St. Mark's, and its defenders were exulting in this success, when a fresh edict of the Signory was proclaimed, declaring all rebels who did not forsake the convent within an hour. Thereupon several more demanded safe-conducts and departed, thus further diminishing the too scanty garrison. And there being no longer any doubt as to the Signory's intention of crushing St. Mark's, even the remnant of the defenders lost hope and courage, and were already beginning to give way. Savonarola and many of his brethren still remained in the choir, offering up prayers, which were interrupted from time to time by the cries of the injured or the piteous wail of the dying. Among the latter was a youth of the Panciatichi House, who was borne, fatally wounded, to the steps of the high altar; and there, amid volleys of harquebuss shots, received the communion from Fra Domenico, and joyfully drew his last breath in the friar's arms, after kissing the crucifix and exclaiming, "Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum!" (Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!)

Night had now come; and the monks, exhausted with hunger and agitation, devoured some dry figs one of the companions had brought. Suddenly the defence was resumed; louder cries were heard, and fresh volleys of shot. In the pulpit from which Savonarola had so frequently inculcated the doctrine of peace, Fra Enrico, the German, had now taken his stand and was firing his harquebuss

with fatal effect. The smoke became so dense that it was necessary to break the windows in order to escape suffocation; and thereupon long tongues of flame poured into the church from the burning doors. The German and another defender retreated into the choir, and clambering upon the high altar, planted their harquebusses beside the great crucifix, and continued their fire.

Savonarola was overwhelmed with grief by this waste of life in his cause, but was powerless to prevent it. No attention being paid to his protests, he again raised the Host and commanded his friars to follow him. Traversing the dormitory, he had conducted nearly all to the Greek library, when he caught sight of Fra Benedetto rushing down stairs, maddened with fury and fully armed, to confront the assailants at close quarters. Laying his hand on his disciple's shoulder, he gave him a severe glance, and said in a tone of earnest reproof, "Fra Benedetto, throw down those weapons and take up the cross: I never intended my brethren to shed blood." And the monk humbled himself at his master's feet, laid aside his arms, and followed him to the library with the rest.

A final and still more threatening decree was now issued by the Signory, against all who continued to resist; commanding Savonarola, Fra Domenico, and Fra Silvestro to present themselves at the palace without delay, and giving their word that no harm should be offered them. Fra Domenico insisted on seeing the order in writing; and the heralds, not having it with them, went back to fetch it. Meanwhile Savonarola had deposited the sacrament in the hall of the library beneath the noble arches of Michelozzi's vault; and collecting the friars around him, addressed them for the last time in these memorable words: "My beloved children, in the presence of God, in the presence of the consecrated wafer, with our enemies already in the convent, I confirm the truth of my doctrines. All that I have said hath come to me from God, and He is my witness in Heaven that I speak no lie. I had not foreseen all that the city would so quickly turn against me; nevertheless, may the Lord's will be done. My last exhortation to ye is this: let faith, prayer, and patience be your weapons. I leave ye with anguish and

grief, to give myself into my enemies' hands. I know not whether they will take my life; but certain am I that, once dead, I shall be able to succor ye in Heaven far better than it hath been granted me to help ye on earth. Take comfort, embrace the cross, and by it shall ye find the way of salvation."

The invaders were now masters of almost the whole of the convent; and Gioacchino della Vecchia, captain of the palace guard, threatened to knock down the walls with his guns unless the orders of the Signory were obeyed. Fra Malatesta Sacramoro, the very man who a few days before had offered to walk through the fire, now played the part of Judas. He treated with the Compagnacci, and persuaded them to present a written order, for which they sent an urgent request to the Signory; while Savonarola again confessed to Fra Domenico, and took the sacrament from his hands, in preparation for their common surrender. As for their companion, Fra Silvestro, he had hidden himself, and in the confusion was nowhere to be found.

Just then a singular incident occurred. One of Savonarola's disciples — a certain Girolamo Gini, who had long yearned to assume the Dominican robe — had come to vespers that day, and from the beginning of the riot energetically helped in the defence of the convent. When Savonarola ordered all to lay down their arms, this worthy artisan instantly obeyed; but nevertheless could not refrain from rushing through the cloisters and showing himself to the assailants,— in his desire, as he confessed at his examination, to face death for the love of Jesus Christ. Having been wounded, he now appeared in the Greek library, with blood streaming from his head; and kneeling at his master's feet humbly prayed to be invested with the habit. And his request was granted on the spot.

Savonarola was urged by some of his friends to consent to be lowered from the walls and seek safety in flight; since, if he once set foot in the palace, there was little chance of his ever leaving it alive. He hesitated, and seemed on the point of adopting this sole means of escape; when Fra Malatesta turned on him and said, "Should not the shepherd lay down his life for his lambs?" These

words appeared to touch him deeply; and he accordingly made no reply, but after kissing his brethren and folding them to his heart,— this very Malatesta first of all,— he deliberately gave himself up, together with his trusty and inseparable Fra Domenico, into the hands of the mace-bearers who had returned from the Signory at that instant.— *Storia di Girolamo Savonarola.*

VILLEMAIN, Abel François, a French critic and orator; born at Paris, June 11, 1790; died there, May 8, 1870. He was educated at the Imperial Lyceum and was a pupil in rhetoric of Luce de Lancival. M. de Fontanes appointed him professor of rhetoric in the Lycée Charlemagne about 1810. In 1812 he gained a prize offered by the Institute for his *Éloge de Montaigne,* in which he displayed great power of generalization and an excellent gift of harmonious language. In 1814 he produced a *Discourse on the Advantages and Inconveniences of Criticism,* which was crowned by the French Academy. In 1816 he became Professor of French eloquence at the University of Paris, and wrote an *Éloge de Montesquieu.* He published *History of Cromwell* (1819); *Lectures on French Literature* (1828–38), which is considered his principal work; *Discours et Mélanges Littéraires* (1823), and *Studies of Ancient and Foreign Literature* (1846). Blending in his lectures literary analysis, biography, spicy anecdotes, ingenious judgments in detail and profound generalities, he gave them the form of eloquent conversation, and acquired a high reputation as a professor and critic. He was admitted to the Academy in 1821. Under the new régime he

became a Peer of France in 1832, President of the Royal Council of Public Instruction in 1834, and Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy the same year. He was Minister of Public Instruction from May, 1839, to March, 1840, and held the same office in the Cabinet of Guizot from 1840 to 1844.

Villemain is generally recognized as one of the most accomplished writers of his time. His style is admirable and his works present a happy union of moderation with independence, while they preserve a due equilibrium between reason and imagination.

THE CHARACTERS OF "TELEMACHUS."

Without doubt Fénelon has participated in the faults of those that he imitated; and if the combats of *Telemachus* have the grandeur and the fire of the combats of the *Iliad,* Mentor sometimes speaks as long as one of Homer's heroes; and sometimes the details of a somewhat commonplace moral discussion remind us of the long interviews of the *Cyropedia.* Considering *Telemachus* as an inspiration of the Greek muses, it seems that the genius of Fénelon receives from them a force that to him was unnatural. The vehemence of Sophocles is completely preserved in the savage imprecations of Philoctetes. Love burns in the heart of Eucharis as in the verses of Theocritus. Although the beauties of antiquity seems to have been gleaned for the composition of Telemachus, there remains to the author some glory of invention, without taking account of what is creative in the imitation of foreign beauties, inimitable before and after Fénelon. Nothing is more beautiful than the arrangement of *Telemachus,* and we do not find less grandeur in the general idea than taste and skill in the union and contrast of episodes. The chaste and modest loves of Antiope, introduced at the end of the poem, correct, in a sublime manner, the transports of Calypso. The interest of passion is thus twice produced — once under the image of madness and again under

that of virtue. But, as *Telemachus* is especially a book of political ethics, what the author paints with most force is ambition, that malady of kings which brings death to peoples — ambition, great and generous in Sesostris, imprudent in Idomeneus; tyrannical and calamitous in Pygmalion; barbarous, hypocritical, and ingenious in Adrastus. This last character, superior to Virgil's Mezentius, is traced with a vigor of imagination that no historical truth could surpass. This invention of personages is not less rare than the general invention of a plan. The happiest character among these truthful portraits is that of young Telemachus. More developed, more active than the Telemachus of the *Odyssey*, he combines all that can surprise, attach, and instruct — in the age of passions he is under the guard of wisdom, which often allows him to fail, because faults are the education of men; he has the pride of the throne, the transport of heroism, and the candor of early youth. His mixture of *hauteur* and *naïveté*, of force and submission, forms perhaps the most touching and the most amiable character invented by the epic muse; and, doubtless, Rousseau, a great master in the art of painting and touching, felt this marvellous charm when he supposed that Telemachus would be, in the eyes of chastity and innocence, the ideal model worthy of a first love.

VILLON, François, a French poet; born at Paris in 1431; died at St. Maixent about 1484. His real name was Montcorbier; he took the name Villon from a patron. He has been called the first poet of France — first as one who disregarded the artificial verse that reigned, and, from the depths of his personal experiences and humane sympathies, spoke out with a simple earnestness none the less true because interspersed with a cheerful though sometimes des-

perately ironical humor. His life was that of a poor profligate, at times criminal, vagabond, and his character may be gathered from the fact that he was long described as "the poet-thief" and "the literary housebreaker." From certain lines in his verses, it is concluded that he was of poor parentage. He studied at the University of Paris; but in 1461 he was committed to prison at Melun, with five accomplices, for a crime the nature of which is not certainly known. Whatever it was, he tells us that he was tempted into it by his mistress, who afterward deserted him. After remaining in a dungeon and in chains during a whole summer, he was condemned to be hanged; but Louis XI., then newly come to the throne, commuted his sentence into exile, in consideration of his poetical abilities. "Villon is perhaps the only man," says Carey, "whom the Muse has rescued from the gallows." After his release he was reduced to such straits that he was forced to beg his bread. It is asserted by Rabelais that Villon was subsequently in favor with Edward V. of England. Besides his *Petit Testament,* written in 1456, and his *Grand Testament* (1461), composed during his imprisonment, his published writings consist of only a few ballads in the language d'Argot — a sort of slang used among knaves of that age, but now wholly unintelligible. His two "Testaments," which have been highly praised, are humorous pieces, in which a fancied disposal of property is made, with the view only of raising a laugh at the legatees — a species of drollery in which Villon has had many imitators. His poems were edited by Clement Marot, at the instance of Francis I., and several editions have been published since.

John Payne translated Villon's poems in 1878 and

1881, doing them into English verse, for the first time, in their original forms. Some verbal changes are made in Payne's translation, *e.g.*, retaining the French *heaulmière*, in the "Regrets of the beautiful *heaulmière*," which, referring to some kind of bonnet or cap of the time, is confusing when literally translated helm-maker, and makes a bad accent in the second line of the poem. Mr. Payne's old-fashioned title-page and quaint translations are in happy keeping with the ancient reliques. The best French edition complete is by M. Jannet (1867), but contains verses in jargon and the *Repues Franches*, which are not believed to be the work of Villon.

It was while in prison, under sentence of death, that Villon composed the magnificent ballad in which he imagines himself and his companions hanging dead upon the gibbet of Montfaucon.

THE BALLAD OF THE HANGED.

Brothers, who still may live — our own lives spent!
We pray you harden not your hearts at sight
Of us poor sinners; so, in mercy bent,
Shall God's full pity on your souls alight.
Look up and see us dangling, three and four:
As for the flesh we loved so much of yore,
'Tis gone, devoured by birds, and rotted off;
We are but hanging bones, on gibbet dressed:
Let no man at our wretched guise make scoff;
But pray God all, that He may give us rest.

And if we call you brethren, do not show
Gesture disdainful — though 'tis true we died
By act of justice: think that men are so,
And all are not by wisdom justified.
Therefore let prayers from tender hearts begun
Continue to the Blessed Virgin's Son;
Pray that His grace be not entirely lost.

Dead are we: O that Christ may give His best;
  Dead souls with living men are never crossed:
Yet pray God all, that He may give us rest.

The rain that falls upon us washes all;
  The sun that shines has blackened us and dried:
Ravens and crows have plucked out eye and ball,
  Have picked at beard and at our locks have tried.
Never at any time do we sit down,
But here and there by shifting breezes blown,
  We change, ne'er resting, at the wild wind's will,
While birds are pecking cheek, and head, and breast.
  Brothers, let cruel mockery be still:
And pray God all, that He may give us rest.

Prince Jesus, Thou who Lordship hast o'er all,
  Keep us from mastery and might of Hell;
Let us not lie accursed, but with Thy blest:
  And ye, O brothers, read our lesson well,
And pray God all, that He may give us rest.

— *Translation of* WALTER BESANT.

BALLAD OF OLD-TIME LADIES.

Tell me where, in what land of shade,
  Hides fair Flora of Rome, and where
Are Thaïs and Archipiade,
  Cousins german in beauty rare?
  And Echo, more than mortal fair,
That, when one calls by river-flow
  Or marish, answers out of air?
But what has become of last year's snow?

Where did the learn'd Heloïsa vade,
  For whose sake Abelard did not spare
(Such dole for love on him was laid)
  Manhood to lose and a cowl to wear?
  And where is the queen who willed whilere
That Burdan, tied in a sack should go
  Floating down Seine from the turret-stair?
But what has become of last year's snow?

Blanche, too, the lily-white queen, that made
  Sweet music as if she a siren were;
Broad-foot Bertha; and Joan the maid,
  The good Lorrainer, the English bare
  Captive to Rouen, and burned her there:
Beatrix, Eremburge, Alys — lo!
  Where are they, virgin debonair?
But what has become of last year's snow?

Envoi.

Prince, you may question how they fare
  This week, or liefer this year, I trow:
Still shall this burden the answer bear,
  But what has become of last year's snow?

BALLAD OF THE OLD-TIME LORDS.

Where is Calixtus, third of the name,
  That died in the purple whiles ago,
Four years since he to the tiar came?
  And the King of Aragon, Alfonso?
  The Duke of Bourbon, sweet of show,
And the Duke Arthur of Brittaine?
  And Charles the Seventh, the Good. Heigh ho!
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Likewise the King of Scots, whose shame
  Was the half of his face (or folks say so),
Vermeil as amethyst held to the flame,
  From chin to forehead all of a glow?
  The King of Cyprus, of friend and foe
Renowned; and the gentle King of Spain,
  Whose name, alas, I do not know?
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Of many more might I ask the same,
  That are but dust that the breezes blow;
But I desist, for none may claim
  To stand against Death, that lays all low.
  Yet one more question before I go:
Where is Lancelot, King of Behaine?

And where are his valiant ancestors now?
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

Envoi.

Where is Du Guesclin, the Breton prow?
Where is the Dauphin of Auvergne lain?
Where is Alençon's good duke? Lo!
But where is the doughty Charlemaine?

REGRETS OF THE BEAUTIFUL HEAULMIÈRE.

Methought I heard the fair complain —
The fair that erst was heaulmière —
And wish herself a girl again.
After this fashion did I hear:
"Alack! old age, felon and drear:
Why hast so early laid me low?
What hinders but I slay me here,
And so at one stroke end my woe? . . .

"I did to many me deny
(Therein I showed but little guile)
For love of one right false and sly,
Whom without stint I loved erewhile,
On whomsoever I might smile,
I loved *him* well, sorry or glad;
But he to me was harsh and vile,
And loved me but for what I had.

"Ill as he used me, and howe'er
Unkind, I loved him none the less:
Even had he made me fagots bear
And bind, one kiss and one caress,
And I forgot his wickedness.
The rogue! 'twas ever thus the same
With him. It brought me scant liesse:
And what is left me? Sin and shame.

"Now is he dead this thirty year,
And I'm grown old and worn and gray:
When I recall the days that were

And think of what I am to-day,
And when disrobed myself survey
And see my body shrunk to naught,
Withered and shrivelled — well-a-day!
For grief I am well-nigh distraught.

"Where is that clear and crystal brow?
Those eyebrows arched and golden hair?
And those clear eyes, where are they now,
Wherewith the wisest ravished were?
The little nose so straight and fair;
The tiny, tender, perfect ear;
Where is the dimpled chin, and where
The pouting lips so red and clear?" . .

And so the litany goes round
Lamenting the good time gone by,
Amongst us crouched upon the ground,
Poor silly hags, all huddled by
A scanty fire of hemp-stalks dry,
Easy to light and soon gone out;
(We that once held our heads so high)
So all take turn and turn about.

— *Translation of* JOHN PAYNE.

VINCENT, FRANK, an American traveler; born at Brooklyn, N. Y., April 2, 1848. After receiving his education at Yale, he traveled for eleven years, visiting all parts of the world. His valuable collection of Siamese and Cambodian antiquities he presented to the Metropolitan Museum of New York in 1884. Mr. Vincent is a member of many geographical and ethnological societies, and has received decorations from the Kings of Burma, Siam, and Cambodia. His works are *The Land of the White*

Elephant (1874); *Through and Through the Tropics* (1876); *Two Months in Burma* (1877); *The Wonderful Ruins of Cambodia* (1878); *Norsk, Lapp, and Finn* (1881); *Around and About South America* (1888); *The Republics of South America* (1889); *In and Out of Central America* (1890); and *Actual Africa* (1895). With A. E. Lancaster he wrote *The Lady of Cawnpore* (1891).

THE SHOAY DAGON.

The most wonderful sight in Rangoon is the great *Shoay Dagon,* or Golden Pagoda — the largest edifice of the kind in Burma, and probably the largest in the world. The entrance, guarded by two huge griffins of brick and mortar, passes between long, narrow sheds, which are beautifully carved and gaudily painted in vermilion and gold, and covered with representations of Buddhistic tortures reserved for the damned, and thence, mounting a very dilapidated staircase, the immense stone terrace upon which the pagoda itself stands is reached. This terrace is nearly a thousand feet square, and the base of the structure, standing at its centre, is octagonal-shaped and fifteen hundred feet in circumference, while the entire height of the pagoda is three hundred feet. It is built of solid masonry and lime, covered with gold-leaf, and gradually tapers to a spire which terminates in a *tee* (umbrella), an open iron-work cap, twenty-six feet in height. The gold upon this pagoda is said to equal the weight of a former Burmese king, and the spire blazes so fiercely under a noonday's sun as to almost dazzle the beholder. At the base of the immense structure are broad stone steps and large griffins, and also some smaller pagodas of like design.

Within the enclosure of the pagoda are many temples, most of them containing huge images of Gaudama (the last Buddha), made of wood, brick and lime, marble and metal, and nearly all thickly gilded; some of the sitting figures are twelve feet, and some of the standing ones as

much as eighteen feet in height. I noticed that all the faces wore a humorous, contented expression, one sensual, however, rather than intellectual. Some of their drapery was made of minute pieces of glass; especially were the fringes of robes thus ornamented. This gave them the appearance of coats of mail, and when different-colored glasses were used in a court-dress the effect was quite gay. Some of the idols were clothed in yellow garments — yellow being the ordained color of all priestly robes. On small tables in front of many of the images were placed candles, flowers, and little flags; some of these being used in the forms of worship, and some having been presented as offerings by religious devotees. Lofty poles were planted at short intervals around the pagoda. These were crowned with *tees,* and also at several feet from their tops were fixed rudely made game-cocks — the national emblem of the Burmese — and the remainder of the pole was hung with vari-colored streamers. Burma is well known to be one of the strongholds of Buddhism. The *Shoay Dagon* Pagoda derives its peculiar sanctity from being the depository, according to Burmese tradition, of relics of the last four Buddhas.— *The Land of the White Elephant.*

VINCENT, John Heyl, an American clergyman; born at Tuscaloosa, Ala., February 23, 1832. He was educated in Milton and Lewisburg, Pa., and was educated for the Methodist ministry in New Jersey. In 1855 he was ordained deacon, and in 1857 was transferred from the New Jersey into the Rock River Conference, serving as pastor in Galena, Chicago, and other western cities until 1865. In that year he founded the *Northwest Sunday-School Quarterly* and in 1866 *The Sunday-School Teacher.* From 1868 till 1884 he was secretary of the Methodist

Episcopal Sunday-School Union and Tract Society. He has been editor of many Sunday-school publications of his denomination. In 1873 he organized a Sunday-school teachers' institute to prepare teachers for their work. This met at Chautauqua, N. Y., in 1874, and has since assembled yearly at that place. At the Methodist conference of 1888 he was elected bishop. His publications include: *Little Footprints in Bible Lands* (1861); *The Chautauqua Movement* (1886); *The Home Book* (1886); *The Modern Sunday-School* (1887); *Better Not* (1887), and later for the Chautauqua Text-book series, *Bible Outlines; Biblical Explanation; Christian Evidences; English History; Greek History; Outlines of General History;* and also *Unto Him* (1899).

COLLATERAL AIDS.

The Bible is an immense book. It is as wonderful for its richness and variety as for its magnitude. There is scarcely a branch of human knowledge upon which it does not shed some light. It is a book of diverse sciences albeit its central science is that of salvation. To this all the rest bow as the sheaves of Hebron and the stars of Heaven bowed to Joseph.

In the unfolding of the plan of redemption which the Bible records we find a treasure of history, of biography, of geography, of ancient, peculiar, and almost forgotten usages, of philosophy, ethics, of theology — such as no other book in the world contains. Now if a man would be head-master of the school in which this great volume is the text-book, he must indeed give himself wholly to these things. He has no time for anything else. He must be literally *homo unius libri.*

The minister who becomes an enthusiastic pastor and teacher will find the pulpit a limited sphere and the Sabbath but a small portion of the time he needs for exposition, and for training his people in the contents of the

Book. Prizing all the knowledge which God has there communicated, he seeks to awaken in his young people and among the old an intense delight in truth. He trains them in Bible history and biography, knowing how much is lost by not taking up its events in their due chronological order. He trains his people in Bible geography — for how can one adequately comprehend history without geography? Is not the Bible full of geography? And do not the lands of the Bible yet remain singularly unchanged in most of their features, as though God would preserve the land to complement and thus corroborate and illustrate the Book? The old customs — domestic, political, religious — how they are inwrought into the very texture of the divine poetry, prophecy, and precept! One cannot clearly interpret the Word unless he knows these customs. And does not the far East still hold them? Are they not glowing on granite and marble walls in Egypt? Do not the clay-books of Nineveh and Babylon perpetuate the knowledge of them? Our wholly consecrated pastor brings land and book, custom and book, picture and book, together. The one explains the other. The young people who cared little for the Bible at first have been led into the very heart of it by way of Egypt and Sinai and Syria and Nineveh. They looked eagerly at the "stones" he showed them, and lo! they found written on them the commandments of God.

The Bible is a book of doctrines. The Church Catechism is a systematic arrangement of these doctrines. They are these formulated. They are to be buried in the mind of childhood as the conduits and water-pipes are laid under a city. For a time they seem almost useless; hidden and forgotten. But lo! one day the gates in the reservoir are hoisted, and through the buried pipes rushes a stream of cold, refreshing, delightful, life-giving water. So our pastor believes in the "dry-formulas" of faith; but he teaches them in so pleasant a manner that they never seem dry to *his* scholars, and betimes, and before a long time, too, the streams of salvation flow through them.

The Church is also an *army*. The pastor knows this well, and all the week keeps his people drilling, and war-

ring, and working. He raises up from among his little people a band of willing laborers and brave soldiers. He scatters tracts by their hands. He collects by their aid missionary money. He distributes Bibles, he visits the poor, the sick, and the imprisoned through his busy people.

Knowing that service rendered is all the more zealously and efficiently performed if it be *intelligent* service, he trains his people in missionary work. They know the missionary maps and the various fields of missionary labor, the peculiar difficulties to be overcome, the measure of success achieved already, the work remaining to be done.

He moreover trains his people in all kinds of Christian work, and makes them acquainted as far as possible with the history of eleemosynary institutions and brotherhoods the world over. The Church is itself a "college for Bible students and for Christian workers." — *The Church School.*

VIRGIL, PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO, a Latin poet; born on the banks of the Mincio, in the district of Andes, October 19, 70 B.C.; died at Brundusium, September 21, 19 B.C. Though his parents were of humble origin, they were able to give him a good education, and he was sent to school at Cremona. Soon after his sixteenth year he went to Milan, where he continued his studies until he went to Rome two years later. At Rome he studied rhetoric and philosophy under the best teachers of the time. His studies were probably interrupted by the civil war, for little is known of his life for the next few years. His father's farm, with other lands, was confiscated and given to the soldiers, and though, through the influence of friends and a personal appeal to the Emperor, he obtained the restitution of it, he never

succeeded in getting possession of it. In 37 B.C. the *Eclogues,* a collection of ten pastorals modelled on those of Theocritus, were published and were at once received with favor. Soon after this he withdrew from Rome and went to Campania, residing at Naples or at his country-house near Nola. He spent the next seven years in the composition of the *Georgics,* or *Art of Husbandry.* This poem, which is in four books, and which is considered his most original and finished work, appeared in 30 B.C. The rest of his life, eleven years, was spent on the Æneid, a work undertaken at the urgent request of the Emperor. During the years of its composition he traveled in Greece and occasionally visited Rome, but spent most of his time in retirement. In 19 B.C. he had completed the *Æneid,* and he left Italy for Athens, intending to spend three years in Greece and Asia, and devote this time to the revision of the work. At Athens he met Augustus and was persuaded by him to return to Italy. At Megara, he was taken ill, but continued his voyage, though he constantly grew worse, and died at Brundusium soon after landing. At his own request he was buried at Naples. In his last illness he requested to have the *Æneid* burned, but the Emperor would not permit this. From this fact it has been supposed that he was dissatisfied with the poem. Virgil is represented as tall and dark, of a delicate constitution, shy and reserved in his manners, sincere in character, and of a gentle disposition. He was never married.

THE ÆNEID.

ARGUMENT.— The Trojans, after a seven-years' voyage, set sail for Italy, but are overtaken by a dreadful storm, which Æolus raises at Juno's request. The tempest sinks

one vessel and scatters the rest; Neptune drives off the winds, and calms the sea. Æneas, with his own ship and six more, arrives safely at an African port. Venus complains to Jupiter of her son's misfortunes. Jupiter comforts her, and sends Mercury to procure him a kind reception among the Carthaginians. Æneas going out to discover the country, meets his mother in the shape of a huntress, who conveys him in a cloud to Carthage, where he sees his friends whom he thought lost, and receives a kind entertainment from the queen. Dido, by a device of Venus, begins to have a passion for him, and, after some discourse with him, desires the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy, which is the subject of the two following books.

Arms and the man I sing, who first
By fate of Ilian realm amerced,
To fair Italia onward bore,
And landed on Lavinium's shore:—
Long tossing earth and ocean o'er,
By violence of heaven, to sate
Fell Juno's unforgetting hate:
Much labored too in battle-field,
Striving his city's walls to build,
And give his Gods a home:
Thence come the hardy Latin brood,
The ancient sires of Alba's blood,
And lofty-rampired Rome.

Say, Muse, for godhead how disdained,
Or wherefore wroth, Heaven's queen constrained
That soul of piety so long
To turn the wheel, to cope with wrong.
Can heavenly natures nourish hate
So fierce, so blindly passionate?

There stood a city on the sea
Manned by a Tyrian colony,
Named Carthage, fronting far to south
Italia's coast and Tiber's mouth,
Rich in all wealth, all means of rule,

And hardened in war's sternest school.
Men say the place was Juno's pride
More than all lands on earth beside;
E'en Samos' self not half so dear:
Here were her arms, her chariot here:
Here, goddess-like, to fix one day
The seat of universal sway,
Might Fate be wrung to yield assent,
E'en then her schemes, her cares were bent.
Yet had she heard that sons of Troy
Were born her Carthage to destroy;
From those majestic loins should spring
A nation like a warrior king,
Ordained for Libya's overthrow:
The web of fate was woven so.
This was her fear: and fear renewed
The memory of that earlier feud,
The war at Troy she erst had waged
In darling Argos' cause engaged:
Nor yet had faded from her view
The insults whence those angers grew;
Deep in remembrance lives engrained
The judgment which her charms disdained,
The offspring of adulterous seed,
The rape of minion Ganymede:
With such resentments brimming o'er,
She tossed and tossed from shore to shore
The Trojan bands, poor relics these
Of Achillean victories,
Away from Latium: many a year,
Fate-driven, they wandered far and near:
So vast the labor to create
The fabric of the Roman state!

Scarce out of sight of Sicily
Troy's crews were spreading sail to sea,
Pleased o'er the foam to run,
When Juno, feeding evermore
The vulture at her bosom's core,
Thus to herself begun:
"What? I give way? has Juno willed,

And must her will be unfulfilled?
Too weak from Latium's coast to fling
Back to the sea this Trojan king?
Restrained by Fate? Could Pallas fire
The Argive fleet to wreak her ire,
And drown the crews, for one offence,
Mad Ajax' curst incontinence?
She from the clouds Jove's lightning cast,
Dispersed the ships, the billows massed,
Caught the scathed wretch, whose breast exhaled
Fierce flames, and on a rock impaled:
I who through heaven its mistress move,
The sister and the wife of Jove,
With one poor tribe of earth contend
Long years revolving without end.
Will any Juno's power adore
Henceforth, or crown her altars more?"

Such fiery tumult in her mind,
She seeks the birthplace of the wind,
Æolia, realm for ever rife
With turbid elemental life:
Here Æolus in a cavern vast
With bolt and barrier fetters fast
Rebellious storm and howling blast.
They with the rock's reverberant roar
Chafe blustering round their prison-door:
He, throned on high, the sceptre sways,
Controls their moods, their wrath allays,
Break but that sceptre, sea and land
And heaven's ethereal deep
Before them they would whirl like sand,
And through the void air sweep.
But the great Sire, with prescient fear,
Had whelmed them deep in dungeon drear,
And o'er the struggling captives thrown
Huge masses of primeval stone,
Ruled by a monarch who might know
To curb them or to let them go:
Whom now as suppliant at his knees
Juno bespoke in words like these.

"O Æolus! since the Sire of all
Has made the wind obey thy call
To raise or lay the foam,
A race I hate now ploughs the sea,
Transporting Troy to Italy
And home-gods reft of home:
Lash thou thy winds, their ships submerge,
Or toss them weltering o'er the surge.
Twice seven bright nymphs attend on me,
The fairest of them Deiope:
Her will I give thee for thine own,
The partner of thy heart and throne,
With thee to pass unending days
And goodly children round thee raise."
The God replies: "O Queen, 'tis thine
To weigh thy will, to do it mine.
Thou givest me this poor kingdom, thou
Hast smoothed for me the Thunderer's brow;
Givest me to share the Olympian board,
And o'er the tempests mak'st me lord."

He said, and with his spear struck wide
The portals in the mountain side:
At once, like soldiers in a band,
Forth rush the winds, and scour the land:
Then lighting heavily on the main,
East, South, and West with storms in train,
Heave from its depth the watery floor,
And roll great billows to the shore.
Then come the clamor and the shriek,
The sailors shout, the main-ropes creak:
All in a moment sun and skies
Are blotted from the Trojans' eyes:
Black night is brooding o'er the deep,
Sharp thunder peals, live lightnings leap:
The stoutest warrior holds his breath,
And looks as on the face of death.
At once Æneas thrilled with dread,
Forth from his breast, with hands outspread,
These groaning words he drew:
"O happy, thrice and yet again,

Who died at Troy like valiant men,
E'en in their parents' view!
O Diomed, first of Greeks in fray,
Why pressed I not the plain that day,
Yielding my life to you,
Where stretched beneath a Phrygian sky
Fierce Hector, tall Sarpedon lie:
Where Simois tumbles 'neath his wave
Shields, helms, and bodies of the brave?"

Now, howling from the north, the gale,
While thus he moans him, strikes his sail:
The swelling surges climb the sky;
The shattered oars in splinters fly;
The prow turns round, and to the tide
Lays broad and bare the vessel's side;
On comes a billow, mountain-steep,
Bears down, and tumbles in a heap.
These stagger on the billow's crest;
Those to the yawning depth deprest
See land appearing 'mid the waves,
While surf with sand in turmoil raves.
Three ships the South had caught and thrown
On scarce hid rocks, as Altars known,
Ridging the main, a reef of stone,
Three more fierce Eurus from the deep,
A sight to make the gazer weep,
Drives on the shoals, and banks them round
With sand, as with a rampire-mound.

One, which erewhile from Lycia's shore
Orontes and his people bore,
E'en in Æneas' anguished sight

A sea down crashing from the height
Strikes full astern: the pilot, torn
From off the helm, is headlong borne:
Three turns the foundered vessel gave,
Then sank beneath the engulfing wave.
There in the vast abyss are seen
The swimmers, few and far between,
And warriors' arms and shattered wood

And Trojan treasures strew the flood.
And now Ilioneus, and now
    Aletes old and gray,
Abas and brave Achates bow
    Beneath the tempest's sway;
Fast drinking in through timbers loose
At every pore the fatal ooze,
    Their sturdy barks give way.

Meantime the turmoil of the main,
The tempest loosened from its chain,
The waters of the nether deep
Upstarting from their tranquil sleep,
On Neptune broke: disturbed he hears,
And quickened by a monarch's fears,
His calm broad brow o'er ocean rears.
Æneas' fleet he sees dispersed,
Whelmed by fierce wave and stormy burst:
Nor failed a brother's eye to read
Junonian rancor in the deed.
Forthwith he summoned East and West,
And thus his kingly wrath expressed: —
"How now? presume ye on your birth
To blend in chaos skies and earth,
And billowy mountains heavenward heave,
Bold Winds, without my sovereign leave?
Whom I — but rather were it good
To pacify yon troubled flood.
Offend once more, and ye shall pay
Upon a heavier reckoning-day.
Back to your master instant flee,
And tell him, not to him but me
The imperial trident of the sea
    Fell by the lot's award:
His is that prison-house of stone,
A mansion, Eurus, all your own:
There let him lord it to his mind,
The jailor-monarch of the wind,
    But keep its portal barred."

He said, and, ere his words were done
Allays the surge, brings back the sun:
Triton and swift Cymothoe drag
The ships from off the pointed crag:
He, trident-armed, each dull weight heaves,
Through the vast shoals a passage cleaves,
Makes smooth the ruffled wave, and rides
Calm o'er the surface of the tides.
As when sedition oft has stirred
In some great town the vulgar herd,
And brands and stones already fly —
For rage has weapons always nigh —
Then should some man of worth appear
Whose stainless virtue all revere,
They hush, they hist: his clear voice rules
Their rebel wills, their anger cools:
So ocean ceased at once to rave,
When, calmly looking o'er the wave,
Girt with a range of azure sky,
The father bids his chariot fly.
The tempest-tossed Æneadæ
Strain for the nearest land,
And turn their vessels from the sea
To Libya's welcome strand.
Deep in a bay an island makes
A haven by its jutting sides,
Whereon each wave from ocean breaks,
And parting into hollows glides.
High o'er the cove vast rocks extend,
A beetling cliff at either end:
Beneath their summit far and wide
In sheltered silence sleeps the tide,
While quivering forests crown the scene,
A theatre of glancing green.
In front, retiring from the wave,
Opes on the view a rock-hung cave,
A home that nymphs might call their own,
Fresh springs, and seats of living stone:
No need of rope or anchor's bite
To hold the weary vessel tight.
Such haven now Æneas gains,

With seven lorn ships, the scant remains
Of what was once his fleet:
Forth leap the Trojans on the sand,
Lay down their brine-drenched limbs on land,
And feel the shore is sweet.
And first from flints together clashed
The latent spark Achates flashed,
Caught in sere leaves, and deftly nursed
Till into flame the fuel burst.
Then from the hold the crews o'ertoiled
Bring out their grain by ocean spoiled,
And gird themselves with fire and quern
To parch and grind the rescued corn.

Meanwhile Æneas scales a height
And sweeps the ocean with his sight;
Might he perchance a Capys mark,
An Antheus in his Phrygian bark,
Or trace the arms that wont to deck
Caicus on some laboring wreck.
No vessel seaward meets his eyes,
But on the shore three stags he spies,
Close followed by a meaner throng
That grazed the winding coasts along.
He catches from Achates' hand
Quiver and bow, and takes his stand;
And first the lordly leaders fall
With tree-like antlers branching tall;
Then, turning on the multitude,
He drives them routed through the wood;
Nor stays till his victorious bow
Has laid seven goodly bodies low,
For his seven ships; then portward fares,
And 'mid his crews the quarry shares.
The wine which late their princely host,
What time they left Trinacria's coast,
Bestowed in casks, and freely gave,
A brave man's bounty to the brave,
With like equality he parts,
And comforts their desponding hearts:
"Comrades and friends! for ours is strength

Has brooked the test of woes;
O worse-scarred hearts! these wounds at length
The Gods will heal, like those.
You that have seen grim Scylla rave,
And heard her monsters yell,
You that have looked upon the cave
Where savage Cyclops dwell,
Come, cheer your souls, your fears forget;
This suffering will yield us yet
A pleasant tale to tell.
Through chance, through peril lies our way
To Latium, where the fates display
A mansion of abiding stay:
There Troy her fallen realm shall raise:
Bear up, and live for happier days."

Such were his words: on brow and tongue
Sat hope, while grief his spirit wrung.
They for their dainty food prepare,
Strip off the hide, the carcass bare,
Divide and spit the quivering meat,
Dispose the fire, the cauldrons heat,
Then, stretched on turf, their frames refresh
With generous wine and wild deer's flesh.
And now, when hunger's rage was ceased,
And checked the impatience of the feast,
In long discourse they strive to track
And bring their missing comrades back.
Hope bandies questions with despair,
If yet they breathe the upper air,
Or down in final durance lie,
Deaf to their friends' invoking cry.
But chief Æneas fondly yearns,
And racks his heart for each by turns,
Now weeping o'er Orontes' grave,
Now claiming Lycus from the wave,
Brave Gyas, and Cloanthus brave.

And now an end had come, when Jove,
His broad view casting from above,
The countries and their people scanned,

The sail-fledged sea, the lowly land,
Last on the summit of the sky
Paused, and on Libya fixed his eye.
'Twas then sad Venus, as he mused,
Her starry eyes with tears suffused,
Bespoke him: "Thou whose lightnings awe,
Whose will on heaven and earth is law,
What has Æneas done, or how
Could my poor Trojans cloud thy brow,
To suffer as they suffer now?
So many deaths the race has died:
And now behold them, lest one day
To Italy they win their way,
Barred from all lands beside!
Once didst thou promise with an oath
The Romans hence should have their growth,
Great chiefs, from Teucer's line renewed,
The masters of a world subdued:
Fate heard the pledge: what power has wrought
To turn the channel of thy thought?
That promise oft consoled my woe
For Ilium's piteous overthrow,
While I could balance weight with weight,
The prosperous with the adverse fate.
But now the self-same fortune hounds
The lorn survivors yet:
And hast thou, mighty King, no bounds
To their great misery set?
Antenor from the Greeks could 'scape,
Mid Hadria's deep recesses shape
His dangerous journey, and surmount
The perils of Timavus' fount,
Where with the limestone's reboant roar
Through nine loud mouths the sea-waves pour,
And all the fields are deluged o'er:
Yet here he built Patavium's town,
His nation named, his arms laid down,
Now rests in honor and renown:
We, thine own race, on whom thy word
Olympian glories has conferred,
Our vessels lost, O shame untold!

Are traitorously bought and sold,
Still from Italia kept apart
To pacify one jealous heart.
Lo! piety with honor graced,
A monarch on his throne replaced!"

With that refulgence in his eye
Which soothes the humors of the sky,
Jove on his daughter's lips impressed
A gracious kiss, then thus addressed:
"Queen of Cythera! spare thy pain:
Thy children's fates unmoved remain:
Thine eyes shall have their pledged desire
And see Lavinium's walls aspire:
Thine arms at length shall bear on high
To bright possession in the sky
Æneas the high-souled: nor aught
Has turned the channel of my thought.
He — for I now will speak thee sooth,
Vexed as thou art by sorrow's tooth,
Will ope the volume and relate
The far-off oracles of Fate —
Fierce war in Italy shall wage,
Shall quell her people's patriot rage,
And give his veteran's worn with strife,
A city and a peaceful life,
Till summers three have seen him reign,
Three winters crowned the dire campaign.
But he, the father's darling child,
Ascanius, now Iulus styled
(Ilus the name the infant bore
Ere Ilium's sky was clouded o'er),
Shall thirty years of power complete,
Then from Lavinium's royal seat
Transfer the empire, and make strong
The walls of Alba named the Long.
Three hundred years in that proud town
Shall Hector's children wear the crown,
Till Ilia, priestess-princess, bear
By Mars' embrace a kingly pair.
Then, with his nurse's wolf-skin girt,

Shall Romulus the line assert,
Invite them to his new-raised home,
And call the martial city Rome.
No date, no goal I here ordain:
Theirs is an endless, boundless reign.
Nay, Juno's self, whose wild alarms
Set ocean, earth, and heaven in arms,
Shall change for smiles her moody frown,
And vie with me in zeal to crown
Rome's sons, the nation of the gown.
So stands my will. There comes a day,
While Rome's great ages hold their way,
When old Assaracus's sons
Shall quit them on the Myrmidons,
O'er Phthia and Mycenæ reign,
And humble Argos to their chain.
From Troy's fair stock shall Cæsar rise,
The limits of whose victories
Are ocean, of his fame the skies;
Great Julius, proud that style to bear,
In name and blood Iulus' heir.
Him, at the appointed time, increased
With plunder from the conquered East,
Thine arms shall welcome to the sky,
And worshippers shall find him nigh.
Then battles o'er the world shall cease,
Harsh times shall mellow into peace:
Then Vesta, Faith, Quirinus, joined
With brother Remus, rule mankind:
Grim iron bolt and massy bar
Shall close the dreadful gates of War:
Within unnatural Rage confined,
Fast bound with manacles behind,
His dark head pillowed on a heap
Of clanking armor, not in sleep,
Shall gnash his savage teeth, and roar
From lips incarnadined with gore."

He said, and hastes from heaven to send
The son of Maia down;
Bids Carthage open to befriend

The Teucrians, realm and town,
Lest Dido, ignorant of fate,
Should drive the wanderers from her gate.
Swift Mercury cuts with plumy oar
The sky, and lights on Libya's shore.
At once he does the Sire's behest,
Each Tyrian smooths his rugged breast,
And chief the queen has thoughts of grace
And pity to the Teucrian race.

But good Æneas, through the night
Revolving many a care,
Determines with the dawn of light
Forth from the port to fare,
Explore the stranger clime, and find
What land is his, by stress of wind,
By what inhabitants possessed
(For waste he sees it), man or beast,
And back the tidings bear.
Within a hollowed rock's retreat,
Deep in the wood, he hides his fleet,
Defended by a leafy screen
Of forestry and quivering green:
When with Achates moves along,
Wielding two spears, steel-tipped and strong
When in the bosom of the wood
Before him, lo, his mother stood,
In mien and gear a Spartan maid,
Or like Harpalyce arrayed,
Who tires fleet coursers in the chase,
And heads the swiftest streams of Thrace.
Slung from her shoulders hangs a bow;
Loose to the wind her tresses flow;
Bare was her knee; her mantle's fold
The gathering of a knot controlled.
And "Saw ye, youths," she asks them, "say,
One of my sisters here astray,
A sylvan quiver at her side,
And for a scarf a lynx's hide,
Or pressing on the wild boar's track
With upraised dart and voiceful pack?"

Thus Venus; Venus' son replied:
"No sister we of thine have spied:
What name to call thee, beauteous maid?
That look, that voice the God betrayed;
Can it be Phœbus' sister bright,
Or some fair Nymph, has crossed our sight?
Be gracious, whosoe'er thou art,
And lift this burden from our heart;
Instruct us, 'neath what sky at last,
Upon what shore, our lot is cast;
We wander here, by tempest blown,
The people and the place unknown.
O say! and many a victim's life
Before thy shrine shall stain my knife."

Then Venus: "Nay, I would not claim
A goddess' venerable name:
The buskins and the bow I bear
Are but what Tyrian maidens wear.
The Punic state is this you see,
Agenor's Tyrian colony:
But all around the Libyans dwell,
A race in war untamed and fell.
The sceptre here queen Dido sways,
Who fled from Tyre in other days,
To 'scape a brother's frenzy: long
And dark the story of her wrong;
To thread each tangle time would fail,
So learn the summits of the tale.
Sychæus was her husband once,
The wealthiest of Phœnicia's sons:
She loved him: nor her sire denied,
But made her his, a virgin bride.
But soon there filled the ruler's place
Her brother, worst of human race,
Pygmalion; 'twixt the kinsman came
Fierce hatred, like a withering flame.
With avarice blind, by stealthy blow
The monster laid Sychæus low,
E'en at the altar, recking nought
What passion in his sister wrought:

Long time he hid the foul offence,
And, feigning many a base pretence,
Beguiled her love-sick innocence.
But, as she slept, before her eyes
She saw in pallid ghastly guise
Her Lord's unburied semblance rise;
The murderous altar he revealed,
The death-wound, gaping and unhealed,
And all the crime the house concealed:
Then bids her fly without delay,
And shows, to aid her on her way,
His buried treasures, stores untold
Of silver and of massy gold.
She heard, and, quickened by affright,
Provides her friends and means of flight.
Each malcontent her summons hears,
Who hates the tyrant, or who fears;
The ships that in the haven rode
They seize, and with the treasures load:
Pygmalion's stores o'er ocean speed,
And woman's daring wrought the deed.
The spot they reached where now your eyes
See Carthage-towers in beauty rise:
There bought them soil, such space of ground
As one bull's hide could compass round;
There fixed their site; and Byrsa's name
Preserves the action fresh in fame.
But who are you? to whom allied?
Whence bound and whither?" Deep he sighed,
And thus with laboring speech replied:

"Fair Goddess! should thy suppliants show
From first to last their tale of woe,
Or ere it ceased the day were done,
And closed the palace of the sun.
We from old Troy, if Tyrian ear
Have chanced the name of Troy to hear,
Driven o'er all seas, are thrown at last
On Libya's coast by chance-sent blast.
Æneas I, who bear on board
My home-gods, rescued from the sword:

Men call me good; and vulgar fame
Above the stars exalts my name.
My quest is Italy, the place
That nursed my Jove-descended race.
My ships were twenty when I gave
My fortunes to the Phrygian wave;
My goddess-mother lent me light,
And oracles prescribed my flight:
And now scarce seven survive the strain
Of boisterous wind and billowy main.
I wander o'er your Libyan waste,
From Europe and from Asia chased,
Unfriended and unknown." No more
His plaint of anguish Venus bore,
But interrupts ere yet 'tis o'er:

"Whoe'er you are, I cannot deem
Unloved of heaven you drink the beam
Of sunlight; else had never Fate
Conveyed you to a Tyrian's gate.
Take heart and follow on the road,
Still making for the queen's abode.
You yet shall witness, mark my word,
Your friends returned, your fleet restored;
The winds are changed, and all are brought
To port, or augury is naught,
And vain the lore my parents taught.
Mark those twelve swans that hold their way
In seemly jubilant array,
Whom late, down swooping from on high,
Jove's eagle scattered through the sky:
Now see them o'er the land extend
Or hover, ready to descend:
They, rallying, sport on noisy wing,
And circle round the heaven, and sing:
E'en so your ships, your martial train,
Have gained the port, or stand to gain.
Then pause not further, but proceed,
Still following where the road shall lead."

She turned, and flashed upon their view
Her stately neck's purpureal hue;
Ambrosial tresses round her head
A more than earthly fragrance shed;
Her falling robe her footprints swept,
And showed the goddess as she stept:
While he, at length his mother known,
Pursues her with complaining tone:
"And art thou cruel like the rest?
Why cheat so oft thy son's fond eyes?
Why cannot hand in hand be pressed,
And speech exchanged without disguise?"
So ring the words of fond regret
While toward the town his face is set.
But Venus either traveler shrouds
With thickest panoply of clouds,
That none may see them, touch, nor stay,
Nor, idly asking, breed delay.
She through the sky to Paphos moves,
And seeks the temple of her loves,
Where from a hundred altars rise
Rich stream and flowerets' odorous sighs.

Meantime, the path itself their clue,
With speed their journey they pursue;
And now they climb the hill, whose frown
On the tall towers looks lowering down,
And beetles o'er the fronting town.
Æneas marvelling views the pile
Of stately structures, huts erewhile,
Marvelling, the lofty gates surveys.
The pavements, and the loud highways.
On press the Tyrians, each and all:
Some raise aloft the city's wall,
Or at the fortress' base of rock
Toil, heaving up the granite block:
While some for dwellings mark the ground,
Select a site and trench it round,
Or choose the rulers and the law,
And the young senate clothe with awe.
They hollow out the haven; they

The theatre's foundations lay,
And fashion from the quarry's side
Tall columns, germs of scenic pride.
So bees, when spring-time is begun,
Ply their warm labor in the sun,
What time along the flowery mead
Their nation's infant hope they lead;
Or with clear honey charge each cell,
And make the hive with sweetness swell,
The workers of their loads relieve,
Or chase the drones that gorge and thieve:
With toil the busy scene ferments,
And fragrance breathes from thymy scents.
"O happy they," Æneas cries,
As to the roofs he lifts his eyes,
"Whose promised walls already rise!"
Then enters, 'neath his misty screen,
And threads the crowd, of all unseen.

Midway within the city stood
A spreading grove of hallowed wood,
The spot where first the Punic train,
Fresh from the shock of storm and main,
The token Juno had foretold
Dug up, the head of charger bold;
Sign of a nation formed for strife
And born to years of plenteous life.
A temple there began to tower
To Juno, rich with many a dower
Of human wealth and heavenly power,
The oblation of the queen:
Brass was the threshold of the gate,
The posts were sheathed with brazen plate,
And brass the valves between.
First in that spot once more appears
A sight to soothe the traveler's fears,
Illumes with hope Æneas' eye,
And bids him trust his destiny.
As, waiting for the queen, he gazed
Around the fane with eyes upraised,
Much marvelling at a lot so blessed,

At art by rival hands expressed,
And labor's mastery confessed,
O wonder! there is Ilium's war,
And all those battles blazed afar:
Here stands Atrides, Priam here,
And chafed Achilles, either's fear.
He starts: the tears rain fast and hot:
And "Is there, friend," he cries, "a spot
That knows not Troy's uphappy lot?
See Priam! ay, praise waits on worth
E'en in this corner of the earth;
E'en here the tear of pity springs,
And hearts are touched by human things.
Dismiss your fear: we sure may claim
To find some safety in our fame."
He said; and feeds his hungry heart
With shapes of unsubstantial art,
In fond remembrance groaning deep,
While briny floods his visage steep.
There spreads and broadens on his sight
The portraiture of Greece in flight,
Pressed by the Trojan youth; while here
Troy flies, Achilles in her rear.
Not far removed with tears he knows
The tents of Rhesus, white as snows,
Through which, by sleep's first breath betrayed,
Tydides makes his murderous raid,
And camp-ward drives the fiery brood
Of coursers, ere on Trojan food
They browse, or drink of Xanthus' flood.
Here Troilus, shield and lance let go,
Poor youth, Achilles' ill-matched foe,
Fallen backward from the chariot seat,
Whirls on, yet clinging by his feet,
Still grasps the reins: his hair, his neck
Trail o'er the ground in helpless wreck,
And the loose spear he wont to wield
Makes dusty scoring on the field.
Meantime to partial Pallas' fane
Moved with slow steps a matron train;
With smitten breasts, dishevelled, pale,

Beseechingly they bore the veil:
She motionless as stone remained,
Her cruel eyes to earth enchained.
Thrice, to Achilles' chariot bound,
Had Hector circled Ilium round,
And now the satiate victor sold
His mangled enemy for gold.
Deep groaned the gazer to survey
The spoils, the arms, the lifeless clay,
And Priam, with weak hands outspread
In piteous pleading for the dead.
Himself too in the press he knows,
Mixed with the foremost line of foes,
And swarthy Memnon, armed for war,
With followers from the morning star.
Penthesilea leads afield
The sisters of the moony shield,
One naked breast conspicuous shown,
By looping of her golden zone,
And burns with all the battle's heat,
A maid, the shock of men to meet.

While thus with passionate amaze
Æneas stood in one set gaze,
Queen Dido with a warrior train
In beauty's pride approached the fane.
As when upon Eurotas' banks
Or Cynthus' summits high
Diana leads the Oread ranks
In choric revelry,
Girt with her quiver, straight and tall,
Though all be gods, she towers o'er all;
Latona's mild maternal eyes
Beam with unspoken ecstasies:
So Dido looked; so 'mid the throng
With joyous step she moved along,
As pressing on to antedate
The birthday of her nascent state.
Then, 'neath the temple's roofing shell,
On stairs that mount the inner cell,
Throned on a chair of queenly state,

Hemmed round by glittering arms, she sate.
Thus circled by religious awe
She gives the gathered people law,
By chance-drawn lot or studious care
Assigning each his labor's share.
When lo! a concourse to the fane:
He looks: amid the shouting train
Lost Antheus and Sergestus pressed,
And brave Cloanthus, and the rest,
Driven by fierce gales the water o'er,
And landed on a different shore.
Astounded stand 'twixt fear and joy
Achates and the chief of Troy:
They burn to hail them and salute,
But wildering wonder keeps them mute.
So, peering through their cloudy screen,
They strive the broken tale to glean,
Where rest the vessels and the crew,
And wherefore thus they come to sue:
For every ship her chief had sent,
And clamoring towards the fane they went.

Then, audience granted by the queen,
Ilioneus spoke with placed mien:
"Lady, whom gracious Jove has willed
A city in the waste to build,
And minds of savage temper school
By justice' humanizing rule,
We, tempest-tost on every wave,
Poor Trojans, your compassion crave
From hideous flame our barks to save:
Commiserate our wretched case,
And war not on a pious race.
We come not, we, to spoil and slay
Your Libyan households, sweep the prey
Off to the shore, then haste away:
Meek grows the heart by misery cowed,
And vanquished souls are not so proud.
A land there is, by Greece of old
Known as Hesperia, rich its mould,
Its children brave and free:

Œnotrians were its planters: Fame
Now gives the race their leader's name,
    And calls it Italy.
There lay our course, when, grief to tell,
Orion, rising with a swell,
Hurled us on shoals, and scattered wide
O'er pathless rocks along the tide
'Mid swirling billows: thence our crew
Drifts to your coast, a rescued few.
What tribe of human kind is here?
What barbarous region yields such cheer?
E'en the cold welcome of the sand
To travelers is barred and banned:
Ere earth we touch, they draw the sword,
And drive us from the bare sea-board.
If men and mortal arms ye slight,
Know there are Gods who watch o'er right.
Æneas was our king, than who
The breath of being none e'er drew,
More brave, more pious, or more true:
If he still looks upon the sun,
No spectre yet, our fears are done,
Nor need you doubt to assume the lead
In rivalry of generous deed.
Sicilia too, no niggard field,
Has towns to hold us, arms to shield,
And king Acestes, brave and good,
In heart a Trojan, as in blood.
Give leave to draw our ships ashore,
There smooth the plank and shape the oar:
So, should our friends, our king survive,
For Italy we yet may strive:
But if our hopes are quenched, and thee,
    Best father of the sons of Troy,
Death hides beneath the Libyan sea,
    Nor spares to us thy princely boy,
Yet may we seek Sicania's land,
Her mansions ready to our hand,
And dwell where we were guests so late,
The subjects of Acestes' state."

So spoke Ilioneus: and the rest
With shouts their loud assent expressed.

Then, looking downward, Dido said:
"Discharge you, Trojans, of your dread:
An infant realm and fortune hard
Compel me thus my shores to guard.
Who knows not of Æneas' name,
Of Troy, her fortune and her fame,
And that devouring war?
Our Punic breasts have more of fire,
Nor all so retrograde from Tyre
Doth Phœbus yoke his car.
Whate'er your choice, the Hesperian plain,
Or Eryx and Acestes' reign,
My arms shall guard you in your way,
My treasuries your needs purvey.
Or would a home on Libya's shores
Allure you more? this town is yours:
Lay up your vessels: Tyre and Troy
Alike shall Dido's thoughts employ.
And would we had your monarch too,
Driven hither by the blast, like you,
The great Æneas! I will send
And search the coast from end to end,
If haply, wandering up and down,
He bide in woodland or in town."

In breathless eagerness of joy
Achates and the chief of Troy
Were yearning long the cloud to burst:
And thus Achates spoke the first:
"What now, my chief, the thoughts that rise
Within you? see, before your eyes
Your fleet, your friends restored;
Save one, who sank beneath the tide
E'en in our presence: all beside
Confirms your mother's word."

Scarce had he said, the mist gives way
And purges brightening into day;

Æneas stood, to sight confest,
A very God in face and chest:
For Venus round her darling's head
A length of clustering locks had spread,
Crowned him with youth's purpureal light,
And made his eyes gleam glad and bright:
Such loveliness the hands of art
To ivory's native hues impart:
So 'mid the gold around it placed
Shines silver pale or marble chaste.
Then in a moment, unforeseen
Of all, he thus bespeaks the queen:
"Lo, him you ask for! I am he,
Æneas, saved from Libya's sea.
O, only heart that deigns to mourn
For Ilium's cruel care!
That bids e'en us, poor relics, torn
From Danaan fury, all outworn
By earth and ocean, all forlorn,
Its home, its city share!
We cannot thank you; no, nor they,
Our brethren of the Dardan race,
Who, driven from their ancestral place,
Throughout the wide world stray.
May Heaven, if virtue claim its thought,
If justice yet avail for aught,
Heaven, and the sense of conscious right,
With worthier meed your acts requite!
What happy ages gave you birth?
What glorious sires begat such worth?
While rivers run into the deep,
While shadows o'er the hillside sweep,
While stars in heaven's fair pasture graze,
Shall live your honor, name, and praise,
Whate'er my destined home." He ends,
And turns him to his Trojan friends;
Ilioneus with his right hand greets,
And with the left Serestus meets;
Then to the rest like welcome gave,
Brave Gyas and Cloanthus brave.

Thus as she listened, first his mien,
His sorrow next, entranced the queen,
And "Say," cries she, "what cruel wrong
Pursued you, goddess-born, so long?
What violence has your navy driven
On this rude coast, of all 'neath heaven?
And are you he, on Simois' shore
Whom Venus to Anchises bore,
Æneas? Well I mind the name,
Since Teucer first to Sidon came,
Driven from his home, in hope to gain
By Belus' aid another reign,
What time my father ruled the land
Of Cyprus with a conqueror's hand.
Then first the fall of Troy I knew,
And heard of Grecia's kings, and you,
Oft, I remember, would he glow
In praise of Troy, albeit her foe;
Oft would he boast, with generous pride,
Himself to Troy's old line allied.
Then enter, chiefs, these friendly doors;
I too have had my fate, like yours,
Which, many a suffering overpast,
Has willed to fix me here at last.
Myself not ignorant of woe,
Compassion I have learned to show."
She speaks, and speaking leads the way
To where her palace stands,
And through the fanes a solemn day
Of sacrifice commands.
Nor yet unmindful of his friends,
Her bounty to the shore she sends,
A hundred bristly swine,
A herd of twenty beeves, of lambs
A hundred, with their fleecy dams,
And spirit-cheering wine.

And now the palace they array
With all the state that kings display,
And through the central breadth of hall
Prepare the sumptuous festival:

There, wrought with many a fair design,
Rich coverlets of purple shine:
Bright silver loads the boards, and gold
Where deeds of hero-sires are told,
From chief to chief in sequence drawn,
E'en from proud Sidon's earliest dawn.

Meantime Æneas, loth to lose
The father in the king,
Sends down Achates to his crews:
"Haste, to Ascanius bear the news,
Himself to Carthage bring."
A father's care, a father's joy,
All centre in the darling boy.
Rich presents too he bids be brought,
Scarce saved when Troy's last fight was fought,
A pall with stiffening gold inwrought,
A veil, the marvel of the loom,
Edged with acanthus' saffron bloom
These Leda once to Helen gave,
And Helen from Mycenæ bore,
What time to Troy she crossed the wave
With that her unblessed paramour;
The sceptre Priam's eldest fair,
Ilione, was wont to bear;
Her necklace, and her coronet
With gold and gems in circle set.
Such mandate hastening to obey,
Achates takes his shore-ward way.

But Cytherea's anxious mind
New arts, new stratagems designed,
That Cupid, changed in mien and face,
Should come in sweet Ascanius' place,
Fire with his gifts the royal dame,
And thread each leaping vein with flame.
The palace of deceit she fears,
The double tongues of Tyre;
Fell Juno's form at night appears,
And burns her like a fire.
So to her will she seeks to move

The winged deity of Love:
"My son, my strength, my virtue born,
Who laugh'st Jove's Titan bolts to scorn,
To thee for succor I repair,
And breathe the voice of suppliant prayer.
How Juno drives from coast to coast
Thy Trojan brother, this thou know'st,
And oft hast bid thy sorrows flow
With mine in pity of his woe.
Him now this Tyrian entertains,
And with soft speech his stay constrains:
But I, I cannot brook with ease
Junonian hospitalities;
Nor, where our fortunes hinge and turn,
Can *she* long rest in unconcern.
Fain would I first ensnare the dame,
And wrap her leagured heart in flame;
So, ere she change by power malign,
Æneas' love shall bind her mine.
Such triumph how thou mayst achieve,
The issue of my thought receive.
To Sidon's town the princely heir,
The darling motive of my care,
Sets out at summons of his sire,
With presents, saved from flood and fire.
Him, in the bands of slumber tied,
In high Cythera I will hide.
Or blest Idalia, safe and far,
Lest he perceive the plot, or mar.
Thou for one night supply his room,
Thyself a boy, the boy assume;
That when the queen, with rapture glowing,
While boards blaze rich, and wine is flowing,
Shall make thee nestle in her breast,
And to thy lips her lips are prest,
The stealthy plague thou mayst inspire,
And thrill her with contagious fire."

Young Love obeyed, his plumage stripped,
And, laughing, like Iulus tripped.
But Venus on her grandson strows

The dewy softness of repose,
And laps him in her robe, and bears
To tall Idalia's fragrant airs,
Where soft amaracus receives
And gently curtains him with leaves:
While Cupid, tutored to obey,
Beside Achates takes his way,
And bears the presents, blithe and gay.
Arrived, he finds the Tyrian queen
On tapestry laid of gorgeous sheen,
In central place, her guests between.
There lies Æneas, there his train,
All stretched at ease on purple grain.
Slaves o'er their hands clear water pour,
Deal round the bread from basket-store,
And napkins thick with wool:
Within full fifty maids supply
Fresh food, and make the hearths blaze high:
A hundred more of equal age,
Each with her fellow, girl and page,
Serve to the gathered company
The meats and goblets full.
The invited Tyrians throng the hall,
And on the broidered couches fall.
They marvel as the gifts they view,
They marvel at the bringer too,
The features where the God shines through,
The tones his mimic voice assumes,
The pall, the veil with saffron blooms.
But chiefly Dido, doomed to ill,
Her soul with gazing cannot fill,
And, kindling with delirious fires,
Admires the boy, the gift admires.
He, having hung a little space
Clasped in Æneas' warm embrace,
And satisfied the fond desire
Of that his counterfeited sire,
Turns him to Dido. Heart and eye
She clings, she cleaves, she makes him lie
Lapped in her breast, nor knows, lost fair,
How dire a God sits heavy there.

But he, too studious to fulfill
His Acidalian mother's will,
Begins to cancel trace by trace
The imprint of Sychæus' face,
And bids a living passion steal
On senses long unused to feel.

Soon as the feast begins to lull,
And boards are cleared away,
They place the bowls, all brimming full,
And wreathe with garlands gay.
Up to the rafters mounts the din,
And voices swell and heave within:
From the gilt roof hang cressets bright,
And flambeau-fires put out the night.
The queen gives charge: a cup is brought
With massy gold and jewels wrought,
Whence ancient Belus quaffed his wine,
And all the kings of Belus' line.
Then silence reigns: "Great Jove, who know'st
The mutual rights of guest and host,
O make this day a day of joy
Alike to Tyre and wandering Troy,
And may our children's children feel
The blessing of the bond we seal!
Be Bacchus, giver of glad cheer,
And bounteous Juno, present here!
And, Tyrians, you with frank good-will,
Our courteous purposes fulfil."
She spoke, and on the festal board
The meed of due libation poured,
Touched with her lip the goblet's edge,
Then challenged Bitias to the pledge.
He grasped the cup with eager hold,
And drenched him with the foaming gold.
The rest succeed. Iopas takes
His gilded lyre, its chords awakes,
The long-haired bard, rehearsing sweet
The descant learned at Atlas' feet.
He sings the wanderings of the moon,
The sun eclipsed in deathly swoon,

Whence humankind and cattle came,
And whence the rain-spout and the flame,
Arcturus and the two bright Bears,
And Hyads weeping showery tears,
Why winter suns so swiftly go,
And why the weary nights move slow.
With plaudits Tyre the minstrel greets,
And Troy the loud acclaim repeats.
And now discourse succeeds to song:
Poor Dido makes the gay night long,
Still drinking love-draughts, deep and strong:
Much of great Priam asks the dame,
Much of his greater son:
Now of Tydides' steeds of flame,
Now in what armor Memnon came,
Now how Achilles shone.
"Nay, guest," she cries, "vouchsafe a space
The tale of Danaan fraud to trace,
The dire misfortunes of your race,
These wanderings of your own:
For since you first 'gan wander o'er
Yon homeless world of sea and shore,
Seven summers nigh have flown."

— *The Æneid, Book I.*

ÆNEAS DOTH MANY GREAT DEEDS IN BATTLE.

No dull delay holds Turnus back; but fiercely doth he fall
With all his host, on them of Troy, and meets them on the strand.
The war-horns sing. Æneas first breaks through the field-folks' band,
Fair omen of the fight — and lays the Latin folk alow.
Thero he slays most huge of men, whose own heart bade him go
Against Æneas: through the links of brass the sword doth fare,
And through the kirtle's scaly gold, and wastes the side laid bare.
Then Lichas smites he, ripped erewhile from out his mother dead,

And hallowed, Phœbus, unto thee, because his baby head
Had 'scaped the steel: nor far from thence he casteth down to die
Hard Cissens, Gyas huge, who there beat down his company
With might of clubs; naught then availed that Herculean gear,
Nor their stark hands, nor yet their sire Melampus, though he were
Alcides' friend so long as he on earth wrought heavy toil.
Lo, Pharo! while a deedless word he flingeth 'mid the broil,
The whirring of the javelin stays within his shouting mouth.
Thou, Cydon, following lucklessly thy new delight, the youth
Clytius, whose first of fallow down about his cheeks is spread,
Art well-nigh felled by Dardan hand, and there hadst thou lain dead,
At peace from all the many loves wherein thy life would stray,
Had not thy brethren's serried band now thrust across the way,
E'en Phorcus' seed: sevenfold of tale and sevenfold spears they wield;
But some thereof fly harmless back from helmside and from shield;
The rest kind Venus turned aside, that grazing past they flew;
But therewithal Æneas spake unto Achates true.

— *The Æneid, Book X.*

THE UNDERWORLD.

Facing the porch itself, in the jaws of the gate of the dead,
Grief, and Remorse the Avenger, have built their terrible bed.
There dwells pale-cheeked Sickness, and Old Age sorrowful-eyed,

Fear, and the temptress Famine, and hideous Want at her side,
Grim and tremendous shapes. There Death with Labor is joined,
Sleep, half-brother of Death, and the Joys unclean of the mind.
Murderous Battle is camped on the threshold. Fronting
The iron cell of the Furies, and frenzied Strife, evermore the door
Wreathing her serpent tresses with garlands dabbled in gore.

Thick with gloom, an enormous elm in the midst of the way
Spreads its time-worn branches and limbs; false Dreams, we are told,
Make their abode thereunder, and nestle to every spray.
Many and various monsters, withal, wild things to behold,
Lie in the gateway stabled — the awful Centaurs of old;
Scyllas with forms half-human; and there with his hundred hands
Dwells Briareus; and the shapeless Hydra of Lerna's lands,
Horribly yelling; in flaming mail the Chimæra arrayed;
Gorgons and Harpies, and one three-bodied and terrible Shade.

Clasping his sword, Æneas in sudden panic of fear
Points its blade at the legion; and had not the Heaven-taught seer
Warned him the phantoms are thin apparitions, clothed in a vain
Semblance of form, but in substance a fluttering, bodiless train,
Idly his weapon had slashed the advancing shadows in twain.

Here is the path to the river of Acheron, ever by mud
Clouded, forever seething with wild, insatiated flood
Downward, and into Cocytus disgorging its endless sands.
Sentinel over its waters an awful ferryman stands,

Charon, grisly and rugged; a growth of centuries lies
Hoary and rough on his chin; as a flaming furnace his eyes.
Hung in a loop from his shoulders a foul scarf round him he ties;
Now with his pole impelling the boat, now trimming the sail,
Urging his steel-gray bark with its burden of corpses pale,
Aged in years, but a god's old age is unwithered and hale.

Down to the bank of the river the streaming shadows repair,
Mothers, and men, and the lifeless bodies of those who were
Generous heroes, boys that are beardless, maidens unwed,
Youths to the death pile carried before their fathers were dead.
Many as forest leaves that in autumn's earliest frost
Flutter and fall, or as birds in bevies flock to the coast
Over the sea's deep hollows, when winter chilly and frore,
Drives them across far waters to land on a sunnier shore.
Yonder they stood, each praying for earliest passage, and each
Eagerly straining his hands in desire of the opposite beach.
Such as he lists to the vessel the boatman gloomy receives,
Far from the sands of the river the rest he chases and leaves.

Moved at the wild uproar, Æneas, with riveted eyes:
"Why thus crowd to the water the shadows, priestess?" he cries;
"What do the spirits desire? And why go some from the shore
Sadly away, while others are ferried the dark stream o'er?"

Briefly the aged priestess again made answer and spake:
"Son of Anchises, sprung most surely from gods upon high,
Yon is the deep Cocytus marsh, and the Stygian lake.

Even the Immortals fear to attest its presence and lie!
These are a multitude helpless, of spirits lacking a grave;
Charon, the ferryman; yonder the buried, crossing the wave.
Over the awful banks and the hoarse-voiced torrents of doom
None may be taken before their bones find rest in a tomb.
Hundreds of years they wander, and flit round river and shore,
Then to the lake they long for are free to return once more."

. . . Feasting his eyes on the wand of the Fates,
Mighty oblation, unseen for unnumbered summers before,
Charon advances his dark-blue bows, and approaches the shore;
Summons the rest of the spirits in row on the benches who sate
Place to resign for the comers, his gangway clears, and on board
Takes Æneas. The cobbled boat groans under his weight.
Water in streams from the marshes through every fissure is poured.
Priestess and hero safely across Death's river are passed,
Land upon mud unsightly, and pale marsh sedges, at last.

Here huge Cerberus bays with his triple paws through the land,
Crouched at enormous length in his cavern facing the strand.
Soon as the Sibyl noted his hair now bristling with snakes,
Morsels she flings him of meal, and of honeyed opiate cakes.
Maddened with fury of famine his three great throats unclose;
Fiercely he snatches the viand, his monstrous limbs in repose
Loosens, and, prostrate laid, sprawls measureless over his den.
While the custodian sleeps, Æneas the entrance takes,

Speeds from the bank of a stream no traveller crosses
again.

Voices they heard, and an infinite wailing, as onward they
bore,
Spirits of infinite sobbing at Death's immediate door,
Whom, at a mother's bosom, and strangers to life's sweet
breath,
Fate's dark day took from us, and drowned in untimeliest
death.
Near them are those who, falsely accused, died guiltless,
although
Not without trial, or verdict given, do they enter below;
Here, with his urn, sits Minos the judge, convenes from
within
Silent ghosts to the council, and learns each life and its
sin.
Near them inhabit the sorrowing souls, whose innocent
hands
Wrought on themselves their ruin, and strewed their lives
on the sands.
Hating the glorious sunlight. Alas! how willingly they
Now would endure keen want, hard toil, in the regions of
day!
Fate forbids it; the loveless lake with its waters of woe
Holds them, and nine times round them entwined, Styx
bars them below.

—*The Æneid, Book VI.*

VOGÜE, Eugène Marie Melchior, Vicomte de, a French critic and historian; born at Nice, February 25, 1848. After having served in the army during the Franco-Prussian war, he entered the office of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in 1871, and was attached to the embassy at Constantinople in 1873, to the French Mission in Egypt in 1875, and to

the embassy at St. Petersburg in 1876. While at the Winter Palace he married, in 1878, the daughter of the Russian general, Annenkoff. He retired from the diplomatic service in 1881, and thereafter devoted himself to literature, writing much in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débates*. He became a Commander of the Legion of Honor in 1879, and was elected a member of the French Academy in 1888. His works in book form include *Syrie, Palestine, Mont Athos, Voyage au Pays du Passé* (1876); *Histoires Orientales, Chez les Pharaons, Boulacq et Saqquarah* (1879); *Les Portraits due Siècle* (1883); *Le Fils de Pierre le Grand* (1884); *Mazeppa* (1884); *Un Changement due Règne* (1884); *Histoires d'Hiver* (1885); *Le Roman Russe* (1886); *Souvenirs et Visions* (1887); *Le Portrait du Louvre* (1888); *Remarques sur l'Exposition Centenaire* (1889); *Le Manteau de Joseph Olénine* (1890); *Heures d'Histoire* (1893).

THE HYMN OF THE GERMANS.

(September 1, 1870.)

The bivouacs of the victors starred with their fires all the valley of the Moselle. From the fields where those hundred thousand men were encamped, and where we thought them heavy with sleep, exhausted by their victory, a mighty voice arose — one single voice issuing from those hundred thousand throats. It was Luthers' choral. The majestic prayer seemed to fill the heavens; it spread over the horizon so far as there were German camp-fires and German men. We heard it far into the night. It thrilled us with its grandeur and beauty. Many of us were young then, and little matured in reflection, yet we recognized at that moment the power which had vanquished us: it was not the superior force of regiments, but that one soul, made up of so many souls, tempered in faith, national and divine, and firmly persuaded that its

God marched by its side to victory.— *Translation of* ALINE GORREN.

POPE LEO XIII.

The visitor is admitted in his turn into a small salon draped with yellow silk; a crucifix hangs upon the wall; several chairs are ranged along the two sides of the room; at the back, beneath a canopy of crimson damask, a pale, white form is seated on a gilded chair. It is the embodiment of the spirit which animates all the spiritual governors spread over the planet; which unceasingly follows them to each inquietude, to all the sufferings whose distant plaint reaches his ear. So slight, so frail; like a soul draped in a white shroud! And yet, as one approaches him, this incorporeal being, who appeared so feeble when seen standing at the services of the Sistine Chapel, assumes an extraordinary intensity of existence. All the life has centred in the hands grasping the arms of the chair, in the piercing eyes, in the warmth and strength of the voice. Seated and animated in conversation, Leo XIII seems twenty years younger. He talks freely, easily; he questions the speaker by word and look; eager for details of the country under discussion, of its prominent men, of public opinion. The Pope does not linger over the puerilities of piety; he introduces at once the serious problems of human existence, real and vital interests. Soon he grows animated in developing his favorite topics; presenting them with a few sweeping sentences, clear, concise, acceptable to all. "We must go to the people, conquer the hearts of the people. We must seek the alliance of all honest folk, whatsoever their origin or opinion. We must not lose heart. We will triumph over prejudice, injustice, and error." It is impossible to forget the look, the gesture, the ring of the voice, with which he follows you, as you retire backward, your fingers already grasping the door-knob; his hand extended with a sudden propelling of the whole body from the chair; the inflection of those last words which linger in the ear of the visitor returning to his own land: "Courage! Work! Come back to see me again!"— *From The Forum.*

VOISENON, Claude-Henri Fusée de, a French dramatist; born at Voisenon, June 8, 1708; died there, November 22, 1775. Brought up to the ecclesiastical profession, he began with being grand-vicar to the see of Boulogne; but having fought a duel with an officer, and feeling himself in other respects little fitted for the clerical function, he limited himself to the abbacy of Jard, and became a man of the world and a writer for the stage. In the midst of his dissolute life he was haunted incessantly with religious scruples. His naturally weak constitution at last broke down under his libertine indulgences; and, apprehensive of death, he made a general confession, but his confessor refused him absolution. Upon promise of amendment of life, however, he was afterward absolved; and then began a strange contrast of ceremonial devotion with equally regular dissipation. He was elected a member of the Academy in 1762. His works consist of several romances, the best of which is *L'Histoire de la Felicité;* a number of comedies, notably *Mariages Assortis* and *La Coquette Fixée,* and some poems. His *Œuvres Complètes* were published by Madame de Turpin, in five large volumes; and Laharpe made from them an excellent selection in one small volume. Voisenon's letters to his friends give vivid descriptions of French life and manners in the eighteenth century.

TRAVELING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

We passed through Tours yesterday, where Madame la Duchesse de Choiseul received all the honors due to the *gouvernante* of the province. We entered by the mall, which is planted with trees as beautiful as those of the

Parisian boulevards. Here was found a mayor, who came to harangue the duchess. It happened that M. Sainfrais, during the harangue, had posted himself directly behind the speaker, so that every now and then his horse, which kept constantly tossing its head, as horses will do, would give him a little tap on the back — a circumstance which cut his phrases in half in the most ludicrous manner possible; because at every blow the orator would turn round to see what was the matter, after which he would gravely resume his discourse, while I was ready to burst with laughter the whole time.

Two leagues further on we had another rich scene. An ecclesiastic stopped the carriage and commenced a pompous harangue to M. Poisonnier, whom he kept calling "*Mon Prince.*" M. Poisonnier replied, that he was more than a prince, and that in fact the lives of all princes depended on him, for he was a physician.

"What!" exclaimed the priest, "are you not M. le Prince de Talmont?"

"He has been dead these two years," replied the Duchesse de Choiseul.

"But who, then, is in this carriage?"

"It is Madame la Duchesse de Choiseul," replied some one.

Forthwith, not a whit disconcerted, he commenced another harangue, in which he lauded to the skies the excellent education she had bestowed upon her son.

"But I have no son, monsieur," replied the duchess, quietly. "Ah! you have no son; I am very sorry for that"; and so saying, his reverence put his harangue in his pocket and walked off. — *From a letter to his friend Favart, June 8, 1761.*

VOLNEY, Constantin François de Chassebœuf, a French historian and traveler; born at Craon, February 3, 1757; died at Paris, April 25, 1820. The family name was Chassebœuf, but his father gave him that of Boisgiras, which he himself changed to Volney, the only name by which he is known. Having inherited a moderate fortune, he studied medicine, history, and the Oriental languages at Paris, and when twenty-five years of age he went to Egypt and Syria, where he resided several years. Upon his return he was made Director-General of Agriculture and Commerce in Corsica. In 1789 he was elected to the States-General from his native province of Anjou. In 1793 he was imprisoned for several months as a Girondist, and after his release in 1794 was appointed Professor of History in the Normal School. In 1795 he went to the United States, where he remained three years. Upon his return, he was made a Senator, but declined the position of Minister of the Interior. He was made a Count by Napoleon in 1808, and was created a Peer of France by Louis XVIII. in 1814. The principal works of Volney are *Travels in Egypt and in Syria* (1778); *On the Chronology of Herodotus* (1781); *The Ruins, or Meditations on the Revolutions of Empires,* in which he first avowed those sceptical opinions with which his name is specially connected (1791); *Lessons of History* (1799); *View of the Climate and Soil of the United States of America* (1803); *New Researches in Ancient History* (1815); *The European Alphabet applied to Asiatic Languages* (1819).

THE MAMELUKES OF EGYPT.

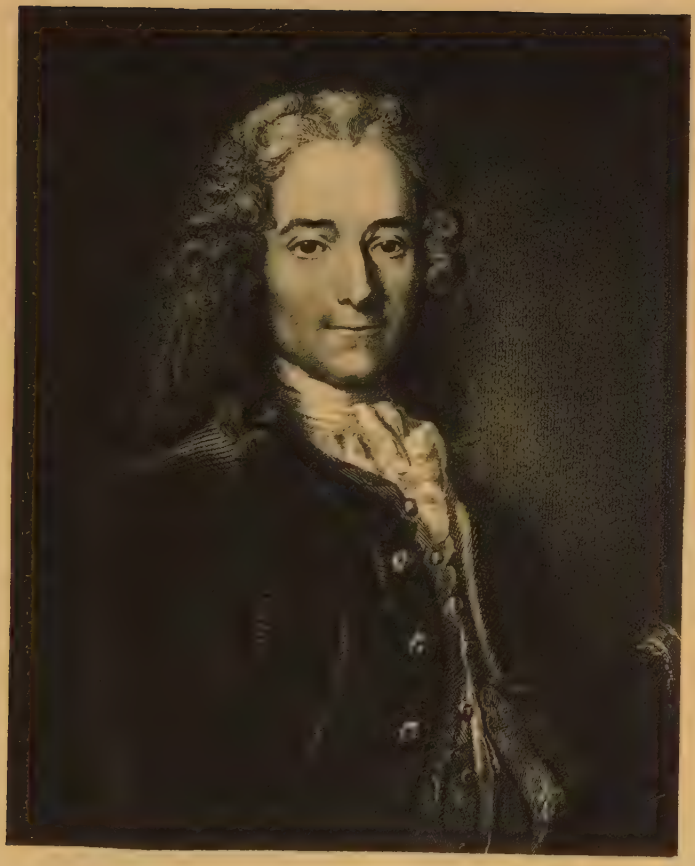
The manners of the Mamelukes are such that although I shall strictly adhere to the truth, I am almost afraid I shall be suspected of prejudice and exaggeration. Born for the most part in the rites of the Greek Church, and circumcised the moment they are born, they are considered by the Turks themselves as renegades, void of faith and religion. Strangers to each other, they are not bound by those natural ties which unite the rest of mankind. Without parents, without children, the past has done nothing for them, and they do nothing for the future. Ignorant and superstitious from education, they become ferocious from the murders they commit, perfidious from frequent cabals, seditious from tumults, and base, deceitful, and corrupted by every species of debauchery.

Such are the men who at present (1785) govern and decide the fate of Egypt. A few lucky strokes of the sabre, a greater portion of cunning or audacity, have conferred on them this pre-eminence. But it is not to be imagined that in changing fortune these upstarts change their character. They have still the meanness of slaves, though advanced to the rank of monarchs. Sovereignty with them is not the difficult art of directing to one common object the various passions of a numerous society, but only the means of possessing more women, more toys, more horses, and slaves, and satisfying all their caprices. The whole administration, internal and external, is conducted on this principle. It consists in managing the Court of Constantinople so as to elude the tribute or the menaces of the Sultan; and in purchasing a number of slaves, multiplying partisans, countermining plots, and destroying their secret enemies by the dagger or by poison. Ever tortured by the anxiety of suspicion, the chiefs live like the ancient tyrants of Syracuse. Murad and Ibrahim sleep continually in the midst of carbines and sabres. Nor have they any idea of police or public order. Their only employment is to procure money; and the method considered as the most simple is to seize it wherever it is to be found; to wrest it by violence from its possessor; and to impose arbitrary contribu-

tions every moment on the villages, and on the custom-house, which in its turn levies them again upon commerce.

We may easily judge that in such a country everything is analogous to so wretched a government. The greater part of the lands are in the hands of the Bey, the Mamelukes, and the professors of the law. The number of the other proprietors is extremely small, and their property is liable to a thousand impositions. Every moment some contribution is to be paid, or some damage repaired. There is no right of succession or inheritance for real property; everything returns to the government, from which everything must be repurchased. The peasants are hired laborers, to whom no more is left than barely suffices to sustain life. — *Travels in Egypt and Syria.*

VOLTAIRE, François Marie Arouet, de, a French historian, satirist and poet; born at Paris, November 21, 1694; died there, May 30, 1778. His father, who had been a notary at Chatenay, received the somewhat lucrative post of Paymaster of Fees to the Court of the Exchequer. The son was educated at the Jesuit College of Louis le Grand, and at seventeen was set by his father to the study of law, for which he showed little inclination. He was introduced into the gay society of Paris, and made himself famous by his biting satires. One of these, written at twenty-one, entitled *I Have Seen,* excited the anger of the Regent, the Duke of Orléans. "Monsieur Arouet," said the Duke to him, "I bet that I will make you see a thing you have never seen." Two days later the young man was shut up in the Bastile, where he remained eleven months, and wrote the first part of his epic poem, *The Henriade.* He describes his life in the Bastile



in one of his cleverest poems. The Mare René apostrophized at the close is M. d'Argenson, the Chief of Police.

LIFE IN THE BASTILE.

I needs must go; I jog along in style,
With close-shut carriage, to the royal pile
Built in our father's days, hard by St. Paul,
By Charles the Fifth. Oh, brethren, good men all,
In no such quarters may your lot be cast!
Up to my room I find my way at last.
A certain rascal with a smirking face
Exalts the beauties of my new retreat
So comfortable, so compact, so neat.
Says he, "While Phœbus runs his daily race
He never casts one ray within this place.
Look at these walls, some ten feet thick or so;
You'll find it all the cooler here, you know."
Then bidding me admire the way they close
The triple doors and triple locks on those,
With gratings, bolts, and bars on every side,
"It's all for your security," he cried.

At stroke of noon some porridge is brought in;
Such fare is not so delicate as thin.
I am not tempted by the splendid food,
But what they tell me is: "'Twill do you good;
So eat in peace; no one will hurry you."
Here in this doleful den I make ado,
Bastilled, imprisoned, cabined, cribbed, confined.
Nor sleeping, eating, drinking, to my mind;
Betrayed by every one — my mistress, too!
O Mare René! whom Censor Cato's ghost
Might have well chosen for his vacant post;
O Mare René! through whom 'tis brought about
That so much people murmur here below,
To your kind word my durance vile I owe;
May the good God some fine day pay you out!

Soon after being released from the Bastile François Arouet took the name of Voltaire, from a small estate belonging to the family. "I have been too unfortunate," he wrote, "under my former name; I mean to see whether this will suit me better." The tragedy *Œdipe,* which he had written in the Bastile, was produced, and met with great favor. The Regent Orléans made him a considerable present. "Monseigneur," said Voltaire, "I should consider it very kind if his Majesty would be pleased to provide henceforth for my board; but I beseech your highness to provide no more for my lodging." Voltaire soon produced the tragedies *Artémise* and *Marianne,* the comedy *L'Indiscret,* continued *The Henriade,* and put forth numerous small poems. He became a favorite even at Court, received a pension from the Queen, and made money by speculating in stocks. In 1726 he became involved in a dispute with a disreputable courtier, the Chevalier Rohan-Chabot, who caused him to be severely cudgelled. Voltaire challenged him to a duel. He procured the arrest of Voltaire and his confinement in the Bastile, whence he was released after a month on condition of leaving the country. He went to England, where he remained three years. Here he finished *The Henriade,* which was published in London, under royal patronage. He lived in that literary society in which Bolingbroke, Pope, and Swift held sway. In 1729 he was permitted to return to France. Before three years had passed he published the commencement of his *History of Charles XII. of Sweden;* produced the tragedies of *Brutus, Eriphyle, The Death of Cæsar,* and *Zaire,* held to be the greatest of his dramas. But he soon fell into disfavor at Court and among the clergy

by the publication of his *Lettres Philosophiques sur les Anglais*, which was filled with satirical attacks upon the clergy and upon some of the dogmas of the Church. The Sorbonne directed the book to be burned, and the Parlément of Paris ordered the arrest of the author. Voltaire managed to escape arrest, and took refuge in one place and another; sometimes in a French province, sometimes in Switzerland, Holland, or Lorraine. He wrote numerous works during these years, notable among which are the tragedies of *Alzire, Mérope,* and *Mahomet,* and the series of essays on the *Philosophy of History* — the best of all his prose works. He made innumerable enemies in every quarter. The clergy were scandalized by his attacks upon religion; the Court — which grew more devout the more debauched it became — took sides with the Church. In 1746 he barely succeeded in his candidature for membership in the French Academy; in 1750 he offered himself for the Academy of Sciences and the Academy of Inscriptions, and was rejected by both. Other rebuffs were added, and he resolved to shake the dust of France from his feet.

Frederick the Great of Prussia had long urged Voltaire to take up his abode with him, offering him a residence in a royal palace, the gold key of a Chamberlain, the jewelled cross of a noble order, and a liberal pension. This last was especially acceptable to Voltaire, who had lost in stock-jobbing the considerable fortune which he had acquired by the same means. He went to Berlin in 1750 — he being then approaching three-score. His residence there continued nearly four years. It forms a curious episode in personal and literary biography, in which neither of the parties played a creditable part. How the King

of Prussia and the King of Letters billed and cooed and quarrelled, how they mutually blackguarded each other, has been told in part by Macaulay in his paper on "Frederick the Great."

Voltaire lived a quarter of a century after this Prussian episode. He made another ample fortune by new stock-jobbing operations, and finally took up his residence at Ferney, on the lake of Geneva in Switzerland. Within these years were written most of his serious attacks upon religion; or, as he would phrase it, against religious superstitions. These years were also marked by many noble and benevolent actions which of themselves would entitle him a high place among philanthropists. He left Paris in 1750, and never saw it again until 1778. He arrived at Paris on February 10th. Never had a great writer received such an ovation as awaited him. He died on May 30th. His last appearance in public was at the representation of his own tragedy of *Irene*.

The following poems exhibit him at his best:

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON, *1755*.

Can we conceive a God beneficent,
Upon His children's happiness intent,
Yet on them sorrows sparing not to heap?
What eye can penetrate designs so deep?
Through the All-perfect how can ill befall,
Yet how have other source, since He rules all?
Still Evil's everywhere; confusion dense!
Sad puzzle, still too hard for human sense!
A God came down to shed some calm around,
Surveyed the earth, and left it as He found!
His power to mend the sophist loud denies;
He wanted but the will, another cries.
And while the disputants their views proclaim,
Lisbon is perishing in gulfs of flame,
And thirty towns with ashes strew the lea —

From Tagus' ravaged borders to the sea.
Does God with evil scourge a guilty race?
Or does the Lord of Being and of Space,
Unswayed by pity's touch or anger's force,
Of his fixed will just watch the changeless course?
Does from Him Matter, rebel to its lord,
Bear in itself the seeds of disaccord?
Maybe God proves us, and our sojourn here
Is but a passage to the eternal sphere.
Fleeting, though sharp, the griefs that on us press,
And Death, in ending them, but comes to bless.
Yet when we issue from His dreadful gate,
Who may presume to claim a happier fate?
Tremble we must, howe'er the riddle's read;
And knowing nothing, we have all to dread.
Nature is mute: we question her in vain,
And feel that God alone can make all plain.
None other can expound His mysteries,
Console the feeble, and illumine the wise.
Left guideless everywhere, no way is seen;
Man seeks in vain some reed on which to lean. . . .
What of all this can wisest minds explain?
Nothing: the Book of Fate must closed remain.
"What am I? whence have come, and whither go?"
Thus men still ask, and this can never know —
Atoms tormented on this heap of earth,
Whom Death devours, whom Fate finds stuff for mirth,
Yet atoms that can think; whose daring eyes,
Guided by thought, have measured out the skies;
Depths of the infinite our spirits sound,
But never pierce the veil that wraps us round.
This scene of pride and error and distress
With wretches swarms, who prate of happiness,
Waiting, they comfort seek; none wish to quit
This life, nor, quitting, would re-enter it.
Sometimes, while sighing our sad souls away,
We find some joy that sheds a passing ray;
But pleasure, wandering shadow, rests not long,
While griefs and failures come in endless throng.
Mournful the past, the present veiled in gloom
If life and thought be ended in the tomb.

"One day all will be well!" our hope these see.
"All now is well!"—behold a phantasy!
"Humble in plaint, and patient to endure,
I doubt not Providence, because obscure,"
In strains less mournful did I erewhile raise,
As Pleasure's bard, the song of praise.
But time brings change: taught by my lengthening span,
Sharing the feebleness of feeble man,
Amid the darknes seeking still for day,
I only know to suffer and obey.
Once on a time a Caliph, nigh to death,
To Heaven thus offered his expiring breath:
"I bring, O sole King, almighty Lord!
All that thy boundless realm can e'er afford—
Sins, Ignorance, and Efforts vain!"—
He might have added "Hope!" to cheer the pain.
—*Translation of* E. B. HAMLEY.

SESOSTRIS.

(Written in honor of Louis XVI.)

Each man a Guiding Spirit has, they say,
Whose province is to give him strength and light
Throughout life's dark and devious way;
And though this Spirit may be hid from sight,
He will his presence oftentimes betray.
And they who search have made 'midst old and curious things
Will recollect that times existed when
Good Genii lived and even talked with men,
And were kind friends especially to Kings.
Near Memphis, and beneath the palms that waved
Long since above the banks made sweet and green
By Nile's old god, who kept them daily laved,
Young King Sesostris walked one quiet e'en
Alone, in order naught might intervene
To make his converse with his guide less free.
"My friend," said he, "to be a King is much,
And of my kingdom I would worthy be;
What shall I do?" The Angel, with a touch

Said, "Come! To yonder labyrinth be our way,
And there to great Osiris homage pay;
Then thou shalt learn."

Anxious his Guide to please
The Prince obeys; and in the court he sees
Two deities of very different mien:
The one a beauty of most dazzling sheen,
In smiles all wreathed; with Loves, and Graces hovering round,
In deepest depths of dear delight all drowned.
Three worshippers stood some way from her throne,
Dry, pale, and trembling — naught but skin and bone.
The King, astonished, bids his guide confess.
"Who is this nymph of such rare loveliness?
And who these three of ugliness intense?
His Guide, in whispered words, replies: "My Prince,
This beauty knows you not, indeed? Her fame
Is great at Court; there all for her evince
Profoundest love; and Pleasure is her name.
These haggard three, who give you so much pain,
March always close behind their Sovereign:
Disgust, Fatigue, Repentance, you must call
This trio — Pleasure's horrid offspring all."
Pained by the sight, and by the story grieved,
He turned, and then the other form perceived.
"My friend, be pleased to let me know," said he,
"Yon goddess' name, whom further off we see;
And who presents a much less tender mien,
Although her air, so noble and serene,
Delights me much. Close by her side appear
A sceptre made of gold, a sword, a sphere,
A balance, too, and in her hands she holds
A scroll, the which she reads as she unfolds;
Of every ornament her breast seems free,
Except a shield. A temple made of gold
Flies open at her voice; and there I see
Upon its front — oh, wondrous to behold! —
These blazing words: 'To Immortality!'
And may I enter there?"
"Yes," said the Guide;

"But chiefly on yourself you must depend,
And obstacles encounter without end.
This goddess hath no facile, tender side
By which you may approach her grace to steal.
In Pleasure, though more charms may be descried,
The other will a truer love reveal;
To please this being of immortal birth
Both mind and heart must be of sterling worth.
Her name is Wisdom; and this brilliant fane,
Just shown to you, to glorious deeds she gives;
And he who lives well, here forever lives;
And here may you a dwelling-place obtain.
Then let your choice between the two be made;
True service to them both cannot be paid."

The Prince replied: "If mine, then, be the choice,
A single moment will I not defer.
I might in either of the twain rejoice.
The first a moment's bliss could in me stir;
The second, through me others' bliss command." —
The first, then, greeting with a gracious word,
The Prince two kisses flung her from his hand,
And on the second all his love conferred.

— *Translation of* F. W. Ricord.

Voltaire's theory of the aim and scope of history, as set forth in his *Philosophy of History,* is better than his execution of it, either before or afterward. His best work of this class — though by no means a masterpiece — is the *History of Charles XII. of Sweden.*

ON HISTORY.

My object has been the history of the human intellect, and not the detail of facts, nearly always distorted. It was not intended, for instance, to inquire of what family the lord of Puiset, or the lord of Montlheri may be, who made war on the Kings of France; but to trace the gradual advancement from the barbarous rusticity of those days to the polish of ours. . . .

There is no object in knowing in what year a prince unworthy of remembrance succeeded a barbarous ruler in a rude nation. The more important it is to know of the great actions of sovereigns who have rendered their people better and happier, the more we should ignore the herd of kings who only load the memory. — *The Philosophy of History.*

THE DEATH OF CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

In October, 1718, Charles departed a second time for the conquest of Norway. He hoped within six months to make himself master of that kingdom. He chose rather to go and conquer rocks amidst ice and snow in the depth of winter than to retake his beautiful provinces in Germany from the hands of his enemies. These he expected he should soon be able to recover in consequence of his alliance with the Czar of Russia; and his vanity, moreover, was more flattered at ravishing a kingdom from his victorious enemy, the King of Poland.

At the mouth of the River Tistendall stands Frederickshall, a place of great strength and importance, and considered as the key of the kingdom. Charles formed the siege of this place in the month of December. The soldiers, benumbed with cold, could scarcely turn up the earth, which was so hardened by the frost that it was almost as difficult to pierce it as if they had been opening trenches in a rock; yet the Swedes could not be disheartened while they saw at their head their king, who partook of all their fatigues. Charles had never before undergone so many hardships. His constitution, hardened by eighteen years of severe labors, was fortified to such a degree that he slept in the open field in Norway, in the midst of winter, without the least injury to his health. On the 11th of December he went at nine in the evening to visit the trenches; and not finding the parallel so far advanced as he expected, appeared very much displeased. M. Megret, a French engineer who conducted the siege, assured him that the place could be taken in eight days. "We shall see," said the king, and went on with the engineer to survey the works. He stopped at a place

where a branch of the trenches formed an angle with the parallel. Kneeling on the inner talus, and resting his elbow on the parapet, he continued in that posture for some time, to view the men who were carrying on the trenches by starlight.

Almost half of the king's body was exposed to a battery of cannon, pointed directly against the angle where he was. There was no one near his person at this time but two Frenchmen, M. Sequier, his aide-de-camp, and the engineer Megret. The cannon fired upon them, but the king, being the least covered by the parapet, was the most exposed. At some distance behind them was Count Schwerin, who commanded in the trenches; Count Posse, a captain of the guards, and an aide-de-camp named Kulbert, were receiving orders from him.

Sequier and Megret saw the king the moment he fell, which he did upon the parapet, with a deep sigh. They immediately ran to him. He was already dead. A ball of half a pound weight had struck him on the right temple, and made a hole sufficient to receive three fingers at once; his head was reclined upon the parapet; his left eye beat in, and the right one entirely out of its socket. The instant of his wounding had been that of his death; but he had the force, whilst expiring in so sudden a manner, to place his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and he remained in that attitude. At the sight of this spectacle Megret, a man of peculiar and callous disposition, said nothing but these words: "There! the play is over; let us be off!" Sequier ran immediately to inform Count Schwerin. They all agreed to conceal the news from the soldiers, till they could acquaint the Prince of Hesse, the husband of Charles's sister, with the death of the king. They wrapped the body in a gray cloak; Siquier put his hat and wig on the king's head; and in this condition they carried Charles, under the name of one Captain Carlberg, through the midst of the troops, who saw their dead king pass them, without ever dreaming that it was he. The Prince instantly gave orders that no one should go out of the camp; and that all the passes to Sweden should be strictly guarded, that he might have time to take the necessary measures for placing the crown

on his wife's head, and excluding the Duke of Holstein, who might lay claim to it.

Thus fell Charles XII., King of Sweden, at the age of thirty-six years and a half, after having experienced whatever is most brilliant in prosperity, and all that is most poignant in adversity, without having been enervated by the one, or having wavered in the other. He carried all the virtues of heroes to an excess at which they are as dangerous as their opposite vices. His resolution, hardened into obstinacy, occasioned his misfortunes in the Ukraine, and detained him five years in Turkey; his liberality, degenerating into profusion, ruined Sweden; his courage, extending even to rashness, was the cause of his death; his justice sometimes extended to cruelty; and during the last years of his reign the means he employed to support his authority differed little from tyranny.

His great qualities — any one of which would have been sufficient to have immortalized another prince — proved the misfortune of his country. He never was the aggressor; yet in taking vengeance he was more implacable than prudent. He was the first man who ever acquired the title of conqueror without the least desire of enlarging his own dominions; and whose only end in subduing kingdoms was to have the pleasure of giving them away. His passion for glory, for war, for revenge, prevented him from being a good politician: a quality without which the world had never before seen any one a conqueror. Before a battle and after a victory, he was modest and humble; and after a defeat firm and undaunted. Inflexible toward others as well as toward himself; rating at nothing the fatigues of his subjects any more than his own; rather an extraordinary than a great man; and more worthy to be admired than imitated, his life ought to be a lesson to kings how much a pacific and happy government is preferable to so much glory. — *History of Charles XII.*

VONDEL, Joost van den, a Dutch poet; born at Cologne, November 17, 1587; died at Amsterdam, February 5, 1679. His parents were Anabaptists, and removed to Amsterdam during his childhood. He was the most celebrated Dutch poet and dramatist of the seventeenth century. His works include metrical translations of the Psalms, of Virgil, of Ovid, and satires and tragedies. The most celebrated plays are *Gijsbrecht van Aemstel, Lucifer,* and *Palamedes.* The best edition of his works contains twenty-one volumes (Amsterdam, 1820).

CHORUS FROM "PALAMEDES."

The thinly sprinkled stars surrender
To early dawn their dying splendor;
The shades of night are dim and far,
And now before the morning-star
The heavenly legions disappear:
The constellation's charioteer
No longer in the darkness burns,
But backward his bright courser turns.
Now golden Titan, from the sea,
With azure steeds comes gloriously,
And shines o'er woods and dells and downs,
And soaring Ida's leafy crowns.
O sweetly welcome break of morn!
Thou dost with happiness adorn
The heart of him who cheerily,
Contented, unwearily,
Surveys whatever Nature gives,
What beauty in her presence lives
And wanders oft the banks alone
Of some sweet stream with murmuring song.
Oh, more than regal is his lot,
Who, in some blest, secluded spot,
Remote from crowding cares and fears,

His loved, his cherished dwelling rears!
For empty praises never pining,
His wishes to his cot confining,
And listening to each cheerful bird
Whose animating song is heard:
When morning dews, with Zephyr's sigh
Has wafted, on the roses lie,
Whose leaves beneath the pearl-drops bend:
When thousand rich perfumes ascend,
And thousand hues adorn the bowers,
And form a rainbow of sweet flowers,
Or bridal-robe for Iris made
From every bud in sun and shade.
Contented there to plant or set,
Or snare the birds with crafty net;
To grasp his bending rod, and wander
Beside the banks where waves meander,
And thence their fluttering tenants take;
Or, rising ere the sun's awake,
Prepare his steed, and scour the grounds,
And chase the hare with swift-paced hounds;
Or ride beneath the noontide rays,
Through peaceful glens and silent ways,
Which wind like Cretan labyrinth;
Or where the purple hyacinth
Is glowing on its bed; or where
The mead red-speckled daïsies bear:
Whilst maidens milk the grazing cow,
And peasants toil beneath the plough,
Or reap the crops beneath their feet,
Or sow luxuriant flax or wheat.
Here flourishes the waving corn,
Encircled by the wounding thorn;
There glides a bark by meadows green;
And there the village smoke is seen;
And there a castle meets the view,
Half-fading in the distance blue.
  How hard, how wretched is his doom
Whom sorrows follow to the tomb
And who, from morn till quiet eve,
Distresses pain, and troubles grieve,

And cares oppress! for these await
The slave, who, in a restless state,
Would bid the form of concord flee,
And call his object liberty:
He finds his actions all pursued
By envy or ingratitude.
The robe is honoring, I confess;
The cushion has its stateliness; —
But, oh, they are a burden, too!
And pains spring up, forever new,
Beneath the roof which errors stain,
And where the strife is — who shall reign?
But he who lives in rural ease
Avoids the cares that torture these:
No golden chalices invite
To quaff the deadly aconite;
Nor dreads he secret foes, who lurk
Behind the throne with coward dirk, —
Assassin friends — whose murderous blow
Lays all the pride of greatness low.
No fears his even life annoy,
Nor feels he pride, nor finds he joy
In popularity, that brings
A fickle pleasure, and then — stings.
He is not roused at night from bed,
With weary eyes and giddy head;
At morn, no long petitions vex him,
Nor scrutinizing looks perplex him:
He has no joys in others' cares;
He bears — and while he bears, forbears;
And from the world he oft retreats
Where learning's gentle smile he meets.
He heeds not priestcraft's ban or praise,
But scorns the deep anathemas
Which he, who in his blindness errs,
Receives from these — *God's messengers!*

— *Translation of* LONGFELLOW.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Who sits above heaven's heights sublime,
  Yet fills the grave's profoundest place,
Beyond eternity or time
  Or the vast round of viewless space:
Who on himself alone depends,
  Immortal, glorious, but unseen,
And in his mighty being blends
  What rolls around or flows within.
Of all we know not, all we know,
  Prime source and origin, a sea
Whose waters pour'd on earth below
  Wake blessing's brightest radiancy.
His power, love, wisdom, first exalted
  And awaken'd from oblivion's birth
Yon starry arch, yon palace vaulted,
  Yon heaven of heavens, to smile on earth.
From this resplendent majesty
  We shade us, 'neath our sheltering wings,
While awe-inspired and tremblingly
  We praise the glorious King of Kings,
With sight and sense confused and dim.
  O name, describe the Lord of Lords!
The seraphs' praise shall hallow him —
  Or is the theme too vast for words?

RESPONSE.

'Tis God! who pours the living glow
  Of light, creation's fountain-head:
Forgive the praise, too mean and low,
  Or from the living or the dead!
No tongue Thy peerless name hath spoken;
  No space can hold that awful Name;
The aspiring spirit's wing is broken;
  Thou wilt be, wert, and art the same.
Language is dumb; Imagination,
  Knowledge, and Science helpless fall;
They are irreverent profanation,
  And Thou, O God! art all in all.

How vain on such a thought to dwell!
  Who knows Thee? Thee, the All-unknown
Can angels be Thy oracle,
  Who art, who art Thyself alone?
None, none can trace Thy course sublime,
  For none can catch a ray from Thee,
The splendor and the Source of Time,
  The Eternal of Eternity!
The light of light outpour'd conveys
  Salvation in its flight elysian,
Brighter than even Thy mercy's rays;
  But vainly would our feeble vision
Aspire to Thee. From day to day
  Age steals on us, but meets Thee never.
Thy power is life's support and stay —
  We praise Thee, sing Thee, Lord! forever.
    Holy! holy! holy! Praise,
    Praise be His in every land!
    Safety in His presence stays,
    Sacred is His high command.

— *Translation of* JOHN BOWRING.

VOSS, JOHANN HEINRICH, a German translator, poet and archæologist; born at Sommersdorf, Mecklenburg, February 20, 1751; died at Heidelberg, March 29, 1826. He studied theology and philology at Göttingen, where he was one of the founders of the poetic brotherhood known as the Göttingen Hainbund. In 1778 he was appointed rector of the school at Otterndorf, and after occupying that position some four years he removed to Eutin, and occupied a similar office until failing health compelled his resignation. In 1802 he went to Jena and three years later to Heidelberg, where he spent the re-

mainder of his life. Voss's literary fame rests chiefly upon his translations of classic poetry, particularly that of Homer; the *Odyssey* appeared in 1781 and the *Iliad* in 1793. He translated Virgil in 1799, Horace and Hesiod in 1801, Theocritus Bion and Moschus in 1808, Tibullus in 1810 and Aristophanes in 1821. With the assistance of his sons he translated Shakespeare in 1819–29. His principal original work is *Luise and Other Poems* (1785), which was subsequently republished with many additions. In these poems he made a fairly successful attempt to apply the style and method of classical poetry to the expression of German thought and sentiment. In his *Mythologische Briefe* (1794), in which he attacked the ideas of Heyne, and in his *Antisymbolik* (1824–26), written in opposition to Creuzer, he made important contributions to the study of mythology. *Sophronizon* is a powerful argument in favor of free judgment in religion, and was inspired by the repudiation of Protestantism by his friend Friederich von Stolberg.

THE SPINNER.

As I sat spinning at the door
A youth advanced along the road;
His dark eye smiled at me, and o'er
His cheek a tint of crimson glowed:
I then looked up, in thought 'twas done,
And sat so bashfully and spun.

"Good morrow, gentle maid," he spoke,
Approaching with a timid grace;
I trembled, and the thread it broke;
My heart beat with a quicker pace.
Again the thread I fastened on,
And sat so bashfully and spun.

With soft caress he pressed my hand,
And swore none could with it compare;
No! not the fairest in the land,
So white and round, so soft and fair.
Though by this praise my heart was won,
I sat so bashfully and spun.

Upon my chair he leant his arm,
And praised the fineness of the thread —
His lips so near, so red and warm,
How tenderly "Sweet maid," they said!
Thus none e'er looked at me, not one;
I sat so bashfully and spun.

Meanwhile his handsome countenance
Bent downward and approached my cheek,
My head encountered his by chance,
While bending the lost thread to seek.
He kissed me then, while I, undone,
Sat bashfully and spun and spun.

I turned to chide with earnest face,
But bolder still he then became,
He clasped me with a fond embrace,
And kissed my cheek, as red as flame.
Oh, tell me, sisters, tell me! how
Could I to spin continue now?

Translation of A. BASKERVILLE.

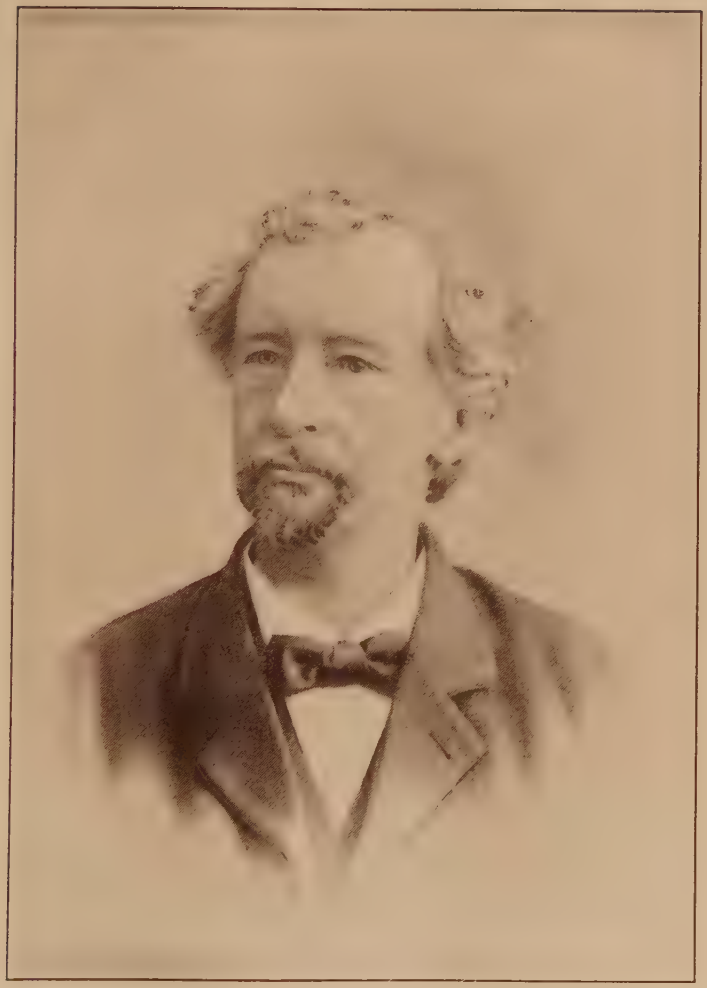
VOYNICH, ETHEL LILLIAN BOOLE, an English novelist; born at London in 1864. She was married in 1886 to W. M. Voynich, a Polish author residing in England. Her works include *Russian Humor* (1890); *Stories From Garshin* (1895); *The Gadfly* (1897): *Jack Raymond* (1901): and *Olive Latham* (1904).

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Olive, always reserved, grew more and more so under the chilling influence of mystery and vague, cold disappointment. She was of a character essentially stable and temperate. To fling aside the habits, the aims and professional ambitions of all her youth, and follow her lover out into a menacing and unknown world, had been to her an even harder thing than most women would have found it; she lacked the perception of romance which might have sustained many natures. And having taken so momentous a step in the dark, she found that it had led her nowhere. Notwithstanding the love between them, unclouded by an instant's doubt on either side, they seemed to be drifting steadily further apart. She would have been content, however hopeless her future looked to her, had she but been able to feel that her presence was any real comfort to him; but the bitter complaint: "You don't understand! you don't understand!" drove her back upon herself, discouraged and bewildered. It was true; she understood only that he suffered and that she could not help him.

He suffered, indeed, so much that all other things were blotted out to him. The numbed life in him had stirred again at her coming, and she had brought no help. His days went by in a blank round of mechanical duties, his nights in raging misery. He longed at times for the beast to spring quickly, and have done with it; so mean, so poor, so empty seemed the hours, any one of which might be the last. He looked back over his past life, and saw but ghostly processions of dreams unfulfilled, of statues unmodelled, of joys untouched; tragic abortions of the things that might have been. In the future waited him drudgery, weariness, the old, hard, uncongenial duty, the old, heavy chain to drag; then, perhaps, an obscure and useless martyrdom for a faith that he had found wanting and beyond that the black unknown. — *Olive Latham* (Copyright, 1904, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY).

VRIES, Hugo de, a Dutch scientist and philosopher: born at Amsterdam in 1853. He was a pupil of Sachs, Bunsen and Hofmeister. During the course of his studies he has been a student, lecturer and professor in universities in both Germany and Holland, and he came to his self-appointed task with a broad knowledge of physiological science obtained at first hand, and with the mental strength and support that came from contact with the leaders in biological thought in his earlier days, and with the technical skill that is to be gained by experience in many laboratories. He is Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Leyden: Professor of Botany in the University of Amsterdam: and a profound student of variation, heredity and evolution, whose studies have exerted a lasting influence on the views of mankind regarding the constitution of living matter and the physical basis of inheritance. He is especially distinguished as the author of a masterpiece of laborious and exact research that has placed the general theory of the origin of species on a new foundation. His principal work *Species and Varieties: Their Origin by Mutation* (1904–5) is a collection of lectures delivered at the University of California. The contents of the book include a readable and orderly recital of the facts and details which furnish the basis for the mutation-theory of the origin of species. All of the more important phases of heredity and descent come in for a clarifying treatment that renders the volume extremely readable to the amateur as well as to the trained biologist. The more reliable historical data are cited and the results obtained by Professor de Vries in the



HUGO DE VRIES.

Botanical Garden at Amsterdam during twenty years of observations are described. Not the least important service rendered by Professor de Vries in the preparation of these lectures consists in the indication of definite specific problems that need investigation, many of which may be profitably taken up by anyone in a small garden. He has rescued the subject of evolution from the thrall of polemics and brought it once more within reach of the great mass of naturalists, any one of whom may reasonably hope to contribute something to its advancement by orderly observations. The text of the lectures has been revised and rendered into a form suitable for permanent record by Dr. D. T. MacDougal who has been engaged in researches upon the subject for several years, and who has furnished substantial proof of the mutation theory of the origin of species by his experimental investigations carried on in the New York Botanical Gardens.

ARTIFICIAL AND NATURAL SELECTION.

The comparison of artificial and natural selection has furnished material support for the theory of descent, and in turn been the object of constant criticism since the time of Darwin. The criticisms, in greater part, have arisen chiefly from an imperfect knowledge of both processes. By the aid of distinctions recently made possible, the contrast between elementary species and improved races has become much more vivid, and promises to yield better results on which to base comparisons of artificial and natural selection.

Elementary species, as we have seen in earlier lectures, occur in wild and in cultivated plants. In older genera and systematic species they are often present in small numbers only, but many of the more recent wild types and also many of the cultivated forms are very rich in this respect. In culture the choice of the most adequate

elementary forms for any special purpose is acknowledged as the first step in the way of selection, and is designated by the name of variety-testing, applying the term variety to all the subdivisions of systematic species indiscriminately. In natural processes it bears the title of survival of species. The fact that recent type show large numbers, and in some instances even hundreds of minor constant forms, while the older genera are considerably reduced in this respect, is commonly explained by the assumption of extinction of species on a correspondingly large scale. This extinction is considered to affect the unfit in a higher measure than the fit. Consequently the former vanish, often without leaving any trace of their existence, and only those that prove to be adapted to the surrounding external conditions, resist and survive.

This selection exhibits far-reaching analogies between the artificial and the natural processes, and is in both cases of the very highest importance. In nature the dying out of unfit mutations is the result of the great struggle for life. In a previous lecture we have compared its agency with that of a sieve. All elements which are too small or too weak fall through, and only those are preserved which resist the sifting process. Reduced in number they thrive and multiply and are thus enabled to strike out new mutative changes. These are again submitted to the sifting tests, and the frequent repetition of this process is considered to give a good explanation of the manifold, highly complicated, and admirable structures which strike the beginner as the only real adaptations in nature.

Exactly in the same way artificial selection isolates and preserves some elementary species, while it destroys others. Of course the time is not sufficient to secure new mutations, or at least these are only rare at present, and their occurrence is doubtful in historic periods. Apart from this unavoidable difference the analogy between natural and artificial selection appears to me to be very striking.

This form of selection may be termed selection between species. Opposed to it stands the selection within the elementary species or variety. It has of late alone come to

be known as selection, though in reality it does not deserve this distinction. I have already detailed the historical evidence which gives preference to selection between species. The process can best be designated by the name of intra-specific selection, if it is understood that the term intra-specific is meant to apply to the conception of small or elementary species.

I do not wish to propose new terms, but I think that the principal differences might better become understood by the introduction of the word *election* into the discussion of questions of heredity. Election meant formerly the preferential choice of single individuals, while the derivation of the word selection points to a segregation of assemblies into their larger parts. Or to state it in a shorter way, individual selection is exactly what was formerly termed selection. Choosing one man from among thousands is to select him, but a select party is a group of chosen persons. There would be no great difficulty in the introduction of the word election, as breeders are already in the habit of calling their choice individuals "élite," at least in the case of beets and of cereals.

This intra-specific selection affords a second point for the comparison between natural and artificial processes. This case is readily granted to be more difficult than the first, but there cannot be the slightest doubt that it is due to strongly comparable causes. In practice this process is scarcely second in importance to the selection between species, and in numerous cases it rests upon it, and crowns it, bringing the isolated forms up to their highest possible degree of usefulness. In nature it does quite the same, adapting strains of individuals to the local conditions of their environment. Improved races do not generally last very long in practice; sooner or later they are surpassed by new selections. Exactly so we may imagine the agency of natural intra-specific selection. It produces the local races, the marks of which disappear as soon as the special external conditions cease to act. It is responsible only for the smallest lateral branches of the pedigree, but has nothing in common with the evolution on the main stems. It is of very subordinate importance.

These assertions, of course, are directly opposed to the

current run of scientific belief, but they are supported by facts. A considerable part of the evidence has already been dealt with and for our closing discussion only an exact comparison remains to be made between the two detailed types of intra-specific selection. In coming to this I will first dwell upon some intermediate types and conclude with a critical discussion of the features of artificial selection, which to my mind prove the invalidity of the conclusions drawn from it in behalf of an explanation of the processes of nature.

Natural selection occurs not only in the wild state, but is also active in cultivated fields. Here it regulates the struggle of the selected varieties and improved races with the older types, and even with the wild species. In a previous lecture I have detailed the rapid increase of the wild-oats in certain years, and described the experiments of Risler and Rimpau in the running out of select varieties. The agency is always the same. The preferred forms, which gave a larger harvest, were formerly more sensitive to injurious influences, more dependent on rich manure and on adequate treatment. The native varieties have therefore the advantage, when climatic or cultural conditions are unfavorable for the fields at large. They suffer in a minor degree, and are thereby enabled to propagate themselves afterwards more rapidly and to defeat the finer types. This struggle for life is a constant one, and can easily be followed, whenever the composition of a strain is noted in successive years. It is well appreciated by breeders and farmers, because it is always liable to counteract their endeavors and to claim their utmost efforts to keep their races pure. There can be no doubt that exactly the same struggle exempt from man's intrusion is fought out in the wild state.

Local races of wild plants have not been the object for field-observations recently. Some facts, however, are known concerning them. On the East Friesian Islands in the North Sea the flowers are strikingly larger and brighter colored than those of the same species on the neighboring continent. This local difference is ascribed by Behrens to a more severe selection by the pollinating insects in consequence of their lesser frequency on these

very windy isles. Seeds of the pines from the Himalayas yield cold-resisting young plants if gathered from trees in a high altitude, while the seeds of the same species from lower regions yield more sensitive seedlings. Similar instances are afforded by *Rhododendron* and other mountain species. According to Cieslar corresponding differences are shown by seeds of firs and larches from alpine and lowland provinces.

Such changes are directly dependent on external influences. This is especially manifest in experiments entailing extensive cultures in higher or in more northern regions. The shorter summer is a natural agent of selection; it excludes all individuals which cannot ripen their seeds during so short a period. Only the short-lived ones survive. Schübeler made very striking experiments with corn and other different cereals, and has succeeded in making their culture possible in regions of Norway where it formerly failed. In the district of Christiania, corn had within some few years reduced its lifetime from 123 to 90 days, yielding smaller stems and fewer kernels, but still sufficient to make its culture profitable under the existing conditions. This change was not permanent, but was observed to diminish rapidly and to disappear finally, whenever the Norwegian strain was cultivated in the southern part of Germany. It was a typical improved race, dependent on continual selection by the short summers which had produced it. Similar results have been reached by Von Wettstein in the comparison of sports of flax from different countries. The analogy between such cultivated local races and the local races of nature is quite striking. The practice of seed-exchange rests for a large part on the experience that the characters, acquired under the definite climatic and cultural conditions of some select regions, hold good for one or two, and sometimes even more generations, before they decrease to practical uselessness. The Probstei, the Hanna and other districts owe their wealth to this temporary superiority of their wheat and other cereals.

Leaving these intermediate forms of selection, we now come to our principal point. It has already been discussed at some length in our last lecture, but needs fur-

ther consideration. It is the question whether intra-specific selection may be regarded as a cause of lasting and ever-increasing improvement. This is assumed by those biologists who consider fluctuating variability as the main source of progression in the organic world. But the experience of the breeders does not support this view, since the results of practice prove that selection according to a constant standard soon reaches a limit which it is not capable of transgressing. In order to attain further improvements the method of selection itself must be improved. A better and sharper method assures the choice of more valuable representatives of the race, even if these must be sought for in far larger numbers of individuals, as is indicated by the law of Quetelet.

Continuous or even prolonged improvement of a cultivated race is not the result of frequently repeated selection, but of the improvement of the standard of appreciation. Nature, as we know, changes her standard only from time to time in consequence of the migrations of the species, or of local changes of climate. Afterwards the new standard remains unchanged for centuries.

Selection, according to a constant standard, reaches its results in few generations. The experience of Van Mons and other breeders of apples shows how soon the limit of size and lusciousness may be attained. Vilmorin's experiments with wild carrots and those of Carrière with radishes lead to the same conclusion as regards roots. Improvements of flowers in size and color are usually easy and rapid in the beginning, but an impassable limit is soon reached. Numerous other instances could be given.

Contrasted with these simple cases is the method of selecting sugar-beets. More than once I have alluded to this splendid example of the influence of man upon domestic races, and tried to point out how little support it affords to the current scientific opinion concerning the power of natural selection. For this reason it is interesting to see how a gradual development of the methods of selection has been, from the very outset, one of the chief aims of the breeders. None of them doubts that an improvement of the method alone is adequate to obtain

results. This result, in the main, is the securing of a few per cent. more of sugar, a change hardly comparable with the progress in evolution, which our theories are destined to explain.

Vilmorin's original method was a very simple one. Polarization was still undiscovered at his time. He determined the specific weight of his beets, either by weighing them as a whole, or by using a piece cut from the base of the roots and deprived of its bark, in order to weigh only the sugar-tissues. The pieces were floated in solutions of salt, which were diluted until the pieces began to sink. Their specific weight at that moment was determined and considered to be a measure of the corresponding value of the beet. This principle was afterwards improved in two ways. The first was a selection after the salt-solution-method, but performed on a large scale. After some few determinations, a solution was made of such strength as to allow the greater number of the beets to float, and only the best to sink down. In large vessels thousands of beets could be tested in this way, to select a few of the very heaviest. The alternate improvement was the determination of the specific weight of the sap, pressed out from the tissue. It was more tedious and more expensive, but more direct, as the influence of the air-cavities of the tissue was excluded. It prepared the way for polarization.

This was introduced about the year 1874 in Germany, and soon became generally accepted. It allowed the amount of sugar to be measured directly, and with but slight trouble. Thousands of beets could be tested yearly by this method, and the best selected for the production of seed. In some factories a standard percentage is determined by previous inquiries, and the mass of the beets is tested only by it. In others the methods of taking samples and clearing the sap have been improved so far as to allow the exact determination of three hundred thousand polarization-values of beets within a few weeks. Such figures give the richest material for statistical studies, and at once indicate the best roots, while they enable the breeder to change his standard in accordance with the results at any time. Furthermore they allow the

mass of the beets to be divided into groups of different quality, and to produce, besides the seeds for the continuation of the race, a first-class and second-class product and so on. In the factory of Messrs. Kuhn & Co., at Naarden, Holland, the grinding machine has been markedly improved, so as to tear all cell-walls asunder, open all cells, and secure the whole of the sap within less than a minute, and without heating.

It would take too long to go into further details, or to describe the simultaneous changes that have been applied to the culture of the élite strains. The detailed features suffice to show that the chief care of the breeder in this case is a continuous amelioration of the method of selecting. It is manifest that the progression of the race is in the main due to great technical improvements, and not solely to the repetition of the selection.

Similar facts may be seen on all the great lines of industrial selection. An increasing appreciation of all the qualities of the selected plants is the common feature. Morphological characters, and the capacity of yielding the desired products, are the first points that strike the breeder. The relation to climate and the dependence on manure soon follow, but the physiological and chemical sides of the problem are usually slow of recognition in the methods of selection. When visiting Mr. de Vilmorin at Paris some years ago, I inspected his laboratory for the selection of potatoes. In the method in use, the tubers were rubbed to pulp and the starch was extracted and measured. A starch-percentage figure was determined for each plant, and the selection of the tubers for planting was founded upon this result. In the same way wheat has been selected by Dippe at Quedlinburg, first by a determination of its nitrogenous contents in general, and secondly by the amount of the substances which determine its value for baking purposes.

The celebrated rye of Schlanstedt was produced by the late Mr. Rimpau in a similar manner and was put on the market between 1880 and 1890 and was received with great favor throughout central Europe, especially in Germany and in France. It is a tall variety, with vigorous stems and very long heads, the kernels of which are

nearly double the size of those of the ordinary rye, and are seen protruding, when ripe, from between the scales of the spikelets. It is unfit for poor soils, but is one of the very best varieties for soils of medium fertility, in a temperate climate. It is equal in the production of grain to the best French sorts, but far surpassing them in its amount of straw. It was perfected at the farm of Schlanstedt very slowly, according to the current conceptions of the period. The experiment was started in the year 1866, at which time Rimpau collected the most beautiful heads from among his fields, and sowed their kernels in his experiment-garden. From this first culture the whole race was derived. Every year the best ears of the strain were chosen for repeated culture, under experimental care, while the remainder was multiplied in a field to furnish the seeds for large and continually increasing areas of his farms.

Two or three years were required to produce the quantity of seed of each kind required for all the fields of Schlanstedt. The experiment-garden, which through the kindness of Mr. Rimpau I had the good fortune of visiting more than once between 1875 and 1878, was situated in the middle of his farm, at some distance from the dwellings. Of course it was treated with more care, and especially kept in better conditions of fertility than was possible for the fields at large. A continued study of the qualities and exigencies of the élite plants accompanied this selection, and gave the means of gradually increasing the standard. Resistance against disease was observed and other qualities were ameliorated in the same manner. Mr. Rimpau repeatedly told me that he was most anxious not to overlook any single character, because he feared that if any of them might become selected in the wrong way, perchance unconsciously, the whole strain might suffer to such a degree as to make all the other ameliorations quite useless. With this purpose the number of plants per acre was kept nearly the same as those in the fields, and the size of the culture was large enough every year to include the best kernels of quite a number of heads. These were never separated, and exact individual pedigrees were not included in the plan. This mixture seemed

to have the advantage of keeping up an average value of the larger number of the characters, which either from their nature or from their apparent unimportance had necessarily to be neglected.

After ten years of continuous labor, the rye of Rimpau caught the attention of his neighbors, being manifestly better than that of ordinary sowings. Originally he had made his cultures for the improvement of his own fields only. Gradually, however, he began to sell his product as seed to others, though he found the difference still very slight. After ten years more, about 1886, he was able to sell all his rye as seed, thereby making of course large profits. It is now acknowledged as one of the best sorts, though in his last letter Mr. Rimpau announced to me that the profits began to decline as other selected varieties of rye became known. The limit of productiveness was reached, and to surmount this, selection had to be begun again from some new and better starting point.

This new starting point invokes quite another principle of selection, a principle which threatens to make the contrast between artificial and natural selection still greater. In fact it is nothing new, being in use formerly in the selection of domestic animals, and having been applied by Vilmorin to his sugar-beets more than half a century ago. Why it should ever have been overlooked and neglected in the selection of sugar-beets now is not clear.

The principle in itself is very simple. It agrees that the visible characters of an animal or a plant are only an imperfect measure for its hereditary qualities, instead of being the real criterion to be relied upon, as is the current belief. It further reasons that a direct appreciation of the capacity of inheritance can only be derived from the observation of the inheritance itself. Hence it concludes that the average value of the offspring is the only real standard by which to judge the representatives of a race and to found selection upon.

These statements are so directly opposed to views prevalent among plant-breeders, that it seems necessary to deal with them from the theoretical and experimental as well as from the practical side.

The theoretical arguments rest on the division of the fluctuating variability into the two large classes of individual or embryonic, and of partial deviations. We have dealt with this division at some length in the previous lecture. It will be apparent at once, if we choose a definite example. Let us ask what is the real significance of the percentage-figure of a single plant in sugar-beets. This value depends in the first place, on the strain or family from which the beet has been derived, but this primary point may be neglected here, because it is the same for all the beets of any lot, and determines the average, around which all are fluctuating.

The deviation of the percentage-figure of a single beet depends on two main groups of external causes. First come those that have influenced the young germs of the plant during its most sensitive period, when still an embryo within the ripening seed. They give a new limitation to the average condition, which once and forever becomes fixed for this special individual. In the second place the young seedling is affected during the development of its crown, of leaves, and of its roots, by numerous factors, which cannot change this average, but may induce deviations from it, increasing or decreasing the amount of sugar, which will eventually be laid down in the root. The best young beet may be injured in many ways during periods of its lifetime, and produce less sugar than could reasonably be expected from it. It may be surpassed by beets of inferior constitution, but growing under more favorable circumstances.

Considered from this point of view the result of the polarization-test is not a single value, but consists of at least two different factors. It may be equal to the sum of these, or to their difference, according to the question whether the external conditions on the field were locally and individually favorable or unfavorable. A large amount of sugar may be due to high individual value, with slight subsequent deviation from it, or to a less prominent character combined with an extreme subordinate deviation.

Hence it is manifest that even the results of such a highly improved technical method do not deserve the

confidence usually put in them. They are open to doubt, and the highest figures do not really indicate the best representatives of the race. In order to convey this conception to you in a still stronger manner, let us consider the partial variability as it usually shows itself. The various leaves of a plant may noticeably vary in size, the flowers in color, the fruits in flavor. They fluctuate around an average, which assumes to nearly represent the true value of the whole plant. But if we were allowed to measure only one leaf, or to estimate only one flower or fruit, and be compelled to conclude from it the worth of the whole plant, what mistakes we could make! We might indeed hit upon an average case, but we might as easily get an extreme, either in the way of increase or of decrease. In both cases our judgment would be badly founded. For who can assure us that the single root of a given beet is an average representative of the partial variability? The fact that there is only one main root does not prove anything. An annual plant has only one stem, but a perennial species has many. The average height of the last is a reliable character, but the casual height of the former is very uncertain.

So it is with the beets. A beet may be divided by its buds and give quite a number of roots, belonging to the same individual. These secondary roots have been tested for the amount of sugar, and found to exhibit a manifest degree of variability. If the first root corresponded to their average, it might be considered as reliable, but if not anyone will grant that an average is more reliable than a single determination. Deviations have as a fact been observed, proving the validity of our assertion.

These considerations at once explain the disappointment so often experienced by breeders. Some facts may be quoted from the Belgian professor of agriculture at Gembloux, the late Mr. Laurent. He selected two beets from a strain, with the exceptional amount of 23 per cent. sugar, but kept their offspring separate and analyzed some sixty of each. In both groups the average was only 11 — 12 per cent., the extremes not surpassing 14 — 15 per cent. Evidently the choice was a bad one, notwithstanding the high polarization value of the parent.

Analogous cases are often observed, and my countrymen, Messrs. Kuhn & Co., go so far as to doubt all excessive variants, and to prefer beets with high but less extraordinary percentages. Such are to be had in larger numbers and their average has a good chance of exemption from a considerable portion of the doubts adhering to single excessive cases.

It is curious to note here what Louis Vilmorin taught concerning this point in the year 1850. I quote his own words: "I have observed that in experiments on heredity it is necessary to individualize as much as possible. So I have taken to the habit of saving and sowing separately the seeds of every individual beet, and I have always found that among the chosen parent-plants some had an offspring with a better average yield than others. At the end I have come to consider this character only as a standard for amelioration."

The words are clear and their author is the originator of the whole method of plant-breeding selection. Yet the principle has been abandoned, and nearly forgotten under the impression that polarization alone was the supreme guide to be relied upon. However, if I understand the signs rightly, the time is soon coming when Vilmorin's experience will become once more the foundation for progress in breeding.

Leaving the theoretical and historical aspects of the problem, we will now recall the experimental evidence, given in a former lecture, dealing with the inheritance of monstrosities. I have shown that in many instances monstrosities constitute double races, consisting of monstrous and of normal individuals. At first sight one might be induced to surmise that the monstrous ones are the true representatives of the race, and that their seeds should be exclusively sown, in order to keep the strain up to its normal standard. One might even suppose that the normal individuals, or the so-called atavists, had really reverted to the original type of the species and that their progeny would remain true to this.

My experiments, however, have shown that quite the contrary is the case. No doubt, the seeds of the monstrous specimens are trustworthy, but the seeds of the

atavists are not less so. Fasciated hawkweeds and twisted teasels gave the same average constitution of the offspring from highly monstrous, and from apparently wholly normal individuals. In other words the fullest development of the visible characteristic was not in the slightest degree an indication of better hereditary tendencies. In unfavorable years a whole generation of a fasciated race may exhibit exclusively normal plants, without transmitting a trace of this anomaly to the following generation. As soon as the suitable conditions return, the monstrosity reassumes its full development.

The accordance of these facts with the experience of breeders of domestic animals, and of Louis Vilmorin, and with the result of the theoretical considerations concerning the factors of fluctuation has led me to suggest the method of selecting, which I have made use of in my experiments with tricotyls and syncotyls.

Seedling variations afford a means of counting many hundreds of individuals in a single germinating pan. If seed from one parent-plant is sown only in each pan, a percentage-figure for the amount of deviating seedlings may be obtained. These figures we have called the hereditary percentages. I have been able to select the parent-plants after their death on the sole ground of these values. And the result has been that from varieties which, on an average, exhibited 50 — 55 per cent. deviating seedlings, after one or two years of selection this proportion in the offspring was brought up to about 90 per cent. in most of the cases. *Phaçelia* and mercury with tricotylous seedlings, and the common sunflower with connate seed-leaves, may be cited as instances.

Besides these tests, others were performed, based only on the visible characters of the seedlings. The result was that this characteristic was almost useless as a criterion. The atavists gave, in the main, nearly the same hereditary percentages as the tricotyls and syncotyls, and their extremes were in each case far better constituted than the average of the chosen type. Hence, for selection purposes, the atavists must be considered to be in no way inferior to the typical specimens.

If it had been possible to apply this principle to twisted

and fasciated plants, and perhaps even to other monstrosities, I think that it will readily be granted that the chance of bringing even these races up to a percentage of 90 per cent. would have been large enough. But the large size of the cultures required for the counting of numerous groups of offspring in the adult state has deterred me from making such trials. Recently, however, I have discovered the means of counting these anomalies in the sowing pans, and so I hope soon to be able to give direct experimental proofs of this assertion. The validity of the hereditary percentage as a standard of selection has, within the last few years, been recognized and defended by two eminent breeders, W. M. Hays in this country and Von Lochow in Germany. Both of them have started from the experience of breeders of domestic animals. Von Lochow applied the principle to rye. He first showed how fallacious the visible characters often are. For instance the size of the kernels is often dependent on their number in the head, and if this number is reduced by the injurious varietal mark of lacunae (Lückigkeit), the whole harvest will rapidly deteriorate by the selection of the largest kernels from varieties which are not quite free from this hereditary deficiency.

In order to estimate the value of his rye-plants, he gathers the seed of each one separately and sows them in rows. Each row corresponds to a parent-plant and receives 200 or 150 seeds, according to the available quantity. In this way from 700 to 800 parent-plants are tested yearly. Each row is harvested separately. The number of plants gives the average measure of resistance to frost, this being the only important cause of loss. Then the yield in grain and straw is determined and calculated, and other qualities are taken into consideration. Finally one or more groups stand prominent above all others and are chosen for the continuation of the race. All other groups are wholly excluded from the "élite," but among them the best groups and the very best individuals from lesser groups are considered adequate for further cultivation, in order to produce the commercial product of the race. As a matter of fact the rye of Von Lochow is now one of the best varieties, and

even surpasses the celebrated variety of Schlanstedt. It was only after obtaining proof of the validity of his method that Von Lochow decided to give it to the public.

In this country W. M. Hays, of the Minnesota Agricultural Experiment Station, has made experiments with wheat. He chose a hundred grains as a proper number for the appreciation of each parent-plant, and hence has adopted the name of "centgener power" for the hereditary percentage.

The average of the hundred offspring is the standard to judge the parent by. Experience shows at once that this average is not at all proportional to the visible qualities of the parent. Hence the conclusion that the yield of the parent-plant is a very uncertain indication of its value as a parent for the succeeding generation. Only the parents with the largest power in the centgener of offspring are chosen, while all others are wholly discarded. Afterwards the seeds of the chosen groups are propagated in the field until the required quantities of seed are obtained.

This centgener power, or breeding-ability, is tested and compared, for the various parent-plants as to yield, grade, and percentage of nitrogenous content in the grain, and as to the ability of the plant to stand erect, resist rust, and other important qualities. It is evident that by this test of a hundred specimens a far better and much more reliable determination can be made than on the ground of the minutest examination of one single plant. From this point of view the method of Hays commands attention. But the chief advantage lies in the fact that it is a direct proof of that which it is desired to prove, while the visible marks give only very indirect information.

Thus the results of the men of practice are in full accordance with those of theory and scientific experiment, and there can be little doubt that they open the way for a rapid and important improvement. Once attained, progress, however, will be dependent on the selection principle, and the hereditary percentage, or centgener power, or breeding-ability must be determined in each generation anew. Without this the race would soon regress to its former condition.

To return to our starting point, the comparison of artificial and natural selection. Here we are at once struck by the fact that it is hardly imaginable, how nature can make use of this principle. In some measure the members of the best centgener will manifestly be at an advantage, because they contain more fit specimens than the other groups. But the struggle for existence goes on between individuals, and not between groups of brethren against groups of cousins. In every group the best adapted individuals will survive, and soon the breeding-differences between the parents vanish altogether. Manifestly they can, as a rule, have no lasting result on the issue of the struggle for existence.

If now we remember that in Darwin's time the feature, breeding-ability, enjoyed a far more general appreciation than at present, and that Darwin must have given it full consideration, it becomes at once clear that this old, but recently revived principle, is not adequate to support the current comparison between artificial and natural selection.

In conclusion, summing up all our arguments, we may state that there is a broad analogy between breeding-selection in the widest sense of the word, including variety-testing, race-improvement and the trial of the breeding-ability on one side, and natural selection on the other. This analogy, however, points to the importance of the selection between elementary species, and the very subordinate role of intra-specific selection in nature. It strongly supports our view of the origin of species by mutation instead of continuous selection. Or, to put it in the terms chosen lately by Mr. Arthur Harris in a friendly criticism of my views: "Natural selection may explain the survival of the fittest, but it cannot explain the arrival of the fittest."— *Species and Varieties* (Copyright 1904 by the Open Court Publishing Company).

W

WACE, ROBERT, an English clergyman and poet; born on the island of Jersey about 1124; died at Caen, France, about 1174. His father was one of the barons who accompanied William of Normandy in his invasion of England, and seems to have received large possessions in the conquered country. He speaks of himself as a *clerclisant,* "reading clerk," and seems to have resided mainly in France, though sometimes in England, and near the close of his life was made Canon of Bayeux by Henry II., great-grandson of William the Conqueror. Wace wrote in Norman-French, his principal poem being *Le Roman de Brut,* "The Romance of Brutus," and *Le Roman de Rou,* "The Romance of Rollo," the first Duke of Normandy. The *Roman de Brut* is essentially a metrical translation of the Latin *History of Britain* by Geoffrey of Monmouth, in which the line of British kings is traced down from the legendary Brutus of Troy, grandson of Æneas, to Cadwallader, King of Wessex, who died A. D. 688.

Wace's *Brut* was translated into Anglo-Saxon by Layamon, a nearly contemporary ecclesiastic of Worcestershire, who also made large additions, more than doubling the 15,000 lines of Wace's poem. This *Brut*

of Layamon, from which the subjoined is taken, is of special philological interest as showing how the Anglo-Saxon language was spoken in Middle England about the year 1200. The accompanying rendering into more modern English will serve the purpose of a glossary. Layamon thus speaks of himself and his master, Wace:

LAYAMON AND HIS PREFACE.

He nom tha Englisca boc
He took the English book
Tha makede Seint Beda;
That Saint Beda made;
An other he nom on Latin,
Another he took in Latin,
Tha makede Seinte Albin,
That Saint Albin made,
And the feire Austin,
And the fair Austin,
The fulluht broute hider in.
That baptism brought hither in.
Boc he mom the thridde,
The third book he took,
Leid ther amidden,
Laid there in midst
Tha makede a Frenchis clerc,
That made a French clerk,
Wace was ihoten,
Wace was he hight,
The wel couthe writen;
That well could write;
And he hoc gef thare æthelen
And he it gave the noble
Aelinor, the wes Henries quene,
Eleanor that was Henry's queen,
Thes heyes kinges.
The high king's.
Layamon leide theos boc,
Layamon laid these books,

And tha leaf wende.
And the leaves turned,
He heom leofliche bi-heold;
He then lovingly beheld;
Lithe him beo Drihten.
Merciful to him be the Lord.
Fetheren he nom mid fingren,
Feather he took with fingers,
And fiede on boe-felle,
And wrote on book-skin,
And tha sothe word
And the sooth words
Sette to-gathere
Set together
And tha thre boc
And the three books
Thrumde to ane.
Compressed into one.

WAGNER, CHARLES, a Franco-German clergyman and philosopher; born in Alsace in 1855. He was graduated from the Sorbonne of Strassburg, and studied at Göttingen. Since 1880 he has resided in Paris, where as a liberal evangelical preacher, he is a leader in an organization in France called "The Union for Moral Action," which he describes as a "laic militant order for private and social duty." His works include *The Busy Life* (1900); *The Voice of Nature* (1901); *The Simple Life* (1902); *Wayside Sermons* (1903); *My Appeal to America* (1904); and *Justice* (1905).

Dr. Wagner won world-wide fame by the publication of *The Simple Life* and in 1904–5 visited the United States to more fully expound the doctrine of

his philosophy. In the preface to *The Simple Life* he says:

PREFACE TO THE SIMPLE LIFE.

The invalid, undermined by fever and devoured by thirst, dreams during his sleep of a cool brook where he bathes, or of a clear fountain where he drinks in great mouthfuls. So, in the complicated agitation of modern existence, our wearied souls dream of simplicity.

Is that which we call by that beautiful name a blessing disappeared forever? I do not think so. If simplicity had belonged to some exceptional circumstances, known only in rare epochs, we might renounce its realization for the present. We cannot lead civilization back to its origin any more than we can lead back the wide troubled rivers to the tranquil valley where the alder branches droop together over their source.

But simplicity does not depend upon any certain economic or social conditions. It is more of a spirit which can animate and modify lives of very different kinds. Far from being obliged to pursue it with impotent regrets we may, I affirm it, make of it the object of our resolutions and the aim of our practical energy.

. . . . . .

To aspire to the simple life is to rightly aspire to the fulfilment of the highest human destiny. All the movements of humanity toward more justice and more light have been at the same time movements toward a more simple life. And the antique simplicity in arts, manners and ideas hold for us their incomparable value only because it has been able to give a powerful relief to some essential sentiments, to some fixed truths. We must love that simplicity and guard it piously. But he will have gone but the hundredth part of his road who holds to exterior forms, and who does not seek to realize the spirit. In fact, it is impossible for us to be simple in the same ways as were our forbears, and we can only remain so, or return to simplicity in the same spirit. We are walking in other paths, but the aim of humanity is fundamentally the same. It is always the polar star which

directs the mariner, no matter whether he is embarked on a sailing ship or a steamer.

To advance towards this aim with all the means of which we can dispose is the most important thing, to-day as ever. And it is because we have often been drawn aside that we have confused and complicated our lives.

. . . . . .

If I could succeed in causing others to accept with me that interior knowledge of simplicity, I shall not have made a vain effort. Some readers will think that such an idea should be incorporated in manners and education. They will begin by cultivating it in themselves, and will make the sacrifice of a few of those habits which hinder us from being men.

Too many encumbering futilities separate us from our ideal of truth, justice and kindness which should warm and revive our hearts. All that brushwood, under the pretext of furnishing us shelter, us and our happiness, has ended by veiling our sunlight. When shall we have the courage to oppose the deceptive temptations of a life as complicated as unfruitful with the answer of the sage:

"Get out of my sunlight!"

—*The Simple Life.*

PRIDE AND SIMPLICITY IN SOCIAL RELATIONS.

It would, perhaps, be difficult to find a subject better qualified than pride to prove that the obstacles to a better life, stronger and more peaceful, are more in ourselves than in circumstances. The diversity and above all, the contrast of social situations, inevitably cause all sorts of conflicts to surge upon us. But how many of these relations between members of the same society would not be, in spite of all, simplified if we put another spirit in the frame traced in external necessities! Let us be well persuaded that it is not, after all the difference in classes, functions, the so dissimilar forms of our destinies, which embroil men. If that were the case we should see an idyllic peace reign between colleagues, comrades, and all men with analogous interests and similar destiny. Every

one knows, on the contrary, that the bitterest quarrels are those which arise among similar beings, and that there is no war worse than civil war. But what hinders men from living in accord is, before all, pride. Pride makes man like a hedge hog, which cannot touch any one without wounding him. Let us speak first of the pride of the great ones.

What displeases me in the rich man who passes in his carriage, is not his equipage, nor his toilette, nor the number and swiftness of his domestic service. It is his scorn. That he has a great fortune does not wound me unless I have a hateful disposition, but that he throws mud on me, rides over my body, shows in his whole attitude that I count for nothing in his eyes because I am not rich like him; that is where I feel the hurt, and with good reason. He imposes a suffering upon me, and after all a suffering is quite useless. He insults me and humiliates me gratuitously. It is not what is vulgar in him, but what there is the noblest in me, which rises in face of that wounding pride. Do not accuse me of envy, for I feel none. It is my dignity as man that is touched. It is useless to seek far to illustrate one's impressions. All men who have seen life have had many experiences which will justify our words in their eyes. In certain centers devoted to material interests, pride of wealth dominates to such a point that men quote each other as they quote values on the exchange. Esteem is measured according to the contents of the strong-box. Good society is composed of big fortunes; the middle class, lesser fortunes. Then come the people of little means, and those of nothing. On all occasions they act upon that principle. And he who, relatively rich, has shown his disdain for those less opulent than himself, is watered, in his turn, with the disdain of his superiors in fortune. Thus the rage of comparison saps from summit to foundation. Such a center is as though prepared to order for the cultivation of the worst sentiments; but it is not the riches, it is the spirit they put into them that we should accuse. Some rich men have not that coarse conception — above all, those who, from father to son, are accustomed to ease. But they forget that there is a certain delicacy in not

causing the contrasts to be too marked. Supposing that there is no harm in the enjoyment of a great superfluity, is it indispensable to spread out this superfluity, to shock the eyes of those who have not the necessaries, and to affix this luxury close to poverty? Good taste and a sort of modesty will always hinder a portly man from speaking of his vigorous appetite, his peaceful slumber, of his joy in living, by the side of some one who is fading away with consumption. Many rich men lack tact, and sometimes by that they lack even pity and prudence. Are they not from then on badly inspired in complaining of the envy of others, after having done all in their power to provoke it?

But what they lack most is discernment, when they put their pride in their fortune, or when they let themselves drift unconsciously with the seductions of luxury. Firstly, it is to fall into a puerile confusion to consider riches a personal quality. One could not mistake, in a fashion more simple, between the reciprocal value of the envelope and its contents. I do not wish to bear too heavily on that question; it is too painful. And, yet, can one hinder oneself from saying to those interested: "Take care; do not confound what you possess with what you are. Learn the seamy side of the splendors of the world, that you may see the childishness and moral misery of them more forcibly. Pride in truth lays traps too ridiculous for us. We must suspect a companion which makes us hateful to our neighbor and causes us to lose our clearness of vision."

Those who deliver themselves up to the pride of wealth forget another point — and the most important of all — which is, that to possess is a social function. Without doubt, individual property is as legitimate as the existence even of the individual and as his liberty. Those two things are inseparable, and it is an Utopia, full of dangers, to attack such elementary bases of all life. But the individual belongs to society with all his fibres, and all he does should be done in view of the whole. To possess is, therefore, less of a privilege, which it pleases him to glorify, than a charge whose gravity he feels. Just as it requires one to serve an apprenticeship, often difficult, to

be able to exercise all the social functions, so does that function which is called riches exact an apprenticeship. The greater part of the people, poor or rich, imagine that in opulence there is nothing to do but to let one's self live. That is why so few people know how to be rich. In the hand of a too great number wealth is, according to a jovial and redoubtable comparison of Luther's, like a harp in a donkey's hoofs — they have no idea of how to use it.

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So, when one meets a man, rich and simple at the same time, that is to say, who considers his riches as a means of filling his humane mission, we should respectfully salute him, for he is certainly somebody. He has conquered obstacles, surmounted trials, and triumphed in the vulgar or subtile temptations. He does not confound the contents of his purse with those of his brains or his heart, and it is not in figures that he esteems his fellow-men. His exceptional situation, far from lifting him up, humiliates him, because he really feels all that he lacks to reach the heights of his duty. He has remained a man, and that is to say all. He is approachable, willing to help, and, far from raising with his goods a barrier to separate him from the rest of men, he makes of them a means of drawing more near to them. Although the trade of being rich has been singularly spoiled by so many men, proud and egotistical, this one succeeds in making himself appreciated by whoever is not insensible to justice. Every one, when approaching him and seeing his life, is obliged to turn to himself and ask: "What would have become of me under the same circumstances? Should I have that modesty, that indifference, that probity, which causes one to act with his own as if it belonged to another?" So long as there is a world and a human society there will be those harsh conflicts of interest; so long as envy and egotism exist on earth, nothing will be more respectable than riches filled with the spirit of simplicity. It will do more than to win pardon; it will win love.

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More malevolent than pride inspired by wealth, is that inspired by power, and by power I mean here all powers

which one man may have over another, whether it is great or little. I see no way of avoiding that there should be men in the world unequally powerful. All organization supposes a hierarchy of forces. We can never go beyond that. But I fear that if the taste for power is very widely spread, the spirit of power will be lost. By understanding it badly and by misusing it, those who hold any parcel of authority almost everywhere end by compromising it.

Power exercises a powerful influence over him who holds it. It needs a strong hand not to be troubled by it. This sort of dementia, which claimed the Roman emperors in the days of their despotic power, is a universal malady, whose symptoms have existed in all ages. A tyrant sleeps in every man, and only waits a propitious occasion to awaken. Now this tyrant is the worst enemy of authority, because he furnishes us an intolerable caricature of it. From there come a multitude of social complications, frictions and hatreds. All men who have said, "You will do this because it is my will," or, better, "because it is my good pleasure," do evil work. There is something in each of us which invites us to resist personal power, and this something is very respectable. For at bottom we are equal, and there is no person who has the right to exact obedience of me because he is he, and I am I. In this case, his command abases me, and it is not permitted to let one's self be abased.

One must have lived in schools, studios, in the administration of public offices, to have followed closely the relations between men and servants; to have stopped a little everywhere where the supremacy of man is exercised over man, to have an idea of what those do who practice their power with arrogance. Of every free soul they make a soul enslaved, that is to say, a soul in revolt. And it seems that this terrible anti-social effect is more surely produced when he who commands is near the condition of the one who obeys. The most implacable tyrant is the small tyrant. A foreman in a workshop, or an overseer, puts more ferocity in his proceedings than the director or the owner. Such a corporal is harder on his soldiers than the colonel. In certain houses, where madame has not much more education than her maid, the relations be-

tween them are like those between a galley-slave and his guard. Everywhere woe to whoever falls into the hands of a subaltern, drunk with his authority.

We forget too much that the first duty of whoever exercises power is humility. Grandeur is not the authority. It is not we who are the law. The law is above all heads. We interpret it only; but to make it valuable in the eyes of others we must first be submissive to it ourselves. Commandment and obedience in human society are, after all, but two forms of the same virtue, voluntary servitude. The most of the time we are not obeyed because we have not obeyed first.

The secret of moral ascendency belongs to those who command with simplicity. They soften by the mind the hardness of the fact. Their power is not in gold lace, nor in the title, nor in disciplinary measures. They do not require ferule or threats, and yet they obtain everything. Why? Because each one feels that is, himself, willing to do anything. That which confers on one man the right to ask a sacrifice of another man — his time, his money, his passions, and even his life — is that not only is he resolved to make all those sacrifices himself, but he has inwardly made them in advance. In the order which is given by a man animated by this spirit there is, I know not what power, which is communicated to him who should obey, and aids him to do his duty.

In all the walks of human activity there are chiefs who inspire, sustain, electrify their soldiers. Under their direction a troop does prodigies. They feel capable with them of all efforts, ready to go through fire, according to the popular expression, and with enthusiasm they would pass through it.

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But there are not only the prides of the great; there are also the prides of the small ones, that low *morgue* which is the worthy pendant of the higher one. The root of these two prides is identical. The man who says, "The law is me," is not only that arrogant and imperious being who provokes insurrection by his attitude alone; it is still the subaltern, whose wooden head will not admit that there is anything above him.

There are positively a quantity of people whom all superiority irritates. For them all advice is an offence; all criticism an imposture; all orders an attempt on their liberty. They will not accept any rules; to respect anything or any one seems to them like mental aberration. They say in their manner, "Aside from us there is no place for any one."

Of this haughty family are also those who are intractable and susceptible to excess; who, in humbler conditions, never succeed in being contented, and who fulfill their duties with the airs of victims. At the bottom of these grieving spirits there is a misplaced self-love. They do not know how to keep their post simply; and they complicate their lives, and those of others, by ridiculous exactions and unjust after-thoughts.

When one takes the pains to study men at close range, one is surprised to find that pride has its haunts among those whom we call humble. Such is the power of this vice that it succeeds in forming around the lives of those who live in the most modest conditions a thick wall, which isolates them from their neighbors. They are there intrenched, barricaded in their ambitions and disdains, as unattainable as the powerful ones of the earth behind their aristocratic prejudices. Obscure or illustrious, pride drapes itself in its sombre royalty of enmity to the human kind. It is the same in its misery and its grandeur, powerless and solitary, distrusting everything and complicating everything. And we can never repeat enough, that if there is so much hatred and hostility between the different classes, it is less to the external fatalities than to the inward fatality that we owe them. The antagonism of interests and the contrasts of situations dig ditches between us — no one can deny it — but pride transforms those ditches into abysses, and in reality it is they only who cry from one bank to the other, "There is nothing in common between you and us."

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We have not yet finished with pride, but it is impossible to picture it under all of its forms. I blame it, above all, when it meddles with knowledge and sterilizes

it. We owe knowledge, like riches and power, to our fellow-beings. It is a social force which should serve — and it cannot, unless those who know remain in heart near those who do not know. When knowledge transforms itself into an instrument of ambition, it destroys itself.— *The Simple Life.*

WAGNER, WILHELM RICHARD, a German poet and composer; born at Leipsic, May 22, 1813; died at Venice, Italy, February 13, 1883. He was educated at the Dresden Kreuzschule and at the Leipsic University. He studied music under Weinlig; and became chorus-master at the Würzburg Theatre in 1833, and conductor at Magdeburg in 1834. Here he produced his opera, *Das Liebesverbot,* founded on Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure.* In 1836 he married; and two years later he became music-director at Riga, Russia. He turned his attention to the composing of *Rienzi,* an opera in five acts, which, after having been refused in Paris, was brought out at Dresden in 1842. From 1842 to 1849 he was Conductor of the Royal Opera at Dresden. In 1843 *Der Fliegende Holländer* was composed and performed; and two years afterward he produced *Tannhäuser* at Dresden. These works constitute Wagner's early operas; and, being based upon the accepted forms are held by many to be his best efforts. A taste for politics now brought him into disgrace, and he was exiled for complicity in the Dresden revolutionary movements. He fled to Zurich, where he produced *Lohengrin* in 1850. From 1855 to 1863 he conducted performances in Germany and Russia, and

a series of concerts in London. In 1864 he won the ear of his famous patron, Ludwig II. of Bavaria, and thereafter he wanted nothing that the extravagant wealth of the royal amateur could command. He now began *Der Ring des Nibelungen;* and the first two parts, *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre,* were given at Munich in 1869 and 1870, respectively. This instalment of the great tetralogy, or opera in series, completed by the production of the third and fourth parts, *Siegfried* and the *Götterdammerung,* at Bayreuth in 1876, was the fulfilment of much of what *Lohengrin* had only been the herald. Two other equally advanced works, *Tristan und Isolde* (1865) and *Die Meistersinger* (1868), had already, however, embodied the Wagnerian theory of the importance of dramatic truth as well as of musical beauty. *Parsifal,* his last great work, was produced in 1882. In 1870 Wagner married again, this time Cosima von Bülow, *née* Liszt, with whom he settled in 1872 at Bayreuth. Here he built the large opera-house in which, in 1876, in the presentation of the complete *Ring des Nibelungen,* his musical theories first found full expression. In 1876 he visited London to conduct a Wagner festival, and in 1883 he paid a visit to Italy, where he breathed his last. The list of his operas includes, besides the works already mentioned, *Die Hochzeit* (1833), an unpublished fragment, and *Die Feen* (1833). He also published numerous songs, and wrote many articles, libretti and the like, not contained in his collected writings, or cancelled. It is by no means only as a musician that Wagner will be remembered. His many prose writings, which have been collected in ten volumes, show that he would have made his mark as a philosophical and polemical

essayist, had not music itself supervened. He was always his own librettist, and the text of his musical works has a very considerable poetic value.

Der Fliegende Holländer is the second of Wagner's accepted operas; and marks the commencement of the second period of his work. It is the first work in which he permits his own personality to dominate subject and treatment, and in which he is enabled to carry out his theory of the necessity of joining dramatic action with poetry and music. In it he has frequent opportunity for the display of the highest poetic powers; and, as a recent critic has said, "combining grand and powerful descriptiveness with lyrical tenderness and grace, this opera wields a charm few care to resist. Its interest, as illustrative of Wagner's genius, belongs to the past, but as a work of art its value is abiding and may increae as the necessity for asserting the true principle upon which dramatic poetry and music are associated becomes more pressing." "With *The Flying Dutchman,*" says Wagner, "I entered upon a new course by becoming the artistic interpreter of a subject which was given to me only in the simple, crude form of a popular tale. From this time I became, with regard to all my dramatic works, first of all a poet; and only in the ultimate completion of the poem my faculty as a musician was restored."

It was during a fearful storm, while on a voyage to London, that young Wagner, being driven toward the Norwegian coast, had caught the legend of the "Flying Dutchman." "Here," he says, "amid the raging storms and conflicting waves, the gray Northern rocks and the curious life on board a ship, the ancient legendary figure of the Dutchman gained physiognomy

and color." Except the idea, taken from Heine, of giving salvation to the Dutchman by means of a woman, Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer* tells the old story of the captain who, for his profanity, was doomed to beat against head-winds forever.

OVERTURE TO THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

The Phantom Ship of the Flying Dutchman is driven on by the fury of the gale. It approaches the shore, and anchor is cast near the land, where the vessel's master hopes to find the promised release from the burden of his curse. We hear in the orchestra the compassionate and sorrowful strains of the saving promise, which interpret the idea of the promised deliverance, and fill the heart as with the pathos of prayer and lamentation. Gloomily, despairingly, the accursed Van der Decken listens to these strains. Weary of life, yearning for death, he paces the strand, while his exhausted crew silently furl the sails, and make the ship secure for its brief stay.

How often has the unfortunate captain neared the land, with his heart full of this same melancholy longing! How many times has he directed the prow of his vessel through storm and wave toward the dwellings of men, which, once in every seven years, he is permitted to visit! How often did he imagine that the end of his woes had come; but, alas! how often, cruelly deceived, was he again compelled to sail on his endless, hopeless voyage! To bring about his own destruction, he invokes against himself the flood and the storm. In vain he steers his ship into the yawning depths: in vain he drives it on to the breakers — the storm and the rocks harm him not. All the terrible dangers of the ocean at which he laughed in his earlier days of wild and exuberant love of adventure and daring now mock him, and he is condemned to sail to all eternity on the ocean desert, searching for treasures which give him no joy, never finding that which can release him from his desolate existence.

Gayly, joyously, a vessel passes by: he hears the laughter and songs of the crew as they sail on toward their home. He alone cannot share their joy. In his furious career, as he rushes along on the wings of the storm, he terrifies the sailors, who flee from him, awe-stricken and aghast. From the depths of his fearful misery he cries out aloud for deliverance. A faithful Woman alone can free him from his accursed thraldom in the terrible desert of his gloomy existence. Where? — in what land? — lingers this deliverer? Where is the gentle heart that shall be touched with the vastness of his suffering? Where is she who shall not flee from him in terror and dismay, like the coward sailors who lift up the crucifix at his approach?

A bright light breaks in upon his night; like a lightning flash it gleams upon his tormented soul, but again it is suddenly extinguished. Once more it is revealed, and the poor wanderer keeps the guiding star in sight, and steers bravely through waves and storms toward it. That which attracts him so powerfully is the compassionate glance of a Woman, whose noble soul is filled with pity and divine compassion, and who has given her heart to him — a heart which has opened its infinite depths to the awful sorrow of the accursed one, and will sacrifice itself for his sake — will break in sorrow, and end, with its own existence, his sufferings. Before this heavenly appearance the accursed burden falls from the unhappy man as his ship goes to pieces. The abyss of ocean swallows the vessel; but, purified and free, he rises from the waves, led upward by the hand of his redemptress, and surrounded, as with a halo, by the dawning of an imperishable Love.— *From Der Fliegende Holländer.*

SENTA'S SONG.

Yohohoe! Yohohoe! Hohohe!
Saw ye the ship on the raging deep —
Blood-red the canvas, black the mast?
On board unceasing watch doth keep
The vessel's master, pale and ghast!
Hui! How roars the wind! Yohohoe!

Hui! How bends the mast! Yohohoe!
Hui! Like an arrow she flies,
Without aim, without goal, without rest!
Yet can the weary man be released from the curse infernal,
Finds he on earth a woman who'll pledge him her love eternal.
Ah, where canst thou, weary seaman, but find her?
Oh, pray to Heaven that she,
Unto death, faithful may be!

Once round the cape he wished to sail
'Gainst 'trary winds and raging sea;
He swore: "Though hell itself prevail,
I'll sail on till eternity!"
Hui! This Satan heard! Yohohoe!
Hui! Took him at his word! Yohohoe!
Hui! And accursed he now sails.
Through the sea without aim, without rest!
But, that the weary man be freed from the curse infernal,
Heaven send him an angel to win him glory eternal!
Oh, couldst thou, weary seaman, but find her!
Oh, pray that Heaven may soon,
In pity, grant him this boon!

At anchor every seventh year,
A wife to woo, he wanders round;
He woo'd each seventh year, but ne'er
A faithful woman hath he found!
Hui! The sails are set! Yohohoe!
Hui! The anchor's weighed! Yohohoe!
Hui! False the love! False the troth!
"Where lingers still the Angel of Love from Heaven descended?
Oh, where is she who faithful will be till his sad life be ended?"
Thou shalt be free; yea, through my heart's devotion!
Oh, that God's angel guidance gave him!
Here he shall find my love to save him!

— *From Der Fliegende Holländer; translation of* JOHN P. JACKSON.

HISTORY OF "PARSIFAL."

Parsifal, called by its composer a sacred music-drama, was the last of the long series of operatic works which were the fruit of one of the great musical and dramatic geniuses of the last century. It was performed first in the Festspielhaus in Bayreuth on July 26, 1882, forty years, lacking three months, after the production of *Rienzi* in Dresden, forty years of unending labor and tumultuous strife, of starvation and plenty, of great disappointments and great rewards. It is the work of an old man who is weary, but whose indomitable courage will not allow him to give up.

The history of *Parsifal* is typical of Wagner's method of work. The germ of the drama was in his mind years before he put pen to paper. As far back as 1857, while living in Zurich, he made a sketch of the Good Friday music. His final work was really the outcome of two other dramas he had meditated. In 1848 he sketched a tragedy which was to be called *Jesus of Nazareth.* In this he made Jesus a very human preacher and philosopher, who is tempted by Mary of Magdala. He realized, however, that the world was not ready for the stage presentation of the Saviour and he abandoned this work for another, a Buddhistic drama, which, planned eight years later, was to be called *The Victors.* In this Ananda and Pakriti were to be the lovers who gained redemption by renunciation.

Nothing came of this, and the next fifteen years he worked on his *Nibelungen* dramas, his *Tristan* and *Meistersinger,* and it was not until after the *Ring* was finished and produced that he started seriously on *Parsifal.*

An omnivorous reader, he had become acquainted with the *Parzival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach, a German translation of *Li Conte del Graal* of Chrêtien de Troyes, the *Der jungere Titurel* of Albert von Scharffenburg, and several other medieval poems of similar character. In the Legend of the Holy Grail he found a theme which later appealed peculiarly to him in its possibilities as a vehicle for music, for stagecraft, and for the philosophic

ideas which he then entertained. He saw the opportunity to develop in it the idea of redemption by love and pity, the motive of his *Jesus of Nazareth* side by side with the ideas of renunciation and asceticism which were to have been in his Buddhistic drama. In February of 1877 he had finished the poem, and before the end of the year had begun the music. At Christmas, 1878, the Meiningen Court Orchestra played the Prelude at Wahnfried. The piano rehearsals began in August, 1881, and the score was finished the following January in Palermo. The first performance took place on July 26. Winkelman was Parsifal; Reichmann, Amfortas; Kindermann, Tituriel; Hill, Klingsor; Scaria, Gurnemanz; and Materna, Kundry. In the following February, the 13th, Wagner died in Venice.

The subject Wagner used for his music-drama, the *Quest of the Holy Grail,* was the most popular of all the legends the middle ages have bequeathed to us. He first became acquainted with it in his studies for *Lohengrin,* and when one considers the nature of the man, it seems inevitable that sooner or later he must have taken it for a drama. Intensely romantic, legendary, full of the rich imagination of the fertile medieval mind, it contained all the elements necessary to Wagner's scheme of music-drama, and, as noted above, could easily be made to serve as a vehicle for his philosophic ideas.

The beginnings of the legend are lost in the mists of antiquity. The story in its main features is a development of the most ancient myths of the Indo-European race, being one of the beautiful branches which have grown from the hoary tree of primitive religious belief. Even in its literary form it is difficult to trace it back of the twelfth century, when, like an Athene, it sprang full grown from the spirit of the age. There is no more fascinating subject than the wonderful burst of literary work which came almost simultaneously to all western Europe in the last half of the twelfth century and the first quarter of the thirteenth. It was, as it were, the most gracious and beautiful result of the crusades which had opened the eyes of the rude westerners to the opu-

lence and beauty of the Orient, its music, its poetry, and its art.

Our direct heritage from this fruitful period is the Arthurian cycle of legends, which have exerted constantly so enormous an influence on our literature. In England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, Denmark, and even in distant Iceland, Arthur and the heroes of his Table-Round were sung by the minstrels and poets. The older heroes, Charlemagne and his peers, Theodoric, Attila, Siegfried, Hector, and Alexander, disappeared before the onrush of the Celtic Knights. Arthur, from an obscure British chieftain, whose memory was preserved by the bards of Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany, became a world-hero, a type-man, the model of all chivalry. His knights grew correspondingly in stature and all the myths of the past, pagan and Christian, were clustered about them, and the poets strove their best to give them more adventures of chivalry and honor.

Out of this inchoate mass of literature there emerges one great theme which in both of its developments must be taken as the true mirror of medieval life, customs, and habits of thought, the *Quest of the Holy Grail.* Beside it all the others, Tristan and Iseult, Lancelot, Merlin, and the Arthurian saga themselves, take a subordinate place. It not only mirrors for us chivalry at its highest development, but has been made to embody the loftiest religious ideals of the time.

Like several of the other great themes, the only forms in which we have it show high development. With the exception of a late Welsh manuscript which contains the story of "*Peredur*" there is practically nothing to show the early growth of the legend. There are authorities who dispute the primitiveness of *Peredur,* although it is altogether pagan in tone. As the idea that the legend was invented by a single poet and copied and enlarged by others has long since been abandoned, it must necessarily be that the legend, at least that which has to do with the Quest, existed in some literary form, probably short poems or "lais," long before the great poets took it up.

The legend in one of its forms is composed of two

distinct parts of different origin. One has to do with the bringing of the Grail, or the dish in which the blood from Christ's wounds fell, from Jerusalem to England by Joseph of Arimathea. The other is the Quest proper. Moreover, the legend as we have it has two distinct motives. The first may be called the knightly, or chivalric motive, the other, the monkish, or ascetic motive. To the first belong the two great poems of medieval literature, the unfinished *Conte del Graal* of Chrêtien de Troyes and the *Parzival* of Wolfram von Eschenbach. To the other belong the poems of Robert de Boron, one of the earliest writers, and the bulky prose romances the *Grand Saint Graal* and the *Queste del Saint Graal,* the latter attributed to Walter Map, archdeacon of Oxford. It should be noted that only in the second class do we find the Grail represented as the holy dish brought from Palestine by Joseph. Wagner, however, has incorporated into his work this conception, while for the rest he has leaned chiefly on Wolfram.

The version of the legend in this second class is that found in Malory and in Tennyson. The Grail is the dish in which was preserved the blood of the Lord. Sometimes it is, as well, the Chalice from which Christ drank at the last supper. It has wonderful magic qualities. It can sustain life and give forth prophecies. For forty-two years it sustained Joseph in prison. At the end of that time he brings it to England and bequeaths it to his descendants. One of them sins, and great evils fall on him and on the country. The sole cure is a pure knight who shall come to the magic castle and ask the rich Fisher King (for such he is called) about the holy dish. Then shall end the "enchantments of Britain." In the earlier versions of this particular form of the legend the chosen hero is Perceval, who starts out on the quest and finally succeeds. But later, when the legend has been the more thoroughly identified with Arthur's court, the chief hero is Galahad, son of Lancelot, who starts out as his aid. This substitution of Galahad for Perceval is one of the legend's most interesting features, and authorities are not yet unanimous as to its cause. The most plausible theory is that in the earlier

forms of the legend, chastity was not a requirement in the hero, and Perceval, the best of knights, none the less lived the life of his time. Gradually, as the ascetic and monkish ideals crept into the story and made woman the root of all evil, it became necessary, if the hero was to be a virgin, that a new one be created. Lancelot had suddenly come from obscurity to highest popularity, but he was the lover of Guenivere. Consequently, Map, or whoever wrote the *Queste del Saint Graal,* gave him a son and called him Galahad. To him fell the successful quest of the Grail, and he departed with it. Perceval was permitted to gaze on it, and died a holy hermit.

On the other hand, in Chrêtien and Wolfram, while the story in outline is similar, its spirit is very different. Chrêtien, as far as he goes, tells a story of knightly adventure. Perceval has been brought up in the forest by his mother, who fears lest he become a knight and die in battle, as his father did. While still a youth, he meets a party of knights whom he takes for supernatural beings. He follows them to Carlisle, where King Arthur has his court. He is insulted by Kay, the seneschal, fights him and gets the armor he desires. An old knight, Gonemans de Gelbert, instructs him in the usages of chivalry, one of which is to ask no questions. Then begins the story of his Grail adventures. He comes to a river on which is a skiff containing a fisherman. Asking for shelter, he is directed to a nearby castle. In the hall is a hearth large enough to contain four hundred men, and before the fire lies a feeble old man, who turns out to be the fisherman he had met at the river. At meal time there enters a youth who carries a bleeding lance, two more who carry branched candlesticks all aflame, then a maiden who brings in a wonderful jewelled dish (the Graal), from which food is served to all present. The youth would ask the meaning of all this, but remembering Gonemans's counsel refrains. The next morning the castle is all silent. He leaves it, then tries to return; but the drawbridge is up and no one answers his call. He departs and comes across a maiden weeping on the headless body of a man. She tells him that he has been

with the fisher king, so-called because fishing is his sole amusement. He has been wounded in battle and cannot be healed until a good knight asks about the spear, the candlesticks and the graal.

After many adventures he returns to Arthur's court, and while there a Loathly Damsel, riding a mule, comes to him and reproaches him bitterly for not having tried to find the Grail Castle and relieve the king of his sufferings. Stricken with remorse, he starts out on his quest. For five years he wanders. One Good Friday he meets a hermit, confesses his sins (including his forgetfulness of the day, for a party of knights and ladies had reminded him of it), and then he learns of the death of his mother for sorrow of him, and is again reproached for not having found the castle of the fisher king. He learns of a hermit in the castle, his uncle and the fisher king's father, who is supported by the sacred dish. Chastened in spirit, he starts out again to find the castle.

Here Chrêtien ends, so far as Perceval is concerned. His various continuators finish the tale, and in some of them may be found the monkish spirit of the other group of legends. But the fact chiefly to be noted here is that Chrêtien so far as he went gave practically no evidence of the sacred attributes of the spear and the dish. They were for him merely magic talismans.

Wolfram von Eschenbach is Germany's greatest medieval poet. A knight as well as a minstrel, he was born not later than 1170, and wrote (or dictated) his *Parzival*, a poem of 25,000 lines, about the beginning of the next century, or twenty-five years after Chrêtien wrote his *Li Conte del Graal*. About his debt to the French poet a long controversy has been waged. He himself speaks only with scorn of Chrêtien, asserting that the Frenchman distorted the legend. He himself, he says, got the story from one Kiot of Provence, who in turn had found it in an Arabic black letter manuscript in Toledo, and had learned from it that Flegetanis, a heathen who was born before Christ, had predicted the coming of a Grail whose "saver" would be blest beyond all men. Kiot wrote for the glory of the House of Anjou, but said noth-

ing of *Parzival,* and this Wolfram undertakes to correct.

The poem is about equally divided between the adventures of Parzival and Gawain. Some of the latter's adventures which have no bearing on the Grail have been taken by Wagner. Notably Klingsor's magic castle with its seductive women. In Wolfram the Grail is not even the jeweled dish of Chrêtien. It is a jewel which was struck from the crown of Lucifer by the archangel Michael. It fell to earth and became the Grail, in the keeping of a companionship of knights called "Templeisen."

Except at the beginning, Wolfram's story follows Chrêtien's very closely. Perzival is the son of Gamuret and Herzeleide. His father is killed while serving in the army of the Caliph of Bagdad. Herzeleide takes her son into the wilderness to bring him up in ignorance of men and arms. Like Chrêtien's Perceval, he is attracted to King Arthur's court, slays a knight, and receives instruction from an old man, Gurnemanz — Chrêtien's Gonemans. He aids a besieged city and marries Konduiramour, its beautiful queen. Then, like Perceval, he comes to the castle of the fisher king, here Anfortas, and Wolfram gives a most vivid description of the procession and feast and of Repanse de Schoie, who carries the Grail. Anfortas, too, is a sufferer, and Parzival neglects to ask the magic questions. Like Perceval, he leaves a silent, deserted castle, and after numerous adventures returns to the court of Arthur, whither comes Kondrie, the sorceress, the Loathly Damsel of Chrêtien, who fiercely reproaches him for not asking the questions at Monsalväsch, the Grail Castle. He vows never to sleep under roof or to return to his wife until he has performed the quest. After many adventures, on a Good Friday he finds a hermit who tells him the story of the Grail and how Anfortas, its guardian, yielding to lust, received in combat the wound from a poisoned lance which cannot heal until a knight comes and of his own accord asks about the king's sufferings. Then will Anfortas be released. The knight will reign in his stead and his companions will go to distant lands to right wrongs.

Parzival departs again and after many adventures

reaches the Grail Castle and asks the questions which release Anfortas from his misery. He becomes the head of the company, his wife joins him, bringing her two sons, one of whom is Lohengrin, who shall rescue the inquisitive Elsa of Brabant, and, later, reign in Parzival's stead.

Of Gawain's adventures, mention must be made of his rescue of the imprisoned ladies from the castle of the magician Klingsor, the Château Merveil, of his adventures with the Lady Orgeluse, for Wagner has made use of both of them.

This brings us to consider briefly the sources of the legend. Within recent years most authorities have identified the Quest with what is known in Celtic literature as *The Great Fool Tale.* It is still told in the highlands of Scotland, and variants are found in all branches of the Aryan family of races. To one general class belong the Siegfried legends of Scandinavia and Germany, the Perseus legends of Greece, the Romulus legends of Rome, the Cuchullin legends of Ireland, and the Perceval legends of the Celts, or rather Kymry. Von Halm has found fourteen stories which he groups under the general head of the *Aryan Expulsion and Return Formula,* and many variants have since been added. The *Great Fool Tale,* of which the Quest is a direct descendant, is typical of the class. A simple youth, brought up by his mother in the wilderness, starts out to avenge his father's murder, and regain his inheritance, which he ultimately succeeds in doing by means of a magic caldron. The old poets tell us that "Graal" is a derivation of "agréer," that which is pleasing. Later it was thought that "san-gral" was a corruption of "sang real," "blood royal," but it is generally connected now with the Provençal word "gral," still used and meaning a dish. The grail is undoubtedly the magic restorative vessel found in all folklore. It is a companion to Almalthea's horn of plenty, the basket of Gwyddno, and caldron of Diwrnach in the Welsh Mabinogian tales, the magic caldron of Bran in Welsh tales, the gold of the Nibelungs in the Norse saga. It is even related to Aladdin's lamp. As for the bleeding spear, identified by some of the old writers with the spear of

Longinus, who pierced with it the Saviour's side, it abounds in earliest Celtic lore, and Celtic authorities like Alfred Nutt assert it is but a survival of the Welsh bardic symbol of undying hatred of the Saxons.

Of the early history of the Grail there is less certainty. Undoubtedly the false Gospel of Nicodemus, which was very popular in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, had a great influence. But here, too, the Celtic scholars are claiming all for their own, Rhys asserting that the voyage of Joseph of Arimathea is nothing but a Christianized version of the Voyage of Bran, in Irish folklore. In a similar way all the symbols and most of the incidents used by Wagner in his drama are but reflections of old world beliefs that have come to us in the folk tale.

However harshly Wagner may be criticized for the dramatic defects of his *Parsifal,* it still remains a monumental achievement worthy to stand beside his huge tragedy of the Nibelungs and his beautiful version of *Tristan and Iseult.* To have taken these huge poems of the middle ages, to have reduced them to their essence, to have combined different parts of them, welding them together with inventions of his own, and thus to have produced a poem which contained the real spirit of medievalism while yet surcharged with modern motives and thought, can be regarded only as a work of a master mind. Failure to agree with Wagner's philosophy and beliefs, and inclination to dwell on small slips in construction, cannot diminish the glory of the achievement. It is as true of *Parsifal* as it is of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* and *Tristan und Isolde.*

In his drama Wagner employs six personages, Parsifal, Amfortas, the king of the Grail Castle; Gurnemanz, Klingsor, the magician, and Kundry. In addition to these are unnamed knights, the Grail bearer and the Flower maidens. The story is, in brief, as follows:

On a lofty mountain in the Pyrenees of Spain is the castle of Montsalvat (Mont Sauvage), where, in the keeping of King Amfortas and his company of knights, is the Holy Grail, the Cup from which the Saviour drank at the Last Supper, and the spear with which His side was pierced by Longinus. In a near valley lies the Castle

of Klingsor, the magician, who is eternally at war with the knights of the Grail. Once he had tried to become a member of the order, and failing he vowed its destruction and the possession of the sacred cup. By means of seductive damsels he had from time to time lured to destruction members of the companionship, and even the king himself. Amfortas had fallen victim to the wiles of a siren, had sinned, and had lost his sacred spear. In the vain struggle to rescue it he had been wounded by it in the side and could not be cured except by a "pure fool," moved by pity and made wise by fellow-suffering. Each day must he preside over the ceremony of bringing out the Grail, for it furnished food and drink to his companions and kept life in the body of his ancient father, Titurel. Yet the unveiling of the sacred vessel increased his suffering beyond endurance.

As Gurnemanz, the old knight, and some companions, are waiting one morning in a glade of the forest for Amfortas and his train to go to the lake, a wild, fantastic creature, Kundry, appears with a balsam she has brought for the king from Arabia. Then a swan falls pierced by an arrow and there appears an uncouth youth who answers Gurnemanz's reproach with boastful pride at the accuracy of his aim. Questioned by Gurnemanz, he knows not his father, his mother, or his name, yet after a little confesses he remembers his mother and her goodness and how he was lured away from her by the sight of knights in armor and by the hope of becoming one of them. Kundry tells him that his mother is dead and he springs at her in wild rage. He is restrained by Gurnemanz, who, thinking he may be the pure fool, takes him to the castle for the unveiling of the Grail. Stupid and dumb, the boy remains silent through the whole ceremony and is finally turned away by Gurnemanz with the words,

> "Leave all our sorrows for the future alone,
> And seek thyself, gander, a goose."

The second act discloses a tower in Klingsor's Castle. The magician is there waiting the coming of Parsifal,

whom he would have seduced. For this purpose he summons Kundry, a woman who when herself is a worker for good, but under his spell is an irresistible enchantress, his slave because she is not pure, the cause of Amfortas's downfall and the one who will attempt Parsifal's seduction. Parsifal approaches the magician's garden, overthrows the knights on guard, repulses the girls who would woo him, and comes into the presence of Kundry, now a woman of supernatural beauty. She would woo him by sympathy, by the recital of his mother's, Herzeleide's, sorrows brought on by him, and of her death. She bids him learn what love is and presses a long and passionate kiss on his lips. The kiss is his awakening. He understands Amfortas's temptation and fall. The physical agony of the king becomes his mental anguish. He repulses Kundry, who summons Klingsor. The magician hurls the sacred spear at the boy, but it hovers in mid-air over his head. He seizes it, makes the sign of the cross and the castle and all its inmates disappear in ruins.

Years pass. Amfortas, unable longer to endure the agony, refuses to unveil the Grail. The companions wither and Titurel is dead. Gurnemanz, now old and feeble, is a hermit. To him on a Good Friday morning comes Kundry, sad and penitent, asking only to be a servitor. Later comes Parsifal, clad in black armor, carrying the sacred spear. He is searching for the Grail Castle. Making himself known to Gurnemanz, he is greeted as the saver. Kundry bathes his feet and anoints his head and the three set off for the castle where the obsequies of Titurel are about to be held. With the spear-point he touches the wound of Amfortas and heals it. He uncovers the Grail, of which he is now king and keeper. Gurnemanz and Amfortas kneel before it and Kundry, absolved of all her sins, sinks, dying, to the floor.

The bald synopsis of the drama, taken in connection with the synopsis of Chrêtien's and Wolfram's poems, and the other versions of the legend, is sufficient to show how freely Wagner took from all of them and adapted incidents to his own end. Fully to appreciate this it

will be necessary to look at the characters and incidents a little more in detail. He has changed Wolfram's *Parzival* to *Parsifal,* because a German scholar named Görres derived the name from the Arabic "Fal," meaning "foolish," and "parsi," meaning "pure one." Very pretty, but altogether unacceptable. Whether or not he knew it was wrong it suited Wagner's purpose and he adopted it. His conception of the character leans more strongly toward the Boron-Map romances, since he emphasizes the importance of his hero's chastity. His idea of the Grail being the Chalice of the Last Supper comes also from that set of romances, and the identification of the spear with that of Longinus he got from an introduction to Chrêtien's poem, written by a later poet. Amfortas is, of course, the Anfortas of Wolfram, and for dramatic purposes he has changed the manner in which the king was wounded. Titurel occupies much the same position as his namesake in Wolfram and the unnamed old king in Chrêtien. Gurnemanz in the first act is the Gurnemanz of Wolfram, the government of Chrêtien, and in the last act is the old hermit in Wolfram and Chrêtien, who shrives the knight on Good Friday. In Klingsor Wagner has made many changes. In Wolfram the magician has nothing to do with Parzival. It is Gawain who goes to his castle and releases the imprisoned ladies, the Château Merveil which Wagner transformed into his magic castle. Likewise does he change the cause of the magician's mutilation.

But by far the most interesting of all is Kundry. Derivatively she is the Kondrie of Wolfram, who reproaches Parzival for his neglect to ask the questions, and tells him of his mother, and the Lady Orgeluse who leads Gawain into all kinds of adventures. In the drama, however, she is a "type-woman." She is Herodias, and because she laughed at Christ as he staggered up Calvary under the burden of the cross, she is doomed to wander over the earth, condemned to endless laughter. She is Gundryggia, a ruthless Valkyr of the Edda. She is Mary Magdalen and Pakriti. Her prototypes are found in all folk-lore under many forms, and she is the essence of them all. Herself, she would work for good.

She scorns the earth to find a balm for the wounded king. Under Klingsor's spell she is the most dangerous and most seductive of enchantresses. She is finally redeemed by the divine pity of the hero.

As with the characters, so with the incidents. Wagner has taken them from all sources and moulded them to suit his purpose. In the sense of modern revival of an ancient legend, in the sense even as a drama pure and simple, the work is an extraordinary tour de force.

In view of the controversy concerning the "sacredness" of the drama, it is worth while to quote from the *Parsifal and Wagner's Christianity* of David Irvine, the extremest of Wagner worshippers. Says he: "Parsifal is not Christ and the Grail precincts are not heaven; but if the drama is the portrayal of a community lapsed from a blessed condition on account of the sin of its authoritative source — namely, its king — and the temptation of the chosen one who can restore the needed purity to this source in his own person, the music reveals a more ideal standpoint, and brings us into closer communion with the spiritual world." One more quotation, this from Ernest Newman's *Study of Wagner:* "The work is a veritable tour de force. To take these shadowy characters and give them dramatic life, to set before us the half-metaphysical poem of sin and redemption, with its current of ethical psychology so remote from that many of us, and yet to hold us as we are held perhaps no other work of Wagner's, to make us feel that *Parsifal* is in many ways the most wonderful and impressive thing ever done in music — this is surely genius of the highest and rarest kind. . . . Altogether, just as *Tristan* and the *Ring* are the dramatic embodiments of Wagner's social and ethical theories of earlier years, so *Parsifal* is the dramatic embodiment of his latest theories of sin and pity and redemption, the last fruit from an old tree."

In this last sentence is to be found the key to the whole mastery of the drama. All of Wagner's works (it is partly a source of their strength) are but reflections of his convictions, philosophic, ethical, and social, at the time he wrote them. Each one, even *Rienzi,* had its purpose. *Parsifal* is but the reflection of Wagner wholly

possessed by Schopenhauer, of Wagner the foe of vivisection, of Wagner the vegetarian, of Wagner whose great creed then was "enlightenment by pity, and redemption through that enlightenment." It is a vague, misty, impalpable belief for most of us, but so filled with it is he, so forcibly does he impress on us his convictions, that while we are spectators of the work he convinces us. The drama is symbolical of the agonies wrought by the conscience of a sinner; of his redemption by the pity of a pure one who through temptation withstood understands such suffering. It is a plea for mental and physical chastity, a depiction of the beauty of the renunciation of sensuality and the worthiness of repentance, all these in the medieval, outworn monkish sense, to be summed up in the one word "asceticism." In a sense it is religious because its teachings are moral, like those of the *Ring*, whether one agrees with them or not. In another sense — in the commonly accepted meaning of the word — it is not religious, for it does not deal with things that are holy. It is a wonderful embodiment of a beautiful legend, as the *Ring* is, and as *Tristan* is, and it is nothing more.

It is impossible to say much of the music of *Parsifal*, which after all is the most important part of the work. No amount of analysis will convey its meaning and beauty to the reader; nor would a column of themes and motives hacked out of the score. The music represents the highest point of Wagner's development both in the perfection of his system, and in the richness and variety of his harmonic effects. Melodically, it marks his decadence. It is the work of an old and sick man whose fount of inspiration is running dry. Yet there are pages in the score of wondrous beauty, beauty which is now uplifting and soaring, now reeking with sensuality. The solemnity and dignity of the first act changes in the second to rich, glowing strains that give us the sensuality of *Tristan* and the wickedness of the *Venusberg*. And then again in the third act comes the peaceful joy of Good Friday, and finally the exalted fervor of the closing scene.

One does not find in *Parsifal* the melodic spontaneity

which characterizes the *Ring,* the wonderful and vivid appropriateness of each theme which when heard convinces one that no other could be used to express the same idea or emotion. Nor does one find the liquid melody of *Tristan* and the *Meistersinger.* Yet the spell woven by the *Parsifal* music is of subtle and great power, as great in its way as those of the earlier works.

Books in vast numbers exist which will guide one through the labyrinth of motives and themes. Yet it is to the score one should go for study, and then at the performance, with a pair of attentive ears, one may learn for himself its manifold and significant beauties. And when it is finished, he will be willing to say of *Parsifal* what Newman says of the man himself: "The muse of Poetry seems to have dipped her wings into the lucid stream of music, disturbing it with suggestions of a world it had never reflected before, deepening its beauty by closer association with the actual world of men. This was the brain of Wagner. There is none like him, none; it is almost safe to say that there will be none like him to the end of time."

WAKEFIELD, Nancy Amelia Woodbury Priest, an American poet; born at Royalton, Mass., in 1836; died at Winchendon, Mass., in 1870. Her maiden name was Priest, and in 1865 she was married to Lieutenant Arlington C. Wakefield. Her fame rests upon the popular poem, *Over the River,* published in the Springfield *Republican* in 1857. Her poems were published in 1871 by her mother, Mrs. Francis D. Priest, with a Memoir by the Rev. Abijah P. Marvin.

OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me —
  Lov'd ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see
  But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,
  And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there,
  The gate of the city we could not see,
Over the river — over the river,
  My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
  Carried another — the household pet,
Her brown curls wav'd in the gentle gale —
  Darling Minnie, I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
  And fearlessly entered the phantom bark.
We felt it glide from the silver sands
  And all of our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side
  Where all the ransomed angels be;
Over the river — the mystic river —
  My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores
  Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
  And catch a gleam of the snowy sail.
And lo! they have pass'd from our yearning hearts,
  They cross the stream and are gone for aye,
We may not sunder the veil apart
  That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
  May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea,
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore
  They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
  Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
  And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,
  I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
  To the better shore of the spirit-land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
  And joyfully sweet will the meeting be
When over the river — the peaceful river —
  The angel of death shall carry me.

WAKEMAN, EDWARD LEWIS, an American traveler and poet; born near Harvard, Ill., August 23, 1848. In 1879 he founded *The Current* at Chicago, Ill., and later traveled around the world writing letters for leading American newspapers. He became widely known as the successor of Bayard Taylor. He wanders about on foot and alone and paints with so true a hand that to read after him is to travel beside him and see and feel the splendor and sadness of old-world life in marvelous comprehensiveness. He is the highest living authority upon the gypsies. His studies of and companionship with the people of this strange and mysterious race actually cover a period of over thirty years.

There are few fragmentary poems which equal his *Angelus.*

THE ANGELUS.

The purple curtains of the West
  Have almost hid the sunset's fire,
Which, flaming Venice-ward, a crest,

Lights softly dome and cross and spire.
Deep lie the shadows in lagoons
Far as Chioggia's sails and reeds;
The air with landward perfume swoons,
My oarsman bows and counts his beads.
Our craft rides silent on the stream;
And, floating thus, I idly dream.

And dream? Ah, fair queen of the sea,
Not all thy witchings can enthrall
And fold the wings of memory!
A thousand leagues one tone can call,
A thousand leagues one picture bring
In fadeless form and scene to me;
And though thy Angelus thrillful ring
Out o'er the Adriatic Sea,
I hear through all its rythmics rung
Those good old songs my mother sung!

O Angelus-hour to heart and soul,
O Angelus-hour of peace and calm,
When o'er the farm the evening stole,
Enfolding all in summer balm!
Without, the scents of fields — the musk
Of hedge, of corn, of winrowed hay —
The subtle attars of the dusk;
And glow-worms like some milky way;
Within as from an angel's tongue,
Those dear old songs my mother sung:

"From every stormy wind that blows;"
"Softly now the light of day;"
"Thou hidden source of calm repose;"
"I love to steal awhile away;"
"My days are gliding swiftly by;"
"Depths of mercy there can be;"
"Jesus look with pitying eye;"
"Rock of ages cleft for me;"
"Savior, on me thy grace bestow;"
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ!"
Sweet were the echoes that fell on my ear;
"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ!"
I worshiped betimes with my swarthy gondolier.

Three poems, *Auf Wiedersehen; Becalmed* and *In Port,* written by Wakeman during a voyage to Cuba; the first, as the shores of his native land were disappearing, can never fade from American literature. Here is

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

The sun sweeps down behind the hills
As if the tired world scorning;
Worn Labor sighs and counts its ills
Increased, despite all hopes and wills,
While Night's dread pall enfolds and chills;
But, ah, beyond those dark'ning hills
Remember it is morning.

The land fades quickly out of sight,
A thread of purple graven
Upon the bosom of the night,
And boundless waters in their might
Oppose and mock our good ships' flight;
But far, oh, far beyond our sight
There smiles a waiting heaven.

O hearts hope on! — the sun may hide,
Lands fade; but falter never.
The morning comes whate'er betide;
The haven waits though wild the tide;
Labor and Love at last shall glide
Safe to their Soul's-rest, there to bide
In sweet-won peace forever.

My land is lost behind the sea —
O aching heart and burning!
God knows my soul was wrapt in thee;
No more wert thou, in all, to me,

Than I would to thy future be,
And shall be! — if the mighty sea
Give safe and sure returning.

WALFORD, Lucy Bethia Colquhoun, an English novelist; born at Portobello, April 17, 1845. In 1873 her first novel, *Mr. Smith, a Part of his Life,* was sent anonymously to John Blackwood, who published it immediately, and soon requested its author to write for *Blackwood's Magazine.* Her short stories, first published in the magazine, were subsequently issued collectively, under the title *Nan: a Summer Scene.* Most of her novels have first appeared serially in *Blackwood's; Good Words,* and other periodicals. Among them are *Pauline* (1877); *Cousins* (1879); *Troublesome Daughters* (1880); *Dick Netherby* (1881); *The Baby's Grandmother* (1885); *The History of a Week* (1885); *Without Blemish, The Bar-Sinister* and *The New Man at Rossmere* (1886); *A Mere Child* (1888); *A Sage of Sixteen* (1889); *A Garden Party* (1890); *The Mischief of Monica* (1891); *Twelve English Authoresses* (1892); *The Match-maker* (1894); *The Archdeacon* (1899): *Sir Patrick, the Puddock* (1900): and *The Black Familiars* (1904).

DISAPPOINTMENT.

A short, stout, gray man.
Mr. Smith.
The butcher was disappointed that he wasn't a family. All the time that house was building he had made up his

mind that it was for a family. There was rooms in it as ought to have been family rooms. There was rooms as meant roast beef, and there was rooms as meant saddles of mutton and sweetbreads. In his mind's eye he had already provided the servants' hall with rounds, both fresh and salt; and treated the housekeeper to private and confidential kidneys. He had seen sick children ordered tender knuckles of veal, and growing ones strong soup. He had seen his own car at the back door every morning of the week.

After all, it was too provoking to come down to — Mr. Smith.

The butcher set the example, and the grocer and the baker were both ready enough to follow. They were sure they thought there was a family. Somebody had told them so. They couldn't rightly remember who, but they were sure it was somebody. It might have been Mr. Harrop or it might have been Mr. Jessamy.

Harrop was the innkeeper, and, with an innkeeper's independence, denied the imputation flat. He had never said a word of the sort. He had never mentioned such a thing as a family. Leastwise, it would be very queer if he had, seeing as how he had never thought it. He always knew Mr. Smith was Mr. Smith, a single gentleman with no encumbrances; but he must confess that, as to the gentleman himself, he had been led to expect that he was somehow or other different. Someone had told him — he couldn't rightly remember who at the moment — that he was a young, dashing spark, who took a deal of wine, and kept a many horses. Likewise, his informant had stated, he had a valet.

J. Jessamy, hairdresser and perfumer, 39 High Street, corroborated the last statement. He didn't know about his being young, but he understood that he had been one as cared about his appearance. At the very first sight of Mr. Smith, with his thick iron-gray whiskers and clean-shaven lip, Jessamy threw down the box of sponges he was arranging, and exclaimed aloud, "A man can't make his bread off whiskers!"

Mrs. Hunt, the doctor's wife, from her window over the way, saw the sponges fall, and caught sight of Mr.

Smith. In her private mind she was very much of the innkeeper's opinion. The doctor might wish for a family, but her desires took a different form. A Mr. Smith satisfied them very well, but he should have been another sort of Mr. Smith. A Mr. Smith of twenty or thirty, amiable, handsome, unmarried, was the Mr. Smith she had fondly hoped to welcome.

But this old gentleman? *No.* Neither Maria nor Clare would ever look at him, she was sure of that; girls were so foolish. Those silly Tolletons would laugh at him, as they did at everybody, and Maria and Clare would join in with them. Her face grew gloomy at the prospect, as she looked after Mr. Smith walking down the street.

Many pairs of eyes followed Mr. Smith walking down the street that day. He had arrived the previous night, and had not been seen before. The disappointment was universal. This Smith was not the man for them. That was the conclusion each one arrived at for the present. The future must take care of itself.

The short, stout, gray man entered the post-office, and inquired if there were any letters for him.

"What name, sir?"

"Mr. Smith."

Mr. Smith got his letters, and then the postmaster came out to a lady who was sitting in her pony-carriage at the door.

"Beg pardon for keeping you, my lady, but had to get such a number for Mr. Smith."

"So that is Mr. Smith," thought she, taking her letters. "And very like a Mr. Smith, too."

It was but a glance; but the glance which enabled her to ascertain so much caused her to let slip a letter from the budget, and it fell on the pavement. Mr. Smith, coming out at the moment, saw it fall. Slowly and somewhat stiffly, but still before the nimble groom could anticipate him, he stooped and picked it up; then slightly raising his hat, presented it, seal uppermost, to the lady in the carriage.

Lady Sauffrenden felt a faint sensation of surprise. There was nothing in the action, of course, but there was something in the manner of performing it which

was not that of a vulgar man; and a vulgar man she had predetermined the new proprietor to be. She had to pass the house on the Hill every time she drove into the village, and when she heard that it was being built by a Mr. Smith, and that Mr. Smith himself was coming to live in it, she thought she knew exactly the sort of person he would be — a short, stout, gray man, and vulgar.

Then she saw him face to face, and he answered to the the portrait precisely, except — no, not vulgar, odd.

After the affair of the letter she never called him vulgar.

Others saw the incident, but it caused no change in their opinions. It by no means altered Mrs. Hunt's, for instance. Mr. Smith looked none the younger when he stooped down, and his age was her only objection to him. The butcher recommenced his grumbling. What was a Mr. Smith to him? He didn't want no Mr. Smiths. Mr. Smith, indeed! Why, the very name Smith had a family sound. A Mrs. Smith, a young Smith, the Miss Smiths, Bobby Smith, Jack Smith, Joe Smith, the Smiths' baby, and the Smiths' governess seemed to him the only proper Smith connection.

Then the grocer and the baker recurred afresh to their ideal, a Mr. Smith of servants. Children they set little store by, except as they gave rise to servants. Harrop lamented anew the Mr. Smith of his imagination — a mixture of the stable and the cellar; and Jessamy took up his sponges with a sigh, and strove to efface from his memory the lost anticipations of waxed mustachios and scented pocket-handkerchiefs.

Dr. Hunt met Mr. Smith, and but that his house of cards had long before this tumbled in the dust, it would have done so on the spot. Here was the man whom he had been looking to as the embodiment of human ailments! The Mr. Smith of measles, whooping-cough, and chicken-pox; winter sore throats, and summer chills; a Mr. Smith of accidents, it might be; best of all, an increasing Mr. Smith. The family so ardently desired by the villagers he would have been proud to present to them.

There was the man, and where was such a prospect? Tough as leather and as unimpressible. He would neither prove a patient himself, nor take to him one who would. A place like that, too! Why the practice of that house on the Hill ought to have been a cool hundred a year in his pocket. Pish! . . .

One thing, however, told in favor of the new-comer. He was rich. He had not met their expectations in any other way, but he had not failed in this. He really and truly was rich. His fortune was there. It had not melted, as money usually does, when too curiously pried into. The amount, indeed, had been difficult to settle. At first it was thirty, but it had passed through the different gradations of twenty-five, and twenty, to ten thousand a year. His servants deposed to its being ten. Several of them had heard Mr. Smith say so.

Upon investigation, it proved to have been, not Mr. Smith who said so, but his lawyer. The lawyer's phrase was, "A man like you with ten thousand a year." And this, of course, as lawyer's evidence, was even more conclusive than if it had been given by their master himself. The money was therefore secure, and they must make what they could out of it. It, at least, had not cheated them. They bowed low to the fortune. Although it had been reported at thirty, it was held to have stood the test well, when proved to be ten.— *Mr. Smith.*

WALKER, James Barr, an American clergyman and theologian; born at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1805; died at Wheaton, Ill., March 6, 1887. He was a factory-hand, a store-boy, a printer in Pittsburg, a clerk of M. M. Noah, a New York editor; a teacher in New Durham, N. J.; a law-student in Ravenna, O., and, in 1831, a graduate from Western Reserve College. For a time he edited journals at Hud-

son and Cincinnati, O., and, in 1841, became a Presbyterian minister. He established an orphan asylum at Mansfield, O., acted as pastor at Sandusky; and was lecturer on the relations of science and religion, at Oberlin and the Chicago Theological Seminary. About 1843 he published *The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation,* which has been translated into five foreign languages. His other works are *God Revealed in Nature and Christ* (1855), opposing the development theory of that day; *Philosophy of Scepticism and Ultraism* (1857); *Philosophy of the Divine Operation in the Redemption of Man* (1862); *Poems* (1862); *Living Questions of the Age* (1869); *Doctrine of the Holy Spirit* (1870).

CHRISTIAN FAITH TEMPERS IMAGINATION.

There are few exercises of the mind fraught with so much evil, and yet so little guarded, as that of an evil imagination. Many individuals spend much of their time in a labor of spirit which is vain and useless, and often very hurtful to the moral character of the soul. The spirit is borne off upon the wings of an active imagination, and expatiates among ideal conceptions that are improbable, absurd, and sinful. Some people spend about as much time in day-dreams as they do in night-dreams. Imaginations of popularity, pleasure, or wealth employ the minds of worldly men; and perchance the Christian dreams of wealth, and magnificent plans of benevolence, or of schemes less pious in their character. It is difficult to convey a distinct idea of the evil under consideration, without supposing a case like the following:

One day, while a young man was employed silently about his usual pursuits, he imagined a train of circumstances by which he supposed himself to be put in possession of great wealth; and then he imagined that he would be the master of a splendid mansion, surrounded with grounds devoted to profit and amusement — he

would keep horses and conveyances that would be perfect in all points, and servants that would want nothing in faithfulness or affection; he would be great in the eyes of men, and associate with the great among men, and render himself admired or honored by his generation. Thus his soul wandered, for hours, amid the ideal creations of his own fancy.

Now, much of men's time, when their attention might be employed by useful topics of thought, is thus spent in building "castles in the air." Some extraordinary circumstance is thought of by which they might be enriched, and then hours are wasted in foolishly imagining the manner in which they would expend their imaginary funds. Such excursions of the fancy may be said to be comparatively innocent, and they are so, compared with the more guilty exercises of a great portion of mankind. The mind of the politician and the partisan divine is employed in forming schemes of triumph over their opponents. The minds of the votaries of fashion, of both sexes, are employed in imagining displays and triumphs at home and abroad, and those of them who are vicious at heart, not having their attention engaged by any useful occupation, pollute their souls by cherishing imaginary scenes of folly and lewdness. And not only the worthless votaries of the world, but likewise the followers of the holy Jesus, are sometimes led captive by an unsanctified imagination. Not that they indulge in the sinful reveries which characterize the unregenerate sons and daughters of time and sense; but their thoughts wander to unprofitable topics, and wander at times when they should be fixed on those truths which have a sanctifying efficacy upon the heart. In the solemn assemblies of public worship, many of those whose bodies are bowed and their eyes closed in token of reverence for God, are yet mocking their Maker by assuming the external semblance of worshippers, while their souls are away wandering amid a labyrinth of irrelevant and sinful thought.

It is not affirmed that the exercises of the imagination are necessarily evil. Imagination is one of the noblest attributes of the human spirit; and there is something

in the fact that the soul has power to create, by its own combinations, scenes of rare beauty, and of perfect happiness, unsullied by the imperfections which pertain to earthly things, that indicates not only its nobility, but perhaps its future life. When the imagination is employed in painting the beauties of nature; or in collecting the beauties of sentiment and devotion, and in grouping them together by the sweet measures of poetry, its exercises have a benign influence upon the spirit. It is like presenting "apples of gold in pictures of silver" for the survey of the soul. The imagination may degrade and corrupt, or it may elevate and refine the feelings of the heart. The inquiry, then, is important. How may the exercises of the imagination be controlled and directed so that their influence upon the soul shall not be injurious, but ennobling and purifying? Would faith in Christ turn away the sympathies of the soul from those gifted but guilty minds,

> "Whose poisoned song
> Would blend the bounds of right and wrong,
> And hold, with sweet but cursèd art,
> Their incantations o'er the heart,
> Till every pulse of pure desire
> Throbs with the glow of passion's fire,
> And love, and reason's mind control.
> Yield to the simoom of the soul?"

When the conscience had become purified and quickened, it would be a check upon the erratic movements of the imagination; and when the disposition was corrected it would be disinclined to every unholy exercise; so that, in the believer, the disinclination of the will and the disapprobation of the conscience would be powerful aids in bringing into subjection the imaginative faculty. But, more than this, faith in Christ would have a direct influence in correcting the evils of the imagination. It is a law of mind that the subject which interests an individual most subordinates all other subjects to itself, or removes them from the mind and assumes their place. As in a group of persons, who might be socially convers-

ing upon a variety of topics, if some venerable individual should enter and introduce an absorbing subject in which all felt interested, minor topics would be forgotten in the interest created by the master-subject, so when "Christ crucified" enters the presence-chamber of the believer's soul, the high moral powers of the mind bow around in obeisance, and every imagination folds her starry wings around her face, and bows before Immanuel. When the cross of Christ becomes the central subject of the soul, it has power to chasten the imagination, and subdue its waywardness by the sublime exhibition of the bleeding mercy in the atonement. The apostle perceived the efficacy of the cross in subduing vain reasoning and an evil imagination, and alludes to it in language possessing both strength and beauty, as "casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God and [mark] bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

That these views are not idle speculations, but truthful realities, is affirmed by the experience of every Christian. When the imagination is wandering to unprofitable or forbidden subjects, all that is necessary in order to break the chain of evil suggestion, and introduce into the mind a profitable train of thought, is to turn the eye of the soul upon the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." By the presence of this delightful and sacred idea every unworthy and hurtful thought will be awed out of the mind. Thus does faith in the blessed Jesus control and purify the imagination of believers.—*Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, Enlarged Edition.*

NEED OF AN OBJECTIVE REVELATION.

Without aiding himself by written language, man cannot ascend even to the first stages of civilization. . . . Man can receive moral culture only by the aid of signs of moral truth embodied in written language. Man may have by nature an intuition of the being of God, but he has no knowledge of the character of God. . . . Both faith and conscience look to God for authority; and

until faith sees God in truth, conscience will not convict the soul of disobedience. Hence, in the moral culture of the soul, everything depends on the revealment of the truth. But this truth must come to the soul, not as human opinion, or as the utterances of philosophy, but as truth which faith and conscience may recognize as rendered obligatory upon man, but by the will and authority of God.—*Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation, Enlarged Edition.*

WALLACE, ALFRED RUSSEL, an English naturalist and philosopher; born at Usk, Monmouthshire, January 8, 1822. After receiving an education at the grammar school of Hertford, he became a land-surveyor and architect. In 1848, he traveled in the valley of the Amazon, and from 1854 to 1862, in the Malay Islands, where he independently originated the theory of natural selection. His paper *On the Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type* was read before the Linnæan Society, July 1, 1888, on which occasion was read Darwin's, to the same effect. Dr. Wallace, however, magnanimously yielded to Darwin the privilege of a first book on the subject. His books are *Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro* (1852); *Palm Trees of the Amazon, and their Uses,* and *The Malay Archipelago* (1869); *Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection* (1870); *On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism* (1875); *The Geographical Distribution of Animals* (1876); *Tropical Nature* (1878); *Island Life* (1880); *Land Nationalization* (1882); *Forty Years of Registration Statistics; Proving Vaccination to be Both Useless and Dangerous,*

and *Bad Times* (1885); *Darwinism* (1889), a book that sustains the extreme view of natural selection; *Australia and New Zealand* (1893); *The Wonderful Century* (1898); *Studies, Scientific and Social* (1900); and *My Life* (1904).

TROPICAL VEGETATION.

The primeval forests of the equatorial zone are grand and overwhelming by their vastness and by the display of a force of development and vigor of growth rarely or never witnessed in temperate climates. Among their best distinguishing features are the variety of forms and species which everywhere meet and grow side by side, and the extent to which parasites, epiphytes, and creepers fill up every available station with peculiar modes of life. If the traveller notices a peculiar species and wishes to find more of it, he may often turn his eyes in vain in every direction. Trees of varied forms, dimensions, and colors are around him, but he rarely sees any one of them repeated. Time after time he goes toward a tree which looks like the one he seeks, but a closer examination proves it to be distinct. He may at length, perhaps, meet with a second specimen half a mile off, or may fail altogether, till on another occasion he stumbles on one by accident.

The absence of the gregarious or social habit so general in the forests of extra-tropical countries is probably dependent on the extreme equability and permanence of the climate. Atmospheric conditions are much more important to the growth of plants than any others. Their severest struggle for existence is against climate. As we approach toward regions of polar cold or desert aridity the variety of groups and species regularly diminishes; more and more are unable to sustain the extreme climatal conditions, till at last we find only a few specially organized forms which are able to maintain their existence. In the extreme north, pine or birch trees; in the desert, a few palms and prickly shrubs or aromatic herbs, alone survive. In the equable equatorial

zone there is no such struggle against climate. Every form of vegetation has become alike adapted to its genial heat and ample moisture, which has probably changed little even throughout geological periods; and the never-ceasing struggle for existence between various species in the same area has resulted in a nice balance of organic forces, which gives the advantage now to one, now to another, species, and prevents any one type of vegetation from monopolizing territory to the exclusion of the rest. The same general causes have led to the filling up of every place in nature with some specially adapted form. Thus we find a forest of smaller trees adapted to grow in the shade of greater trees. Thus we find every tree supporting numerous other forms of vegetation, and some so crowded with epiphytes of various kinds that their forks and horizontal branches are veritable gardens. Creeping-ferns and arums run up the smoothest trunks; an immense variety of climbers hang in tangled masses from the branches and mount over the highest tree-tops. Orchids, bromelias, arums, and ferns grow from every boss and crevice, and cover the falling and decaying trunks with a graceful drapery. Even these parasites have their own parasitical growth, their leaves often supporting an abundance of minute creeping mosses and hepaticæ. But the uniformity of climate which has led to this rich luxuriance and endless variety of vegetation is also the cause of a monotony that in time becomes oppressive.—*Tropical Nature and Other Essays.*

ORCHIDS.

These interesting plants, so well known from the ardor with which they are cultivated on account of their beautiful and singular flowers, are pre-eminently tropical, and are probably more abundant in the mountains of the equatorial zone than in any other region. Here they are almost omnipresent in some of their countless forms. They grow on the stems, in the forks, or on the branches of trees; they abound on fallen trunks; they spread over rocks, or hang down the face of precipices; while some, like our northern species, grow on the ground among

grass and herbage. Some trees whose bark is especially well adapted for their support are crowded with them, and these form natural orchid-gardens. Some orchids are particularly fond of the decaying leaf-stalks of palms or of tree-ferns. Some grow best over water, others must be elevated on lofty trees and well exposed to sun and air. The wonderful variety in the form, structure, and color of the flowers of orchids is well known; but even our finest collections give an inadequate idea of the numbers of these plants that exist in the tropics, because a large proportion of them have quite inconspicuous flowers and are not worth cultivation. More than thirty years ago the number of known orchids was estimated by Dr. Lindley at 3,000 species, and it is not improbable that they now be nearly double. But whatever may be the numbers of the collected and described orchids, those that still remain to be discovered must be enormous. Unlike ferns, the species have a very limited range, and it would require the systematic work of a good botanical collector during several years to exhaust any productive district — say such an island as Java — of its orchids. It is not therefore at all improbable that this remarkable group may ultimately prove to be the most numerous in species of all the families of flowering plants.— *Tropical Nature and Other Essays.*

WALLACE, Horace Binney, an American lawyer and essayist; born at Philadelphia, Pa., February 26, 1817; died at Paris, December 16, 1852. After graduation from Princeton in 1835, he studied medicine, chemistry, and law, but never adopted a profession. He spent his time in traveling and in study. Overwork produced insanity and he committed suicide. He edited several law-books, and was the author of *Stanley, or the Recollec-*

tions of a Man of the World (1838); *Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe, with Other Papers* (1855); *Literary Criticism and Other Papers* (1856. He aided Rufus W. Griswold in preparing *Napoleon and the Marshals of the Empire* (2 vols., 1847).

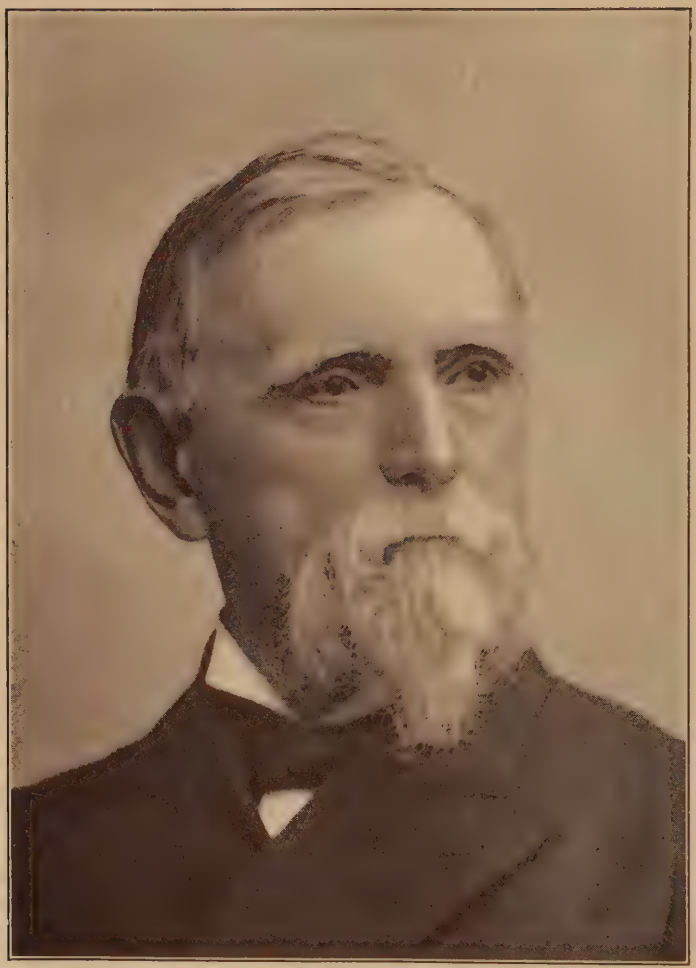
August Comte said of him: "In him heart, intellect, and character united in so rare a combination and harmony that, had he lived, he would have aided powerfully in advancing the difficult transition through which the nineteenth century has to pass."

ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.

There is nothing which strikes you as different from an ordinary mountain, until you are about half-way up, when the masses of lava, which lie about the roots of the volcano, black as death, come upon your view. From that point, the spectacle that expands below you on the other side, as you look away from the hill, is one to which all the resources of the earth show nothing superior. I consider it as one of the great views of the world. Beneath your feet rests the arching Bay of Naples, defined by Misenum on the right and Sorrento on the left. From Resina, toward Naples, and on through it to Posilippo, the entire circuit of the shore, which the Castel del' Novo divides beautifully into a double scallop is one unbroken, glittering range of white buildings, presenting a grand and regular outline. At that extremity of the line rise the pyramidal masses of Ischia and Procida, and other headlands that guard the retiring beauties of the voluptuous Baiæ. Naples sparkled forth like a cluster of signet-gems set in hills, with a range of loftier heights behind it. The waters of the bay, near the circling beach — always blue — looked more deeply so from the elevation at which I stood; while on the opposite side, toward Sorrento, the sun — itself hidden from us by clouds — streamed down in blazing effulgence upon the water, and the isle of Capri loomed up in the middle of the gulf, like an irregu-

lar mass of bronze rising out of a sea of liquid gold. On the right, behind Naples and Portici, to the line of the distant mountains, extended a vast, hollow plain, in which lay a dozen white and closely built villages, scattered about, and, in the intermediate spaces, single houses, peeping out like stars on the approach of evening; at the first glancing look you might see none, but afterward, at every point on which your eye might rest, a villa would seem to reveal itself to your scrutiny. Beyond the hills that etched a relieving background to the plain spread the dark, broad waters of the Mediterranean, in the Gulf of Gaeta. The air between the Bay of Naples and the sky above it was one conflagration of azure light; upon the plain, at the side, lay a purple atmosphere, deep enough to color and illuminate the picture, not obscure it. It seemed as if I had come at last upon the very court, and home and dwelling-place of Aurora; and the snowy villages, which sparkled with brighter show amid a spectacle where all was brilliant, looked like garlands of white flowers, which the early hours had scattered beneath her forthgoing steps, and which still lay glittering on the ground. It was a treasury of the glories of earth and air.

The wind was blowing from us, and the circumstances were favorable for viewing the cavity. It was filled with a dense volume of white gas, which was whirling and rapidly ascending; but the breeze occasionally drove it to the opposite side and disclosed the depths of the frightful chasm. It descended a prodigious distance in the shape of an inverted truncated cone, and then terminated in a circular opening. The mysteries of the profound immensity beyond no human hand might see, no human heart conceive. We hurled some stones into the gulf, and listened till they struck below. The guide gravely assured me that ten minutes elapsed before the sound was heard; I found, by the watch, that the interval was, in reality, something over three-quarters of a minute — and that seems almost incredibly long. When the vapor, at intervals, so far thinned away that one could see across, as through a vista, the opposite side of the crater, viewed athwart the mist,



LEWIS WALLACE.

seemed several miles distant, though in fact, but a few hundred feet. The interior of the shelving crater was entirely covered over with a bed of knob-like blossoms of brilliant white, yellow, green, red, brown — the sulphurous flowers of Hell. It was like death — which has no similitudes in life. It was like a vision of the second death. As the sun gleamed at times through the white breath that swayed and twisted about the maw of the accursed monstrosity, there seemed to be an activity in the vaulted depth, but it was the activity of shadows in the concave of nothingness. It seemed the emblem of destruction, itself extinct.—*Art and Scenery in Europe.*

WALLACE, Lewis ("Lew Wallace"), an American soldier and novelist; born at Brookville, Ind., April 10, 1827; died at Crawfordsville, Ind., February 15, 1905. After receiving a common-school education, he began the study of law; but on the breaking out of the Mexican war he volunteered in the army as lieutenant in an Indiana company. In 1848 he took up the practice of his profession in his native State, and was elected to the Legislature. Near the beginning of the civil war he became colonel of a volunteer regiment; was made a brigadier-general of volunteers in September, 1861, and major-general in March, 1862. He was mustered out of service in 1865; resumed the practice of law at Crawfordsville, Ind.; was made Governor of Utah in 1878; Minister to Turkey in 1881-85; and in 1885 resumed the practice of law at Crawfordsville. The works of General Wallace are *The Fair God,* a story of the conquest of Mexico (1873); *Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ* (1880); *The Boyhood of Christ* (1888); *Life*

of General Benjamin Harrison (1888), and *The Prince of India* (1893).

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD!

"Let us stay here," said Ben-Hur to Balthasar; "the Nazarite may come this way."

The people were too intent upon what they had heard, and too busy in discussion to notice the new-comers. When some hundreds had gone by, and it seemed the opportunity to so much as see the Nazarite was lost to the latter, up the river, and not far away, they beheld a person coming toward them of such singular appearance they forgot all else.

Outwardly the man was rude and uncouth, even savage. Over a thin, gaunt visage of the hue of brown parchment, over his shoulders and down his back below the middle, in witch-like locks, fell a covering of sun-scorched hair. His eyes were burning bright. All his right side was naked, and the color of his face, and quite as meagre; a shirt of the coarsest camel's-hair — coarse as Bedouin tent-cloth — clothed the rest of his person to the knees, being gathered at the waist by a broad girdle of untanned leather. His feet were bare. A scrip, also of untanned leather, was fastened to the girdle. He used a knotted staff to help him forward. His movement was quick, decided, and strangely watchful. Every little while he tossed the unruly hair from his eyes, and peered around as if searching for somebody.

The fair Egyptian surveyed the son of the desert with surprise, not to say disgust. Presently, raising the curtain of the howdah, he spoke to Ben-Hur, who sat his horse near by:

"Is that the herald of thy King?"

"It is the Nazarite," he replied, without looking up.

In truth, he was himself more than disappointed. Despite his familiarity with the ascetic colonists of Engedi — their dress, their indifference to all worldly opinion, their constancy to vows which gave them over to

every imaginable suffering of body, and separated them from others of their kind as absolutely as if they had not been born like them — and notwithstanding he had been notified on the way to look for a Nazarite whose simple description of himself was a Voice from the Wilderness — still Ben-Hur's dream of the King who was to be so great, and do so much had colored all his thought of him, so that he never doubted to find in the forerunner some sign or token of the Royalty he was announcing. Gazing at the savage figure before him, the long train of courtiers whom he had been used to see in the thermæ and imperial corridors at Rome arose before him, forcing a comparison. Shocked, alarmed, he could only answer:

"It is the Nazarite."

With Balthasar it was very different. The ways of God, he knew, were not as men would have them. He had seen the Saviour a child in the manger, and was prepared by his faith for the rude and simple in connection with the Divine reappearance. He was not expecting a King.

In this time of such interest to the new-comers, and in which they were so differently moved, another man had been sitting by himself on a stone by the edge of the river, thinking yet, probably, of the sermon he had been hearing. Now, however, he arose and walked slowly up from the shore, in a course to take him across the line the Nazarite was pursuing, and bring him near the camel.

And the two — the preacher and the stranger — kept on till they came, the former within twenty yards of the animal, the latter within ten feet. Then the preacher stopped, and flung the hair from his eyes, looked at the stranger, threw his hands up as a signal to all the people in sight; and they also stopped, each in the pose of a listener; and when the hush was perfect, slowly the staff in the Nazarite's right hand came down, pointed at the stranger. All those who before were but listeners became watchers also.

At the same instant, under the same impulse, Balthasar and Ben-Hur fixed their gaze upon the man pointed

out; and both took the same impression, only in a different degree. He was moving slowly toward them in a clear space a little to their front — a form slightly above the average in stature, and slender, even delicate. His action was calm and deliberate, like that habitual to men much given to serious thought upon grave subjects; and it well became his costume, which was an under-garment full-sleeved and reaching to the ankles, and an outer robe called the *talith;* on his left arm he carried the usual handkerchief for the head, the red fillet swinging, loose, down his side. Except the fillet and a narrow border of blue at the lower edge of the *talith,* his attire was of linen, yellowed with dust and road-stains. Possibly the exception should be extended to the tassels, which were blue and white, as prescribed by law for rabbis.

These points of appearance, however, the three beholders observed briefly, and rather as accessories to the head and face of the man, which — especially the latter — were the real source of the spell they caught in common with all who stood looking at him.

The head was open to the cloudless light, except as it was draped with hair long and slightly waved, and parted in the middle, and auburn in tint, with a tendency to reddish golden where most strongly touched by the sun. Under a broad, low forehead, under black, well-arched brows, beamed eyes dark-blue and large, and softened to exceeding tenderness by lashes of the great length sometimes seen on children, but seldom if ever, on men. As to the other features, it would have been difficult to decide whether they were Greek or Jewish. The delicacy of the nostrils and mouth was unusual to the latter type; and when it was taken into account with the gentleness of the eyes, the pallor of the complexion, the fine texture of the hair, and the softness of the beard, which fell in waves over his throat to his breast, never a soldier but would have laughed at him in encounter, never a woman who would not have confided in him at sight, never a child that would not, with quick instinct, have given him its hand and whole artless trust; nor might anyone have said that he was not beautiful.

The features, it should further be said, were ruled by a certain expression which, as the viewer chose, might with equal correctness have been called the effect of intelligence, love, pity, or sorrow; though in better speech, it was a blending of them all; a look easy to fancy as a mark of a sinless soul doomed to the sight and understanding of the utter sinfulness of those among whom it was passing; yet withal no one would have observed the face with a thought of weakness in the man; so, at least, would not they who know that the qualities mentioned — love, sorrow, pity — are the results of consciousness of strength to bear suffering oftener than strength to do. Such has been the might of martyrs and devotees and the myriads written down in saintly calendars. And such indeed was the air of this one.

Slowly he drew near — nearer the three.

Now Ben-Hur, mounted and spear in hand, was an object to claim the glance of a king; yet the eyes of the man approaching were all the time raised above him, and not to the loveliness of Iras, but to Balthasar — the old and unserviceable.

The hush was profound. Presently the Nazarite, still pointing with his staff, cried, in a loud voice:

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

The many standing still, arrested by the action of the speaker, and listening for what might follow, were struck with awe by words so strange and past their understanding. Upon Balthasar they were overpowering. He was there to see once more the Redeemer of men. The faith which had brought him the singular privileges of the time long gone abode yet in his heart; and if now it gave to him a power of vision above that of his fellows — a power to see and to know Him for whom he was looking — better than calling the power a miracle, let it be thought of as a faculty of a soul not yet entirely released from the divine relations to which it had been formerly admitted, or as the fitting reward of a life in that age so without examples of holiness — a life itself a miracle. The ideal of his faith was before him, perfect in face, form, dress, action, age; and he was in its view, and the

view was recognition. Ah! now if something should happen to identify the stranger beyond all doubt!

And that was what did happen. Exactly at the fitting moment — as if to assure the trembling Egyptian — the Nazarite repeated the outcry:

"Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!"

Balthasar fell upon his knees. For him there was no need of explanation; and as if the Nazarite knew it, he turned to those more immediately about him, staring in wonder, and continued:

"This is He of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me; for He was before me. And I knew Him not: but that He should be manifest to Israel, therefore am I come baptizing with water. I saw the spirit descending from heaven like a dove, and it abode upon Him. And I knew Him not: but He that sent me to baptize with water said unto me, upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending and remaining upon him, the same is He that baptizeth with the Holy Ghost. And I saw and bare record, that this —" he paused, his staff still pointing to the stranger in the white garments, as if to give a more absolute certainty both to his words and to the conclusions intended —"I bare record that *this* is the Son of God!"

"It is He! it is He!" Balthasar cried, with upraised tearful eyes. Next moment he sank down insensible.

In this time, it should be remembered, Ben-Hur was studying the face of the stranger, though with an interest entirely different. He was not insensible to its purity of feature, and its thoughtfulness, tenderness, humility, and holiness; but just then there was room in his mind for but one thought — Who is this man? And what? Messiah or King? Never was apparition more unroyal. Nay, looking at that calm, benignant countenance, the very idea of war and conquest and lust of dominion smote him like a profanation. He said, as if he were speaking to his own heart, "This man has not come to rebuild the throne of Solomon; he has neither the nature nor the genius of Herod; king he may be, but not of another and greater than Rome."

It should be understood now that this was not a conclusion with Ben-Hur, but an impression merely; and while it was forming — while yet he gazed at the wonderful countenance — his memory began to throe and struggle: "Surely," he said to himself, "I have seen the man; but where and when?" That the look, so calm and peaceful, so loving, had somewhere in a past time beamed upon him, as at that moment it was beaming upon Balthasar, became an assurance. Faintly at first — at last a clear light, a burst of sunshine — the scene by the well of Nazareth, what time the Roman was dragging him to the galleys, returned, and all his being was thrilled. Those hands had helped him when he was perishing. The face was one of the pictures he had carried in his mind ever since. In the effusion of feeling excited, the explanation of the preacher was lost by him — all but the last words — words so marvellous that the world yet rings with them: "This is the Son of God!"

Ben-Hur leaped from his horse to render homage to his benefactor; but Iras cried to him, "Help, son of Hur! help, or my father will die!"

He stopped, looked back, then hurried to his assistance. She gave him the cap; and leaving the slave to bring the camel to its knees, he ran to the river for water. The stranger was gone when he came back.

At last Balthasar was restored to consciousness. Stretching forth his hands, he asked, feebly, "Where is He?"

"Who?" asked Iras.

An intense interest shone upon the good man's face, as if a last wish had been gratified, and he answered:

"He — the Redeemer — the Son of God, whom I have seen again."

"Believest thou so?" Iras asked in a low voice of Ben-Hur.

"The time is full of wonders; let us wait," was all he said. . . .

And next day, while the three were listening to him, the Nazarite broke off in mid-speech, saying reverently:

"Behold the Lamb of God!"

Looking to where he pointed, they beheld the stranger again. As Ben-Hur surveyed the slender figure, and holy, beautiful countenance compassionate to sadness, a new idea broke upon him:

"Balthasar is right — so is Simonides. May not the Redeemer be a King also?" and he asked one at his side:

"Who is the man walking yonder?"

The other laughed mockingly, and replied: "He is the son of a carpenter over in Nazareth."— *Ben-Hur.*

WALLACE, Susan Arnold Elston, an American essayist and traveler; born at Crawfordsville, Ind., in 1830. She has written largely in periodicals, and several of her volumes are made up from materials which had previously appeared in the form of letters from various countries in which she has sojourned from time to time. Her principal works are: *The Storied Sea* (1884); *Ginevra, or the Old Oak Chest* (1884); *The Land of the Pueblos* (1888); *The Repose in Egypt* (1888).

SHOPPING IN DAMASCUS.

Cairo has been termed "the heart of the Orient"; but since the changes there by Ismail Pacha, and the advent of the locomotive, Damascus is the best place for the coloring of Haroun Al-Raschid. The wealth of Damascus is immense, and there are hundreds of khans for merchandise, built round a large covered court, where kneeling and groaning camels deposit their loads. Two galleries run round this space into which open store-rooms, hardly larger than presses. The merchants, who sit cross-legged in front of the meagre shops, and wait for customers, are dignified and reserved as patriarchs. One

might suppose in the small stock of goods there is hardly enough profit to make both ends meet, even with Oriental frugality. Yet these silent, grave shopmen, seemingly so poor, are worth their millions, and could you visit them you would see palaces which make real the visions of Aladdin. The houses of the city are alike; plastered with yellow stucco, a dead wall to the street, giving a dreary and forbidding aspect. Enter the carven doorway into the court with tessellated pavement — a mosaic of bright marbles, where fountains laugh and sing to overhanging vines and blossoms, and the peculiar figs which made the Roman epicure rejoice that ever he was born. One such house was built of Italian marbles, brought from the coast on mules. It had balconies despoiled from Saracenic carvings of Egypt, and was hung with shawls of Hindustan.

But this does not interest the stranger like the bazaars — shadowy, arched, and picturesque. When you become used to dim lights and the gay confusion of colors, discordant voices of men and animals, you will be delighted with them. Not in a week or a month can you explore the recesses where are gathered quaint rarities, new and old, exquisitely finished, dazzling the sight. Uninviting and evil-smelling though they be, here are heaped the spoils of the East. Amber from the Baltic Sea, coral from the Caspian, shell and gold work from Cairo, filigree carvings in ivory and jade from China, coffee-cups of native work crusted with precious gems, chains and suits of armor inlaid with jewels. There are spices from Arabia Felix, ointments from Moab, and alabaster boxes from the country of its name; and such amulets of opal, iridescent and glimmering, talismans of moonstone, and turquoises of the mines of the Pharaohs, warranted to keep off the evil eye; wonderful caskets hinting of inestimable treasures, and ivory chests, delicate as frostwork.

In the dark, crowded chambers of the Turk are rugs soft as down, changeable as feathers of tropic birds, with tints toned completely as hues of the rainbow; scarfs stained with sea-purple, barred and brocaded with gold; vari-colored stuffs which always harmonize. No

magenta-reds and sunflower-yellows in the Damascus bazaars; they would strike the eye as sharp discords pain the ear attuned to music.

Then there is the Kaan-stand, where only the holy volume may lie — the uncreated, the eternal word, subsisting on the essence of Deity, and inscribed with a pencil of light on the table of His everlasting decrees. The consecrated stands are shaped like the letter X, and are made of cedar and mother-of-pearl. Hanging overhead, in dust and gloom, are ostrich-eggs, quaintly ornamented, and ringed with hoops of gold and gems, to be suspended in sacred places — symbols of the resurrection. There are the skins of the spotted leopard, of the black-maned lion from the reedy coverts along the banks of the Euphrates, and superb tiger-robes from the Ganges, to be thrown on divans, or consecrated as prayer-carpets. How can I tell of the Indian-work of screens and cabinets; of fans, and of ancient arms, the mere mention of which stirs the ghosts of dead and gone Crusaders and Paladins? Here are wonderful peacocks, with enamelled breasts, and jewels for the argus-eyes of the sweeping tail; coffee-services of brass and silver set with diamonds, in trays arabesque — old Moorish work; nargiles, with long ropes for smoking through water; amber-mouthed chibouks — every conceivable shape of pipe; meerschaum and ambergris, rose-oil and musk; shawls, silks, table-covers, fabrics of soft wool, furs, and leather-work pliant as silk.

The experienced and enthusiastic shopper goes mad with delight in Damascus. And after the slow day's bargaining comes the pure, sensuous enjoyment of cooling breeze from the snowy mountain-tops, the pomp of sunsets, the glow of starry skies, and the chirp of insect-life in restful unison. All is poetry, picture: appeals to memory and imagination such as are never found in the raw newness of western cities without a history.— *The Repose in Egypt.*

THE PUEBLOS AND THEIR COUNTRY.

The least observant traveler through the country of the Pueblos must notice that it has changed for the worse since the "Great Houses" were built. They stand on the rim of the Colorado Desert, and if we accept the theory of the geologists that this is the dry bed of an inland sea, the climate must once have been very unlike what it is now — waterless ten months of the year, and at summer noon as hot and as stifling as the air of a lime-kiln. Scientists unite in saying that the rainfall west of the Rio Grande is much less than formerly. The present streams are shrunken threads of those which once flowed in their channels when forests were more abundant. Northern Arizona has hills whose bases are covered with dead cedar-trees, immense belts untouched by fire, proving that the conditions friendly to the growth of vegetation are restricted to narrowing limits. Spots that have been productive are barren; springs gushed from the ground which at present is dry and parched; and an agricultural people has lived where now no living being could maintain existence. Everything indicates that this region was formerly better watered. Many rivers of years ago are now rivers of sand; and the Gila, at its best, after gathering the confluent streams, San Pedro and Salado, is not so large in volume as an Indiana creek.

Ethnologists try to prove that the town-builders came from the extreme north — perhaps even from Kamchatka — and that the adobe houses and Montezuma-worship were of indigenous growth, founded by the monarch who bears the proudest name in Indian history. There are no Pueblos north of the 37th parallel, and the decline of the race began long before the Spanish invasion. It will be remembered that the Casas Grandes was a roofless crumbling ruin more than three hundred years ago. The Pueblos must have been a mighty nation in the prime of their strength; and legends of their ancient glory, before they passed under the hated Spanish yoke, are cherished among the different tribes. Reduced as they were in numbers and power, their battle was a long

and gallant struggle. They were finally brought into subjection even to the Moquis, who lived perched in tiny houses on scarred, seamed cliffs of volcanic rock, where Nature's fires are burned out, in a barren country, arid and inhospitable, absolutely worthless to white men.

Never was life so lonely and cheerless as in the desolate hovels of the Moquis. Their land is not a tender solitude, but a forbidding desolation of escarped cliffs, overlooking wastes of sand, where the winds wage war on the small shrubs and venturesome grasses, leaving to the drought such as they cannot uproot. A few scrubby trees, spotting the edge of the plain as if they had looked across the waterless waste, and crouched in fear, furnish a little brushwood for the fires of the Moquis, who are fighting out the battle for existence that is hardly worth the struggle. Fixed habitation anywhere implies some sort of civilization. The flinty hills are terraced, and by careful irrigation they manage to raise corn enough to keep body and soul together. The seven villages within a circuit of ten miles have been isolated from the rest of the world through centuries, yet they have so little intercourse with each other that their tribal languages, everywhere subject to swift mutations, are entirely unlike.

Diminutive, low-set men, wrapped in blankets, passively sitting on the bare, seared rocks in the sun, are the ghastly proprietors of a reservation once the scene of busy activities. They number only 1,600 souls — shreds of tribes almost exhausted, surrounded by dilapidated cities unquestionably of great antiquity. The sad heirship of fallen greatness is written in the emptiness of their barren estates. Fragments of pottery are profusely scattered about; and deeply-worn footpaths leading from village to village, down the river-bank and winding up the plain, mark the ancient thoroughfares, which are now slightly trodden or utterly deserted.— *The Land of the Pueblos.*

WALLACE, William Ross, an American poet; born at Lexington, Ky., in 1819; died at New York, May 5, 1881. He was educated at Bloomington and South Hanover College, Ind., studied law at Lexington, and in 1841 removed to New York, where he practiced his profession. He engaged in literary work and published a poem, *Perdita,* in the *Union Magazine,* which was favorably criticised. His works are *Alban,* a poetical romance (1848), and *Meditations in America and Other Poems* (1851). His most popular poems are *The Sword of Bunker Hill,* a national hymn (1861); *Keep Step with the Music of the Union* (1861), and *The Liberty Bell* (1862).

THE LIBERTY BELL.

A sound like a sound of thunder rolled,
And the heart of a nation stirred —
For the bell of Freedom, at midnight tolled,
Through a mighty land was heard.
And the chime still rung
From its iron tongue
Steadily swaying to and fro;
And to some it came
Like a breath of flame —
And to some a sound of woe.

Above the dark mountain, above the blue wave,
It was heard by the fettered and heard by the brave —
It was heard in the cottage and heard in the hall —
And its chime gave a glorious summons to all.
The sabre was sharpened — the time-rusted blade
Of the Bond started out in the pioneer's glade
Like a herald of wrath; and the host was arrayed!
Along the dark mountain, along the blue wave

Swept the ranks of the Bond — swept the ranks of the Brave;
And a shout as of waters went up to the dome,
When a star-blazing banner unfurled,
Like the wing of some Seraph flashed out from his home,
Uttered freedom and hope to the world.

O'er the hill-top and tide its magnificent fold,
With a terrible glitter of azure and gold,
In the storm, in the sunshine, and darkness unrolled.
It blazed in the valley — it blazed on the mast —
It leaped with its eagle abroad on the blast;
And the eyes of whole nations were turned to its light:
And the heart of the multitude soon
Was swayed by its stars, as they shone through the night
Like an ocean when swayed by the moon.

Again through the midnight that Bell thunders out,
And banners and torches are hurried about:
A shout as of waters: a long-uttered cry!
How it leaps, how it leaps from the earth to the sky!
From the sky to the earth, from the earth to the sea,
Hear a chorus reëchoed, THE PEOPLE ARE FREE!
That old Bell is still seen by the Patriot's eye,
And he blesses it ever when journeying by;
Long years have passed o'er it, and yet every soul
Will thrill in the night to its wonderful roll —
For it speaks in its belfry, when kissed by the blast,
Like a glory-breathed tone, from the mystical Past.
Long years shall roll o'er it, and yet every chime
Shall unceasingly tell of an era sublime,
More splendid, more dear than the rest of all time.
Oh, yes! if the flame on our altars should pale
Let its voice but be heard, and the Freeman shall start
To rekindle the fire, while he sees, on the gale,
All the Stars and the Stripes of the Flag of his heart!

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

He lay upon his dying bed,
  His eyes were growing dim,
When with a feeble voice he called
  His weeping son to him.
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
  "I bow to Heaven's high will,
But quickly from yon antlers bring
  The Sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought; the soldier's eyes
  Lit with a sudden flame,
And as he grasped the ancient blade,
  He murmured Warren's name.
Then said: "My boy, I leave you gold,
  But what is better still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me now,
  The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"'Twas on that dread, immortal day
  We dared the British band,
A captain raised this sword on me,
  I tore it from his hand.
And as the awful battle raged,
  It lighted Freedom's will;
For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
  The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"O keep the sword, and should the foe
  Again invade our land,
My soul will shout from Heaven to see
  It flame in your right hand;
For 'twill be double sacrilege
  If where sunk tyrant — ill
Power dare to strike Man's rights won by
  The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"O keep the sword; you know what's in
  The handle's hollow there:

It shrines, will always shrine, that lock
Of Washington's own hair.
The terror of oppression's here;
Despots! your own graves fill,
O'er Vernon's gift God's seal is on
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

"O keep the sword"— his accents broke;
A smile, and he was dead —
But his wrinkled hands still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still,
And fifty millions bless the sire
And Sword of Bunker Hill.

A hundred years have smiled o'er us
Since for the priceless gem
Of Might with Right that moveless make
Our Nation's diadem.
Putnam, Starke, Prescott, Warren fought
So centuries might thrill
To see the whole world made free by
The Sword of Bunker Hill.

WALLER, EDMUND, an English poet; born at Coleshill, Warwickshire, March 3, 1605; died at Beaconsfield, October 21, 1687. At eighteen years of age he entered Parliament. Prominent as a popular leader, he was nevertheless detected in a Royalist plot, imprisoned, and heavily fined. On his release, he lived in France, but returned and was reconciled to Cromwell, whom he exalted in verse, and, after the Restoration, execrated. At eighty years of age he was still in Parliament, under James II.

His poems, published in 1645 and 1664, are some of them sweet and simple, but are chiefly remarkable for their polish, and as introducing a French style of rhymed pentameter couplets (the "heroic"), which was perfected by Dryden and Pope, but became a universal fashion of tedious see-sawing, down to this century. It has been exquisitely revived, however, in some of the poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes. The fourth selection is an example of this measure, from Waller.

THE BUD.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
  Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
  And did but half itself disclose;
I plucked it though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still, as I did the leaves inspire,
  With such a purple light they shone
As if they had been made of fire,
  And spreading so would flame anon.
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flower my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
  What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love and music, too,
  When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades?

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

  Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
  That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er:
So calm are we when passions are no more:
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

FROM "HIS MAJESTY'S ESCAPE AT ST. ANDREWS."

While to his harp divine Arion sings
The love and conquests of our Albion kings,
Of the fourth Edward was his noble song,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young;
He rent the crown from vanquished Henry's head,

Raised the white rose, and trampled on the red,
Till love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and Warwick to the conquered side —
Neglected Warwick, whose bold hand, like fate,
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our state,
Wooes for his Master, and with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the princely dame,
The Lady Bona, whom just anger burns;
And foreign war with civil rage, returns,
Ah! spare your sword, where beauty is to blame,
Love gave the affront, and must repair the same,
When France shall boast of her, whose conquering eyes
Have made the best of English hearts their prize,
Have power to alter the decrees of fate,
And change again the counsels of our state.

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

ON LOVE.

Anger, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief
So every passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move;

But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs,
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disordered, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despised,
Where he endeavors to be prized.
For women — born to be controlled —
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed oppressed
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tamed th' unruly horse.
  Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppressed
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill;
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guards of eunuchs were,
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.
  All this with indignation spoke.
In vain I struggle with the yoke
Of mighty Love; that conquering look
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.
  So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try

The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, winged with fear, outflies the wind.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE DWARFS.

Design or chance makes others wive,
But nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she denied her little bed
To him, for whom Heaven seemed to frame
And measure out this only dame.
  Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy.
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.
  To him the fairest nymphs do shew
Like moving mountains topped with snow;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem.
  Ah! Chloris, that kind Nature thus
From all the world had severed us;
Creating for ourselves us two,
As Love has me for only you!

FROM 'A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR.'

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves, as Neptune shewed his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repressed.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate
Restored by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven, that hath placed this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and its states to awe,
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither the oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour at your court;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known. . . .

Still as you rise, the state exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you;
Changed like the world's great scene! when, without noise
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage;
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquered world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet the power was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high sp'rits compose;
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him but frights away the rest.

As the vexed world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;
So England now does, with like toil opprest,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight.

Tell of towns stormed, and armies overrun,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won:
How, while you thundered, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse!
Here, in low strains, your milder deeds we sing,
But there, my lord, we'll bays and olives bring

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er conquered nations, and the sea beside:
While all your neighbour Princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and due.

WALPOLE, HORACE, Earl of Orford, an English critic and wit; born at Houghton, Norfolk, October 5, 1717; died at Strawberry Hill, March 2, 1797. He was the son of Sir Robert Walpole, who is called the foremost Englishman of his time. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and traveled with the poet Gray. Returning, he entered Parliament, and continued to be a member of it twenty-seven years. He built a nondescript edifice at Twickenham, naming it Strawberry Hill, and filled it with costly works of art and literature. His fame rests on his letters, descriptive of people and events of his time, and numbering nearly three thousand. The first collection of these, by Cunningham (1857–59), filled nine large octavos. Scott and Byron pronounced the letters incomparable. Besides these, he was author of *Ædes Walpolianæ* (1774), describing his father's pictures; *The Castle of Otranto*, an extravagant romance; *Anecdotes of Painting; Catalogue of Engravers; Catalogue of Noble and Royal Authors; Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign*

of Richard III.; Reminiscences of the Courts of George I. and George II., and memoirs and journals relating to the reigns of the second and third Georges.

THE BRITISH NAVY.

When Britain, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire must decline
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
Our nation's solid virtue did oppose
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.
  And now some months, encamping on the main,
Our naval army had besieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy designed,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confined,
From whence our red cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.
  Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with the unconstant sky:
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

AT PENSHURST.

While in this park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!
Love's foe professed! why dost thou falsely feign
Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain
He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame.
That all we can of love or high desire,

Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring
One so destructive. To no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock;
That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, placed those healing springs
Which not more help than that destruction brings.
The heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
Melt to compassion; now my traitorous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes;
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!
This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing
Thus he advised me: 'On yon aged tree
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce, at least, may with this passion find.
Ah, cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain
Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which Heaven has heaped on her

STRAWBERRY HILL.

You perceive that I have got into a new camp, and have left my tub at Windsor. It is a little plaything house that

I have got out of this Chevenix's shop [Strawberry Hill had been occupied by Mrs. Chevenix, a toy-woman!], and is the prettiest bauble you ever saw. It is set in enamelled meadows, with filigree hedges —

> A small Euphrates through the piece is rolled,
> And little fishes wave their wings of gold.

Two delightful roads, that you would call dusty, supply me continually with coaches and chaises; and barges, as solemn as barons of the Exchequer, move under my window. Richmond Hill and Ham Walks bound my prospect; but, thank God! the Thames is between me and the Duchess of Queensberry. Dowagers, as plenty as flounders, inhabit all around; and Pope's ghost is just now skimming under my window by a most poetical moonlight.

THE SCOTTISH REBELLION.— Nov. 15, 1745.

I told you in my last what disturbance there had been about the new regiments; the affair of rank was again disputed on the report till ten at night, and carried by a majority of twenty-three. The king had been persuaded to appear for it, though Lord Granville made it a party-point against Mr. Pelham. Winnington did not speak. I was not there, for I could not vote for it, and yielded not to give any hindrance to a public measure — or at least what was called so — just now. The prince acted openly, and influenced his people against it; but it only served to let Mr. Pelham see what, like everything else, he did not know — how strong he is. The prince will scarce speak to him, and he cannot yet get Pitt into place.

The rebels are come into England; for two days we believed them near Lancaster, but the ministry now own that they don't know if they have passed Carlisle. Some think they will besiege that town, which has an old wall, and all the militia in it of Cumberland and Westmoreland; but as they can pass by it, I don't see why they should take it, for they are not strong enough to leave garrisons. Several desert them as they advance south;

and altogether, good men and bad, nobody believes them ten thousand. By their marching westward to avoid Wade, it is evident that they are not strong enough to fight him. They may yet retire back into their mountains, but if once they get to Lancaster, their retreat is cut off; for Wade will not stir from Newcastle till he has embarked them deep into England, and then he will be behind them. He has sent General Handasyde from Berwick with two regiments to take possession of Edinburgh. The rebels are certainly in a very desperate situation; they dared not meet Wade; and if they had waited for him, their troops would have deserted. Unless they meet with great risings in their favour in Lancashire, I don't see what they can hope, except from a continuation of our neglect. That, indeed, has nobly exerted itself for them. They were suffered to march the whole length of Scotland, and take possession of the capital, without a man appearing against them. Then two thousand men *sailed* to them, to run from them. Till the flight of Cope's army, Wade was not sent. Two roads still lay into England, and till they had chosen that which Wade had not taken, no army was thought of being sent to secure the other. Now Ligonier, with seven old regiments, and six of the new, is ordered to Lancashire; before this first division of the army could get to Coventry, they are forced to order it to halt, for fear the enemy should be up with it before it was all assembled. It is uncertain if the rebels will march to the north of Wales to Bristol, or towards London. If to the latter, Ligonier must fight them; if to either of the other, which I hope, the two armies may join and drive them into a corner, where they must all perish. They cannot subsist in Wales but by being supplied by the papists in Ireland. The best is, that we are in no fear from France; there is no preparation for invasions in any of their ports. Lord Clancarty, a Scotchman of great parts, but mad and drunken, and whose family forfeited £90,000 a year for King James, is made vice-admiral at Brest. The Duke of Bedford goes in his little round person with

his regiment; he now takes to the land, and says he is tired of being a pen-and-ink man. Lord Gower insisted, too, upon going with his regiment, but is laid up with the gout.

With the rebels in England, you may imagine we have no private news, nor think of foreign. From this account you may judge that our case is far from desperate, though disagreeable. The prince, while the princess lies-in, has taken to give dinners, to which he asks two of the ladies of the bed-chamber, two of the maids of honour, &c., by turns, and five or six others. He sits at the head of the table, drinks and harangues to all this medley till nine at night; and the other day, after the affair of the regiments, drank Mr. Fox's health in a bumper, with three huzzas, for opposing Mr. Pelham:

> "Si quâ fata aspera rumpas,
> Tu Marcellus eris!"

[Ah! couldst thou break through Fate's severe decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee.—*Dryden.*]

You put me in pain for my eagle, and in more for the Chutes, whose zeal is very heroic, but very ill placed. I long to hear that all my Chutes and eagles are safe out of the Pope's hands! Pray, wish the Suarceses joy of all their espousals. Does the princess pray abundantly for her friend the Pretender? Is she extremely *abattue* with her devotion? and does she fast till she has got a violent appetite for supper? And then, does she eat so long, that old Sarrasin is quite impatient to go to cards again? Good-night! I intend you shall still be resident from King George.

P.S.—I forgot to tell you that the other day I concluded the ministry knew the danger was all over; for the Duke of Newcastle ventured to have the Pretender's declaration burnt at the Royal Exchange.

Nov. 22, 1745.

For these two days we have been expecting news of a battle. Wade marched last Saturday from Newcastle, and must have got up with the rebels if they stayed for him, though the roads are exceedingly bad, and great quantities of snow have fallen. But last night there was some notice of a body of rebels being advanced to Penrith. We were put into great spirits by a heroic letter from the mayor of Carlisle, who had fired on the rebels and made them retire; he concluded with saying: "And so I think the town of Carlisle has done his majesty more service than the great city of Edinburgh, or than all Scotland together? But this hero, who was grown the whole fashion for four-and-twenty hours, had chosen to stop all other letters. The king spoke of him at his levée with great encomiums; Lord Stair said: "Yes, sir; Mr. Patterson has behaved very bravely." The Duke of Bedford interrupted him: "My lord, his name is not *Patterson;* that is a Scotch name; his name is *Pattinson.*" But, alack! the next day the rebels returned, having placed the women and children of the country in wagons in front of their army, and forcing the peasants to fix the scaling-ladders. The great Mr. Pattinson, or Patterson — for now his name may be which one pleases — instantly surrendered the town, and agreed to pay two thousand pounds to save it from pillage.

August 1, 1746.

I am this moment come from the conclusion of the greatest and most melancholy scene I ever yet saw! you will easily guess it was the trials of the rebel lords. As it was the most interesting sight, it was the most solemn and fine; a coronation is a puppet-show, and all the splendour of it, idle; but this sight at once feasted one's eyes and engaged all one's passions. It began last Monday; three-parts of Westminster Hall were inclosed with galleries, and hung with scarlet; and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency, except in the one point of leaving the prisoners

at the bar, amidst the idle curiosity of some crowd, and even with the witnesses who had sworn against them, while the Lords adjourned to their own house to consult. No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men who were become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine Lords were present, and made a noble sight on their benches frequent and full! The Chancellor was Lord High Steward; but though a most comely personage with a fine voice, his behaviour was mean, curiously searching for occasion to bow to the minister that is no peer, and consequently applying to the other ministers, in a manner, for their orders; and not even ready to the ceremonial. To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up to the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with all the resolution I could, with the thought of their crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian in weepers for his son, who fell at Culloden — but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me; their behaviour melted me! Lord Kilmarnock and Lord Cromartie are both past forty, but look younger. Lord Kilmarnock is tall and slender, with an extreme fine person; his behavior is a most just mixture between dignity and submission; if in anything to be reprehended, a little affected, and his hair too exactly dressed for a man in his situation; but when I say this, it is not to find fault with him, but to shew how little fault there was to be found. Lord Cromartie is an indifferent figure, appeared much dejected, and rather sullen: he dropped a few tears the first day, and swooned as soon as he got back to his cell. For Lord Balmerino, he is the most natural brave old fellow I ever saw; the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. He pressed extremely to have his wife, his pretty Peggy, with him in the Tower. Lady Cromartie only sees her husband through the grate, not choosing to be shut up with him, as she thinks she can serve him

better by her intercession without. When they were to be brought from the Tower in separate coaches, there was some dispute in which the axe must go — old Balmerino cried, "Come, come, put it with me." At the bar, he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman-jailer; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child, and placed him near himself. . . .

When the peers were going to vote, Lord Foley withdrew, as too well a wisher; Lord Moray, as nephew of Lord Balmerino — and Lord Stair, as, I believe, uncle to his great-grandfather. Lord Windsor, very affectedly, said, "I am sorry I must say guilty upon my honour." Lord Stamford would not answer to the name of Henry, having been christened Harry — what a great way of thinking on such an occasion! I was diverted too with old Norsa, an old Jew that kept a tavern. My brother, as auditor of the exchequer, has a gallery along one whole side of the court. I said, "I really feel for the prisoners!" Old Issachar replied, "Feel for them! pray, if they had succeeded, what would have become of all us?" When my Lady Townshend heard her husband vote, she said, "I always knew my lord was guilty, but I never thought he would own it upon his honour." Lord Balmerino said, that one of his reasons for pleading not guilty, was, that so many ladies might not be disappointed of their show. . . . He said, "They call me Jacobite; I am no more a Jacobite than any that tried me; but if the Great Mogul had set up his standard, I should have followed it, for I could not starve."

LONDON EARTHQUAKES AND LONDON GOSSIP.— Mar. 11, 1751.

> Portents and prodigies are grown so frequent,
> That they have lost their name.

My text is not literally true; but as far as earthquakes go towards lowering the price of wonderful commodities,

to be sure we are overstocked. We have had a second, much more violent than the first; and you must not be surprised if, by next post, you hear of a burning mountain sprung up in Smithfield. In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last — exactly a month since the first shock — the earth had a shivering fit between one and two, but so slight, that if no more had followed, I don't believe it would have been noticed. I had been awake, and had scarce dozed again — on a sudden I felt my bolster lift up my head; I thought somebody was getting from under my bed, but soon found it was a strong earthquake, that lasted half a minute, with a violent vibration and great roaring. I rang my bell; my servant came in, frightened out of his senses; in an instant we heard all the windows in the neighborhood flung up. I got up and found people running into the streets, but saw no mischief done: there has been some; two old houses flung down, several chimneys, and much china-ware. The bells rung in several houses. Admiral Knowles, who has lived long in Jamaica, and felt seven there, says this was more violent than any of them: Francesco prefers it to the dreadful one at Leghorn. The wise say, that if we have not rain soon, we shall certainly have more. Several people are going out of town, for it has nowhere reached above ten miles from London: they say they are not frightened, but that it is such fine weather, "Lord! one can't help going into the country!" The only visible effect it has had was on the Ridotto, at which, being the following night, there were but four hundred people. A parson who came into White's the morning of earthquake the first, and heard bets laid on whether it was an earthquake or the blowing up of powder-mills, went away exceedingly scandalized, and said: "I protest they are such an impious set of people, that I believe if the last trumpet was to sound, they would bet puppet-show against Judgment." If we get any nearer still to the torrid zone, I shall pique myself on sending you a present of cedrati and orange-flower water; I am already planning a *terreno* for Strawberry Hill.

The Middlesex election is carried against the court: the Prince in a green frock — and I won't swear but in a

Scotch plaid waistcoat — sat under the park-wall in his chair, and hallooed the voters on to Brentford. The Jacobites are so transported, that they are opening subscriptions for all boroughs that shall be vacant — this is wise! They will spend their money to carry a few more seats in a parliament where they will never have the majority, and so have none to carry the general elections. The omen, however, is bad for Westminster; the high-bailiff went to vote for the opposition.

THE BURIAL OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

Do you know I had the curiosity to go to the burying t'other night? I had never seen a royal funeral; nay, I walked as a rag of quality, which I found would be, and so it was, the easiest way of seeing it. It is absolutely a noble sight. The Prince's chamber, hung with purple and a quantity of silver lamps, the coffin under a canopy of purple velvet, and six vast chandeliers on high stands, had a very good effect. The ambassador from Tripoli and his son were carried to see that chamber. The procession, through a line of foot-guards, every seventh man bearing a torch, the horse-guards lining the outside, their officers with drawn sabres and crape sashes on horseback, the drums muffled, the fifes, bells tolling, and minute-guns — all this was very solemn. But the charm was the entrance of the Abbey, where we were received by the Dean and Chapter in rich robes, the choir and almsmen bearing torches; the whole Abbey so illuminated, that one saw it to greater advantage than by day; the tombs, long aisles, and fretted roof all appearing distinctly, and with the happiest *chiaroscuro*. There wanted nothing but incense, and little chapels here and there, with priests saying masses for the repose of the defunct; yet, one could not complain of its not being Catholic enough. I had been in dread of being coupled with some boy of ten years old; but the heralds were not very accurate, and I walked with George Grenville, taller and older, to keep me countenance. When we came to the chapel of Henry the Seventh, all solemnity and de-

corum ceased; no order was observed, people sat or stood where they could or would; the yeomen of the guard were crying out for help, oppressed by the immense weight of the coffin; the Bishop read sadly, and blundered in the prayers; the fine chapter, *Man that is born of a woman,* was chanted, not read; and the anthem, besides being immeasurably tedious, would have served as well for a nuptial. The really serious part was the figure of the Duke of Northumberland, heightened by a thousand melancholy circumstances. He had a dark-brown adonis, and a cloak of black cloth, with a train of five yards. Attending the funeral of a father could not be pleasant; his leg extremely bad, yet forced to stand upon it near two hours; his face bloated and distorted with his late paralytic stroke, which has affected, too, one of his eyes, and placed over the mouth of the vault, into which, in all probability, he himself so soon must descend; think how unpleasant a situation! He bore it all with a firm and unaffected countenance. This grave scene was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came into the chapel, and flung himself back in a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle; but in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel to spy who was or was not there, spying with one hand, and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle, standing upon his train to avoid the chill of the marble. (1760, November 13.)

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE MARRIED TO GEORGE III.

ARLINGTON STREET, *September 10, 1761.*

When we least expected the Queen, she came, after being ten days at sea, but without sickness for above half an hour. She was gay the whole voyage, sung to her harpsichord, and left the door of her cabin open.

They made the coast of Suffolk last Saturday, and on Monday morning she landed at Harwich; so prosperously has Lord Anson executed his commission. She lay that night at your old friend Lord Abercorn's, at Witham, in Essex; and, if she judged by her host, must have thought that she was coming to reign in the realm of taciturnity. She arrived at St. James's at a quarter after three on Tuesday the 8th. When she first saw the palace she turned pale; the Duchess of Hamilton smiled. "My dear Duchess," said the Princess, "*you* may laugh; you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me." Is this a bad proof of her sense? On the journey they wanted her to curl her toupet. "No, indeed," said she, "I think it looks as well as those of the ladies who have been sent for me; if the King would have me wear a periwig, I will; otherwise I shall let myself alone." The Duke of York gave her his hand at the garden-gate; her lips trembled, but she jumped out with spirit. In the garden the King met her: she would have fallen at his feet; he prevented and embraced her, and led her into the apartments, where she was received by the Princess of Wales and Lady Augusta. These three Princesses only dined with the King. At ten the procession went to the chapel, preceded by unmarried daughters of peers and peeresses in plenty. The new Princess was led by the Duke of York and Prince William; the Archbishop married them; the King talked to her the whole time with great good-humor, and the Duke of Cumberland gave her away. She is not tall nor a beauty; pale and very thin; but looks sensible, and is genteel. Her hair is darkish and fine; her forehead low, her nose very well, except the nostrils spreading too wide; her mouth has the same fault, but her teeth are good. She talks a good deal, and French tolerably; possesses herself, is frank, but with great respect to the King. After the ceremony, the whole company came into the drawing-room for about ten minutes, but nobody was presented that night. The Queen was in white and silver; an endless mantle of violet-colored velvet, lined with ermine, and attempted to be fastened on her shoulders by a bunch of large pearls, dragged itself and almost the rest of her clothes half-way

down her waist. On her head was a beautiful little tiara of diamonds; a diamond necklace, and a stomacher of diamonds worth three score thousand pounds, which she is to wear at the Coronation, too.

THE AMERICAN WAR.

The Cabinet have determined on a civil war. . . . There is food for meditation! Will the French you converse with be civil and keep their countenances? Pray remember it is not decent to be dancing at Paris, when there is civil war in your own country. You would be like the country squire, who passed by with his hounds when the battle of Edgehill began. (1775, January 22.)

I forgot to tell you that the town of Birmingham has petitioned the Parliament to enforce the American Acts, that is, make war; for they have a manufacture of swords and muskets. (1775, January 27.)

The war with our Colonies, which is now declared, is a proof how much influence jargon has on human affairs. A war on our own trade is *popular!* Both Houses are as eager for it as they were for conquering the Indies — which acquits them a little of rapine, when they are as glad of what will impoverish them as of what they fancied was to enrich them. (1775, February.)

You will not be surprised that I am what I always was, a zealot for liberty in every part of the globe, and consequently that I most heartily wish success to the Americans. They have hitherto not made *one* blunder; and the Administration have made a thousand, besides two capital ones, of first provoking, and then uniting the Colonies. The latter seem to have as good heads as hearts, as we want both. (1775, September 7.)—*Letters.*

LETTER TO SIR HORACE MANN.

ARLINGTON STREET, *March 17, 1757.*

Admiral Byng's tragedy was completed on Monday — a perfect tragedy, for there were variety of incidents, villainy, murder, and a hero! His sufferings, persecutions, aspersions, disturbances, nay, the revolutions of

his fate, had not in the least unhinged his mind; his whole behavior was natural and firm. A few days before, one of his friends standing by him, said, "Which of us is tallest?" He replied, "Why this ceremony? I know what it means; let the man come and measure me for my coffin." He said, that being acquitted of cowardice, and being persuaded on the coolest reflection that he had acted for the best, and should act so again, he was not unwilling to suffer. He desired to be shot on the quarter-deck, not where common malefactors are; came out at twelve, sat down in a chair, for he would not kneel, and refused to have his face covered, that his countenance might show whether he feared death; but being told that it might frighten his executioners, he submitted, gave the signal at once, received one shot through the head, another through the heart, and fell. Do cowards live or die thus? Can that man want spirit who only fears to terrify his executioners?

This scene is over! what will be the next is matter of great uncertainty. The new Ministers are well weary of their situation; without credit at court, without influence in the House of Commons, undermined everywhere, I believe they are too sensible not to desire to be delivered of their burden, which those who increase yet dread to take on themselves. Mr. Pitt's health is as bad as his situation; confidence between the other factions almost impossible; yet I believe their impatience will prevail over their distrust. The nation expects a change every day, and being a nation, I believe, desires it; and being the English nation, will condemn it the moment it is made. These are the politics of the week: the diversions are balls, and the two Princes frequent them; but the eldest nephew [afterward George III.] remains shut up in a room, where, as desirous as they are of keeping him, I believe he is now and then incommode. The Duke of Richmond has made two balls on his approaching wedding with Lady Mary Bruce (Mr. Conway's daughter-in-law): it is the perfectest match in the world; youth, beauty, riches, alliances, and all the blood of all the kings from Robert Bruce to Charles II. They

are the prettiest couple in England, except the father-in-law and mother.

As I write so often to you, you must be content with shorter letters, which, however, are always as long as I can make them. *This* summer will not contract our correspondence. Adieu! my dear Sir.

WALTON, IZAAK, an English biographer and essayist, known as the "father of angling"; born at Stafford, August 9, 1593; died at Winchester, December 15, 1683. He went to London at an early age, where he entered into the business of "sempster," or linen-draper, which he carried on in a "little shop seven feet and a half long, and five feet wide." At fifty he retired with a competency, and passed the remaining forty years of his life in easy quiet. Tradesman in a moderate way as he was, he moved in intellectual society. His principal works are *Life of Dr. Donne* (1640); *Life of Sir Henry Wotton* (1651); *The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation* (1655); *Life of Richard Hooker* (1662); *Life of George Herbert* (1670); *Life of Bishop Sanderson* (1678), and two letters on *The Distempers of the Times* (1680).

Walton's great work is *The Complete Angler,* a treatise on his favorite art of fishing, in which the precepts for the sport are combined with such inimitable descriptions of English river scenery, such charming dialogues, and so prevailing a tone of gratitude for God's goodness, that the book is absolutely unique in literature. The passion of the English for all kinds of field-sports and out-of-door amusements is closely

connected with sensibility to the loveliness of rural nature; and the calm home-scenes of our national scenery are reflected with a loving truth in Walton's descriptions of those quiet rivers and daisied meadows which the good old man haunted, rod in hand. The treatise, with a quaint gravity that adds to its charm, is thrown into a series of dialogues, first between Piscator Venator, and Auceps, each of whom in turn proclaims the superiority of his favorite sport, and afterwards between Piscator and Venator, the latter of whom is converted by the angler, and becomes his disciple. Mixed up with technical precepts, now become a little obsolete, are an infinite number of descriptions of angling-days, together with dialogues breathing the sweetest sympathy with natural beauty and a pious philosophy that make Walton one of the most eloquent teachers of virtue and religion. The expressions are as pure and sweet and graceful as the sentiment; and the occasional occurrence of a little touch of old-fashioned, innocent pedantry only adds to the indefinable fascination of the work, breaking up its monotony like a ripple upon the sunny surface of a stream. No other literature possesses a book similar to *The Complete Angler,* the popularity of which seems likely to last as long as the language.

The greater part in the conversation is borne by Piscator, although the others have not a few pleasant things to say about their respective crafts, as the subjoined, by Auceps:

ENGLISH BIRDS OF SONG.

At first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself, and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and

having ended her heavenly employment, grows then, mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity. How do the blackbird and the throssel, with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful Spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to. Nay, the smaller birds do the like in their particular seasons; as, namely, the laverock, the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind, both alive and dead. But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet, loud music out of her little, instrumental throat that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very laborer sleeps securely, should hear — as I have very often — the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say: "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest to bad men such music upon earth!"—*The Complete Angler.*

To Izaak Walton angling is the chief end of man. "It is," says he, "something like poetry — men must be borne to it." The Saviour nowhere rebukes anglers for their occupation, "for He found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as indeed most anglers are." He loves the fish which he catches, and even the live bait by means of which they are caught; though the frogs so used might have failed to appreciate his benevolence.

TREATING THE BAIT-FROG.

And thus use your frog that he may continue long alive; put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August; and then

the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how. I say, put your hook — I mean the arming-wire — through his mouth and out at his gills; and with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming-wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the arming-wire; and in so doing, use him as though you loved him; that is, harm him as little as possible, that he may live the longer.— *The Complete Angler.*

Piscator, who has succeeded in convincing Venator of the superiority of angling, brings his converse with him to a close by a long moral discourse which thus concludes:

THANKFULNESS FOR WORLDLY BLESSINGS.

Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle-hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and tooth-ache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken; and we have been freed from these and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the unsupportable burden of an accusing tormenting conscience

—a misery that none can bear; and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich;" and it is true indeed: but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, 'that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them.' And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have probably unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that

make a complete country fair, he said to his friend: "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want, though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbor, for not worshipping or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not shew her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbor's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbor, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions and actionable words, and more vexations and lawsuits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband, after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts, for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied: "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend knowing his temper, told him "if he would

find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's gospel, for he there says: "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but, in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honor or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness; and, to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms, where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart; and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can: let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common: let not us forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows, and flowers and fountains, that we have met with since we met together! I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could

obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this and many other like blessings we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither will put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labor to possess my own soul — that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have shewed you, that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavor to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all; for it is well said by Caussin: "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore, be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health; and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of — a blessing that money cannot buy — and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money, which may be said to be the third blessing, neglect it not; but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them; and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thank-

ful heart; which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest scholar! And so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

VENATOR. Well, master, I thank you for all your good directions, but for none more than this last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I in these flowery meads would be,
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious, bubbling noise
I, with my angle, would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or, on that bank, feel the west-wind
Breathe health and plenty; please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then washed off by April showers;
Here, hear my kenna sing a song:
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest;
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love.
Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice;

Or, with my Bryan* and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat;
There see the sun both rise and set;
There bid good-morning to next day;
There meditate my time away;
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

* Supposed to be the name of his dog.

WALWORTH, Clarence Alphonsus, an American poet; born at Plattsburg, N. Y., May 30, 1820; died at New York, in 1900. He was admitted to the bar in 1841, but after a year's practice in Rochester he renounced the law for theology. He studied for three years at the Episcopal General Theological Seminary in New York, but, becoming a Roman Catholic, he went to Belgium, and studied with the Redemptorists. He continued his theological studies at Wittenberg, and was ordained there. After several years of priestly duty in England, he returned to the United States in 1850, to travel at large for fifteen years, engaged in missionary work. He is one of the founders of the Order of Paulists in the United States. In 1864, his health failing, he returned to his home at Saratoga, and later he was made rector of St. Mary's parish, Albany. His works include *The Gentle Skeptic* (1860), on the inspiration of the Old Testament Scriptures; *The Doctrine of Hell* (1874), a discussion with William H. Burr; and *Andiatorocté, or the Eve of Lady Day on Lake George, and Other Poems, Hymns and Meditations in Verse* (1888).

NIGHT-WATCHING.

The clock strikes Nine. I sink to rest
Upon a soft and bolstered bed:
Jesu, what pillow held Thy head,
What couch Thy breast?

The clock strikes Ten. With sleepless eye
I stare into a spaceless gloom:
Come hither, wandering soul; stay home —
Voices are nigh.

Eleven. Peace, needless monitor!
Oh! when the heart looks through her tears,
To gaze upon the eternal years,
What is an hour?

'Tis Midnight. No: 'tis holy noon,
Love and sweet duty make the day;
Night rules, with these two suns away —
Night and no moon.

Another hour! and yet no sleep;
The darkness grows with solemn light.
How full of language is the Night,
And life how deep!

Already Two o'clock! well, well;
Myself and I have met at last
After long absence, and the Past
Has much to tell.

Ring out! ring out! my watch I keep.
O Night, I feel thy sacred power —
How crowded is each holy hour,
Borrowed from sleep!

One, Two, Three, Four! Ye speak to ears
That hear, but heed not how ye roll;
The hours that measure for the soul
Are spaced by tears.

Strikes Five. Night's solemn shroud of crape
Begins to fill with threads of gray,
And, stealing on those threads away,
My joys escape.

Oh, stay with me! I fear the light,
With all its sins and gay unrest.
Sweeter the calm and conscious breast
Of holy night.

— *From Andiatorocté.*

WARBURTON, ELIOT BARTHOLOMEW GEORGE, an Irish traveler and novelist; born near Tullamore, in 1810; died at sea, January 4, 1852. He was educated at Queen's College, and at Trinity, Cambridge, and became a member of the Irish bar, but gave up law for travel and literature. His book *The Crescent and the Cross* (1844), first published as *Episodes of Eastern Travel* in the Dublin *University Magazine,* made him widely known. Following this, he published *Hochelaga, or England in the New World* (1846), the title being the ancient name of Canada; but Part II. pertaining to the United States; *Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers* (1849); *Darien, or the Merchant Prince,* and *Memoirs of Horace Walpole and His Contemporaries* (1851); also *Reginald Hastings, a Tale of 1640–50.* He perished in the destruction of the West Indian mail-steamer *Amazon,* lost off Land's End. In *Hochelaga* there is a sketch of the rebellions and invasions of Canada in 1837–38.

His *Crescent and the Cross,* parts of which were first published in the Dublin *University Magazine,* under the title *Episodes of Eastern Travel,* attracted wide-spread attention, and received praise from the highest literary authorities, Sir Archibald Allison saying that the descriptions rivalled those of William Beckford and that they were indelibly engraven on the national mind.

MOOSE-HUNTING.

We pressed on rapidly over the brow of the hill, in the direction of the dogs, and came upon the fresh track of

several moose. In my eagerness to get forward, I stumbled repeatedly, tripped by the abominable snow-shoes, and had great difficulty in keeping up with the Indians, who, though also violently excited, went on quite at their ease. The dogs were at a standstill, and, as we emerged from the thick part of the wood, we saw them surrounding three large moose, barking viciously, but not daring to approach within reach of their hoofs or antlers. When the deer saw us, they bolted away, plunging heavily through the deep snow, slowly and with great difficulty; at every step sinking to the shoulder, the curs at their heels as near as they could venture. They all broke in different directions; the captain pursued one, I another, and one of the Indians the third; at first they beat us in speed; for a few hundred yards mine kept stoutly on, but his track became wider and more irregular, and large drops of blood on the pure, fresh snow showed that the poor animal was wounded by the hard, icy crust of the old fall. We were pressing down the hill through very thick "bush" and could not see him, but his panting and crashing through the underwood were plainly heard. On, on, the branches smash and rattle, but just ahead of us the panting is louder and closer, the track red with blood; the hungry dogs howl and yell almost under our feet. On, on, through the deep snow, among rugged rocks and the tall pines, we hasten, breathless and eager. Swinging around a close thicket, we open in a swampy valley with a few patriarchal trees rising from it, bare of branches to a hundred feet in height; in the centre stands the moose, facing us; his failing knees refuse to carry him any further through the choking drifts; the dogs press upon him; whenever his proud head turns, they fly away yelling with terror, but with grinning teeth and hungry eyes rush at him from behind.

He was a noble brute, standing at least seven feet high; his large, dark eye was fixed, I fancied almost imploringly, upon me as I approached. He made no further effort to escape, or resist; I fired, and the ball struck him in the chest. The wound roused him; infuriated by the pain, he raised his huge bulk out of the

snow, and plunged toward me. I fired the second barrel; he stopped, and staggered, stretched out his neck, and blood gushed in a stream from his mouth, his tongue protruded, then slowly, as if lying down to rest, he fell over in the snow. The dogs would not yet touch him; nor would even the Indians; they said that this was the most dangerous time — he might struggle yet; so we watched cautiously till the large, dark eye grew dim and glazed, and the sinewy limbs were stiffened out in death; then we approached and stood over our fallen foe.

When the excitement which had touched the savage chord of love of destruction, to be found in every nature, was over, I felt ashamed, guilty, self-condemned, like a murderer; the snow defiled with the red stain; the meek eye, a few moments before bright with healthy life, now a mere filmy ball; the vile dogs, that had not dared to touch him while alive, licked up the stream of blood, and fastened on his heels. I was thoroughly disgusted with myself and the tame and cruel sport.

The Indians knocked down a decayed tree, rubbed up some dry bark in their hands, applied a match to it, and in a few moments made a splendid fire close by the dead moose; a small space was trampled down, the saplings laid as usual, for a seat, from whence I inspected the skinning and cutting up of the carcass; a part of the proceeding which occupied nearly two hours. The hide and the most valuable parts were packed on the toboggans, and the remnant of the noble brute was left for the wolves; then we returned to the cabin.— *Hochelaga.*

WARBURTON, WILLIAM, an English critic and theologian; born at Newark, December 24, 1698; died at Gloucester, June 7, 1779. He was the son of an attorney and adopted his father's profession, but forsook it for the church, becoming

rector of Brand Broughton, Lincolnshire, and rising by preferments to the office of bishop. Among his works were *The Alliance Between Church and State* (1736), a defence of the same; *The Divine Legation of Moses* (1738–41), a ponderous work of learning, assuming and defending an omission of immortality in the Old Testament, in reply to deists; *Remarks on Rutherforth's Essay on Virtue* (1747); a defence of Pope's *Essay on Man; The Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion;* and a *View of Bolingbroke's Philosophy* (1755); a review of Hume's *Natural History of Religion,* and an edition of Shakespeare with comments. Pope bequeathed to him the copyright of his poems and other works valued at £4,000. A volume of the bishop's letters was published anonymously by Bishop Hurd (1809), entitled *Letters from a Prelate.*

The arrogance and dogmatism of Warburton have become almost proverbial. His great learning was thrown away on paradoxical speculations, and none of his theological or controversial works have in the slightest degree benefited Christianity. His notes and commentaries on Shakespeare and Pope are devoid of taste and genius, but often display curious erudition and ingenuity. His force of character and various learning, always ostentatiously displayed, gave him a high name and authority in his own day; but his contemporary fame has failed to receive the impartial award of posterity. Gibbon speaks of the *Divine Legation* as a brilliant ruin. The metaphor may be applied to Warburton's literary character and reputation. The once formidable fabric is now a ruin — a ruin not venerable from cherished associations, but great, unsightly, and incongruous.

THE GRECIAN MYTHOLOGY — THE VARIOUS LIGHTS IN WHICH IT WAS REGARDED.

Here matters rested; and the vulgar faith seems to have remained a long time undisturbed. But as the age grew refined, and the Greeks became inquisitive and learned, the common mythology began to give offence. The speculative and more delicate were shocked at the absurd and immoral stories of their gods, and scandalized to find such things make an authentic part of their story. It may, indeed, be thought matter of wonder how such tales, taken up in a barbarous age, came not to sink into oblivion as the age grew more knowing, from mere abhorrence of their indecencies and shame of their absurdities. Without doubt, this had been their fortune, but for an unlucky circumstance. The great poets of Greece, who had most contributed to refine the public taste and manners, and were now grown into a kind of sacred authority, had sanctified these silly legends by their writings, which time had now consigned to immortality.

Vulgar paganism, therefore, in such an age as this, lying open to the attacks of curious and inquisitive men, would not, we may well think, be long at rest. It is true, free-thinking then lay under great difficulties and discouragements. To insult the religion of one's country, which is now the mark of learned distinction, was branded in the ancient world with public infamy. Yet free-thinkers there were, who, as is their wont, together with the public worship of their country, threw off all reverence, for religion in general. Amongst these were Euhemerus, the Messenian, and, by what we can learn, the most distinguished of this tribe. This man, in mere wantonness of heart, began his attacks on religion by divulging the secret of the mysteries. But as it was capital to do this directly and professedly, he contrived to cover his perfidy and malice by the intervention of a kind of Utopian romance. He pretended 'that in a certain city, which he came to in his travels, he found this grand secret, that the gods were dead men deified, preserved in their sacred writings, and confirmed by monu-

mental records inscribed to the gods themselves, who were there said to be interred.' So far was not amiss; but then, in the genuine spirit of his class, who never cultivate a truth but in order to graft a lie upon it, he pretended 'that dead mortals were the first gods, and that an imaginary divinity in these early heroes and conquerors created the idea of a superior power, and introduced the practice of religious worship amongst men.' Our freethinker is true to his cause, and endeavours to verify the fundamental principle of his sect, that fear first made gods, even in that very instance where the contrary passion seems to have been at its height, the time when men made gods of their deceased benefactors. A little matter of address hides the shame of so perverse a piece of malice. He represents those founders of society and fathers of their country under the idea of destructive conquerors, who, by mere force and fear, had brought men into subjection and slavery. On this account it was that indignant antiquity concurred in giving Euhemerus the proper name of atheist, which, however, he would hardly have escaped, though he had done no more than divulge the secret of the mysteries, and not poisoned his discovery with this impious and foreign addition, so contrary to the true spirit of that secret.

This detection had been long dreaded by the orthodox protectors of pagan worship; and they were provided of a temporary defence in their intricate and properly perplexed system of symbolic adoration. But this would do only to stop a breach for the present, till a better could be provided, and was too weak to stand alone against so violent an attack. The philosophers, therefore, now took up the defence of paganism where the priests had left it, and to the others' symbols added their own allegories, for a second cover to the absurdities of the ancient mythology; for all the genuine sects of philosophy, as we have observed, were steady patriots, legislation making one essential part of their philosophy; and to legislate without the foundation of a national religion was, in their opinion, building castles in the air. So that we are not to wonder they took the alarm, and opposed these insult-

ers of public worship with all their vigour. But as they never lost sight of their proper character, they so contrived that the defence of the national religion should terminate in a recommendation of their philosophic speculations. Hence, their support of the public worship, and their evasion of Euhemerus's charge, turned upon this proposition, "That the whole ancient mythology was no other than the vehicle of physical, moral, and divine knowledge.' And to this it is that the learned Eusebius refers, where he says: 'That a new race of men refined their old gross theology, and gave it an honester look, and brought it nearer to the truth of things.'

However, this proved a troublesome work, and after all, ineffectual for the security of men's private morals, which the example of the licentious story according to the letter would not fail to influence, how well soever the allegoric interpretation was calculated to cover the public honour of religion; so that the more ethical of the philosophers grew peevish with what gave them so much trouble, and answered so little to the interior of religious practice. This made them break out, from time to time, into hasty resentments against their capital poets; unsuitable, one would think, to the dignity of the authors of such noble recondite truths as they would persuade us to believe were treasured up in their writings. Hence it was that Plato banished Homer from his republic, and that Pythagoras, in one of his extramundane adventures, saw both Homer and Hesiod doing penance in hell, and hung up there for examples, to be bleached and purified from the grossness and pollution of their ideas.

The first of these allegories, as we learn from Laertius, was Anaxagoras, who, with his friend Metrodorus, turned Homer's mythology into a system of ethics. Next came Hereclides Ponticus, and of the same fables made as good a system of physics. And last of all, when the necessity became more pressing, Proclus undertook to shew that all Homer's fables were no other than physical, ethical and moral allegories.— *The Divine Legation.*

IS LUXURY A PUBLIC BENEFIT?

To the lasting opprobrium of our age and country, we have seen a writer publicly maintain, in a book so entitled, that *private vices were public benefits.* . . . In his proof of it, he all along explains it by vice only in a certain measure, and to a certain degree. . . . The author, descending to the enumeration of his proofs, appears plainly to have seen that vice in general was only accidentally productive of good: and therefore avoids entering into an examination of particulars; but selects, out of his favorite tribe, *luxury,* to support his execrable paradox; and on this alone rests his cause. By the assistance of this ambiguous term, he keeps something like an argument on foot, even after he hath left all the rest of his city-crew to shift for themselves.

First, in order to perplex and obscure our idea of luxury, he hath labored, in a previous dissertation, on the origin of moral virtue, to destroy those very principles, by whose assistance we are only able to clear up and ascertain that idea: where he decries and ridicules the essential difference of things, the eternal notions of right and wrong; and makes virtue, which common moralists deduce from thence, the offspring of craft and pride.

Nothing now being left to fix the idea of luxury but the positive precepts of Christianity, and he having stript these of their only true and infallible interpreter, the principles of natural religion, it was easy for him to make those precepts speak in favor of any absurdities that would serve his purpose, and as easy to find such absurdities supported by the superstition and fanaticism of some or other of those many sects and parties of Christianity, who, despising the principles of the religion of Nature as the weak and beggarly elements, soon came to regard the natural appetites as the graceless furniture of the old man, with his affections and lusts.

Having got Christianity at this advantage, he gives us for Gospel that meagre phantom begot by the hypocrisy of monks on the misanthropy of ascetics; which

cries out, An abuse! whenever the gifts of Providence are used further than for the bare support of nature. So that by this rule everything becomes luxury which is more than necessary. An idea of luxury exactly fitted to our author's hypothesis: for if no state can be rich and powerful while its members seek only a bare subsistence, and, if what is more than a bare subsistence be luxury, and luxury be vice, the consequence, we see, comes in pat — private vices are public benefits. Here you have the sole issue of all this tumor of words. . . .

But the Gospel is a very different thing from what bigots and fanatics are wont to represent it. It enjoins and forbids nothing in moral practice but what natural religion had before enjoined and forbid. Neither could it, because one of God's revelations, whether ordinary or extraordinary, cannot contradict another; and because God gave us the first, to judge the others by it. . . .

The religion of nature, then, being restored, and made the rule to explain and interpret the occasional precepts of Christianity; what is luxury by natural religion, that, and that only, must be luxury by revealed. So a true and precise definition of it, which this writer (triumphing in the obscurity which, by these arts, he hath thrown over the idea) thinks it impossible to give, so as not to suit with his hypothesis, is easily settled. Luxury is the using of the gifts of Providence to the injury of the user, either in person or his fortune; or to the injury of any other, toward whom the user stands in any relation, which obliges him to aid and assist.

Now it is evident, even from the instances this writer brings of the public advantages of consumption, which he indiscriminately, and therefore falsely, calls luxury, that the utmost consumption may be made, and so all the ends of a rich and powerful Society served, and without injury to the user, or anyone, to whom he stands related; consequently without luxury, and without vice. When the consumption is attended with such injury, then it becomes luxury, then it becomes vice. But then let us take notice that this vice, like all others, is so far from being advantageous to Society, that it is the most cer-

tain ruin of it. It was this luxury which destroyed Rome.— *The Divine Legation of Moses, Vol I., Book I.*

WARD, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, an American novelist and poet; born at Andover, Mass., August 13, 1844. Her grandfather, Moses Stuart, and her father, Austin Phelps, were professors in the Theological Seminary at Andover, and both contributed largely to religious literature. Her mother wrote several popular books, among which is *Sunny Side* (1851). The daughter commenced writing at an early age. Her works — some of which had already appeared in periodicals, are: *Ellen's Idol* (1864); *Up Hill* (1865); *Mercy Gliddon's Work* (1866); *Tiny Stories* (4 vols., 1866–69); *Gipsy Stories* (4 vols., 1866–69); *The Gates Ajar* (1868); *Men, Women and Ghosts* (1869); *The Silent Partner* (1870); *Trotty's Wedding Tour* (1873); *The Good-Aim Series* (1874); *Poetic Studies* (1875); *The Story of Avis* (1877); *My Cousin and I* (1879); *Old Maid's Paradise* (1879); *Sealed Orders* (1879); *Friends, a Duet* (1881); *Beyond the Gates* (1883); *Songs of the Silent World* (1884); *Dr. Zay* (1884); *Burglars in Paradise* (1886); *The Gates Between* (1887); *Jack the Fisherman* (1887); *The Struggle for Immortality* (1889); *Memoirs of Austin Phelps,* her father (1891); *Donald Marcy* (1893); *Hedged In; The Supply at Saint Agatha's; A Singular Life* (1896); *The Life of Christ* (1897); *The Gates Ajar* (1903); and *Trixy* (1904). In 1888 Miss Phelps married Mr. Herbert D. Ward. They have published two novels in collabora-

tion, *The Master of the Magicians* and *Come Forth* (1890).

THE "HANDS" AT HAYLE AND KELSO'S.

If you are one of the "hands" in the Hayle and Kelso Mills, you go to your work, as is well known, from the hour of half-past six to seven, according to the turn of the season. Time has been when you went at half-past four. The Senior forgot this the other day in a little talk which he had with his Silent Partner very naturally, the time having been so long past. But the time has been, is now yet, in places. Mr. Hayle can tell you of mills he saw in New Hampshire, where they ring them up, winter and summer, in and out, at half-past four in the morning. Oh, no, never let out before six as a matter of course. Mr. Hayle disapproves of this; Mr. Hayle thinks it not human; Mr. Hayle is confident that you would find no mission Sunday-school connected with that concern.

If you are one of the "hands," you are so dully used to this classification that you were never known to cultivate an objection to it, are scarcely found to notice either its use or disuse: being neither head nor heart, what else remains? Scarcely conscious from bell to bell, from sleep to sleep, from day to dark, of either head or heart, there seems a singular appropriateness of the word with which you are dimly struck. Hayle and Kelso label you. There you are. The world thinks, aspires, creates, enjoys. There you are. You are the fingers of the world. You take your patient place. The world may have read of you; but only that it may think, aspire, create, enjoy. It needs your patience as well as your place. You take both, and the world is used to both; and so, having put the label on for safety's sake, lest you should be mistaken for a thinking, aspiring, creating, enjoying compound, and so someone be poisoned, shoves you into your place upon its shelf, and shuts its cupboard door upon you.

If you are one of the "hands," then, in Hayle and Kelso's, you have a breakfast of bread and molasses

probably; you are apt to eat it while you dress. Somebody is heating the kettle, but you cannot wait for it. Somebody tells you that you have forgotten your shawl; you throw it over one shoulder and step out, before it is fastened, into the sudden raw air. You left lamplight indoors, you find moonlight without. The night seems to have overslept itself; you have a fancy for trying to wake it — would like to shout at it or cry through it, but feel very cold, and leave that for the bells to do by and by. You and the bells are the only waking things in life. The great brain of the world is in serene repose; the great heart of the world lies warm to the core with dreams; the great hands of the world, the patient, the perplexed — one almost fancies at times, just for fancy — seeing you here by the morning moon, the dangerous hands alone are stirring in the dark.

You hang up your shawl and your crinoline, and understand, as you go shivering by gaslight to your looms, that you are chilled to the heart, and that you were careless about your shawl, but do not consider carefulness worth your while, by nature or by habit; a little less shawl means a few less winters in which to require shawling. You are a godless little creature, but you cherish a stolid leaning, in those morning moons, toward making an experiment of death and a wadded coffin.

By the time the gas is out, you cease perhaps — though you cannot depend upon that — to shiver, and incline less and less to the wadded coffin, and more to a chat with your neighbor in the alley. Your neighbor is of either sex and any description, as the case may be. In any event — warming a little with the warming day — you incline more and more to chat.

If you chance to be a cotton-weaver, you are presently warm enough. It is quite warm enough in the weaving-room. The engines respire into the weaving-room; with every throb of their huge lungs you swallow their breath. The weaving-room stifles with steam. The window-sills are guttered to prevent the condensed steam from running in streams along the floor; sometimes they overflow, and the water stands under the looms. The walls

perspire profusely; on a damp day drops will fall from the roof. The windows of the weaving-room are closed. They must be closed; a stir in the air will break your threads. There is no air to stir; you inhale for a substitute a motionless, hot moisture. If you chance to be a cotton-weaver it is not in March that you think most about your coffin.

Being a "hand" in Hayle and Kelso's, you are used to eating cold luncheon in the cold at noon; or you walk, for the sake of a cup of soup or coffee, half a mile, three-quarters, a mile and a half, and back. You are allowed three-quarters of an hour to do this. You go and come upon the jog-trot.

You grow moody, being a "hand" at Hayle and Kelso's, with the declining day, are inclined to quarrel or to confidence with your neighbor in the alley; find the overseer out of temper, and the cotton full of flaws; find pains in your feet, your back, your eyes, your arms; feel damp and sticky lint in your hair, your neck, your ears, your throat, your lungs; discover a monotony in the process of breathing hot moisture. You lower your window at your risk; are bidden by somebody whose threads you have broken to put it up; and put it up. You are conscious that your head swims, your eyeballs burn, your breath quickens. You yield your preference for a wadded coffin, and consider whether the river would not be the comfortable thing. You cough a little, cough a great deal; lose your balance in a coughing-fit, snap a thread, and take to swearing roundly.

From swearing you take to singing; both, perhaps, are equal relief — active and diverting. There is something curious about that singing of yours. The time, the place, the singers, characterize it sharply: the waning light, the rival din, the girls with tired faces. You start some little thing with a refrain, and a ring to it. A hymn, it is not unlikely; something of a River, and of Waiting, and of Toil and Rest, or Sleep, or Crowns, or Harps, or Home, or Green Fields, or Flowers, or Sorrow, or Repose, or a dozen things; but always it will be noticed, of simple, spotless things, such as will surprise the listener who caught you at your oath of five minutes

past. You have other songs, neither simple nor spotless, it may be; but you never sing them at your work when the waning day is crawling out from spots beneath your loom, and the girls lift up their tired faces to catch and keep the chorus in the rival din.

You like to watch the contest between the chorus and the din; to see — you seem almost to see — the struggle of the melody from loom to loom, from darkening wall to darkening wall, from lifted face to lifted face; to see — for you are very sure you see — the machinery fall into a fit of rage; that is a sight! You would never guess, unless you had watched it just as many times you have, how that machinery will rage; how it throws its arms about; what fists it can clench; how it shakes at the elbows and knees; what teeth it knows how to gnash; how it writhes and roars; how it clutches at the leaky gas-lights; and how it bends its impudent black head; always, at last without fail, and your song sweeps triumphant over it! With this you are very much pleased, though only a "hand" in Hayle and Kelso's.

You are singing when the bell strikes, and singing still when you clatter down the stairs. Something of the simple spotlessness of the little song is on your face when you dip into the wind and dusk. Perhaps you have only pinned your shawl or pulled your hat over your face, or knocked against a stranger on the walk. But it passes; it passes, and is gone. It is cold and you tremble, direct from the morbid heat in which you have stood all day; or you have been cold all day, and it is colder and you shrink. Or you are from the weaving-room, and the wind strikes you faint; or you stop to cough, and the girls go on without you. The town is lighted, and the people are out in their best clothes. You pull your dingy veil about your eyes. You are weak and heart-sick all at once. You don't care to go home to supper. The pretty song creeps back for the engine in the deserted dark to crunch. You are a miserable little factory-girl with a dirty face. — *The Silent Partner.*

AFTERWARD.

There is no vacant chair. The loving meet —
  A group unbroken — smitten who knows how?
One sitteth silent only, in his usual seat;
  We gave him once that freedom. Why not now?

Perhaps he is too weary, and needs rest;
  He needed it too often, nor could we
Bestow. God gave it, knowing how to do so best.
  Which of us would disturb him? Let him be.

There is no vacant chair. If he will take
  The mood to listen mutely, be it done.
By his least mood we crossed, for which the heart must ache,
  Plead not nor question! Let him have this one.

Death is a mood of life. It is no whim
  By which life's Giver mocks a broken heart.
Death is life's reticence. Still audible to Him,
  The hushed voice, happy, speaketh on, apart.

There is no vacant chair. To love is still
  To have. Nearer to memory than to eye,
And dearer yet to anguish than to comfort, will
  We hold him by our love, that shall not die.

For while it doth not, thus he cannot. Try!
  Who can put out the motion or the smile?
The old ways of being noble all with him laid by?
  Because we love, he is. Then trust awhile.

— *Songs of the Silent World.*

NEW NEIGHBORS.

Within the window's scant recess,
  Behind a pink geranium flower,
She sits and sews, and sews and sits,
  From patient hour to patient hour.

As woman-like as marble is,
  Or as a lovely death might be —
A marble death condemned to make
  A feint at life perpetually.

Wondering, I watch to pity her;
  Wandering, I go my restless ways;
Content, I think the untamed thoughts
  Of free and solitary days,

Until the mournful dusk begins
  To drop upon the quiet street,
Until, upon the pavement far,
  There falls the sound of coming feet:

A happy, hastening, ardent sound,
  Tender as kisses on the air —
Quick, as if touched by unseen lips
  Blushes the little statue there;

And woman-like as young life is,
  And woman-like as joy may be;
Tender with color, lithe with love,
  She starts, transfigured gloriously.

Superb in one transcendent glance —
  Her eyes, I see, are burning black —
My little neighbor, smiling, turns,
  And throws my unasked pity back.

I wonder, is it worth the while,
  To sit and sew from hour to hour —
To sit and sew with eyes of black,
  Behind a pink geranium flower?

— *Songs of the Silent World.*

WARD, Mary Augusta Arnold ("Mrs. Humphry Ward"), an English novelist; born at Hobart, Tasmania, June 11, 1851. Her father, Thomas — a younger brother of Matthew Arnold — was a government officer in Tasmania. He became afterward a professor in the Roman Catholic University of Dublin, settled at Oxford, edited books, and wrote a manual of English Literature. The daughter married Thomas Humphry Ward, author of *English Poets; Men of the Reign; The Reign of Queen Victoria,* etc. Mrs. Ward is the author of *Milly and Ollie, or a Holiday Among the Mountains* (1880); *Miss Bretherton* (1884); a translation of *Amiel's Journal* (1885); a critical estimate of Mrs. Browning; *Robert Elsmere,* a novel (1888), by which she is best known; *David Grieve* (1892); *Marcella* (1894); *Sir George Tressady* (1895); *The Story of Bessie Costrell* (1895); *Helbeck of Bannisdale* (1898); *Eleanor* (1900); *Lady Rose's Daughter* (1902); *The Marriage of William Ashe* (1905); and *Fenwicke's Career* (1906).

Of *Robert Elsmere,* William Sharp says: "All that the critic of fiction commonly looks to — incident, evolution of plot, artistic sequence of events, and so forth — seems secondary when compared with the startlingly vivid presentment of a human soul in the storm and stress incidental to the renunciation of past spiritual domination and the acceptance of new hopes and aspirations. . . . Merely as a tale of contemporary English life, a fictitious record of the joys and sorrows, loves and antagonisms, fortune and misfortune, of men and women more or less like individ-

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

uals whom most of us know, it is keenly interesting. . . . Mrs. Ward's literary method is that of George Eliot; indeed, there is a curious affinity in *Robert Elsmere* to *Adam Bede* — though there is perhaps not an incident, possibly no play of character, or acute side-light or vivifying suggestion that could be found in both, while the plot and general scheme are entirely dissimilar."

OXFORD.

The weather was all that the heart of man could desire, and the party met on Paddington platform with every prospect of another successful day. Forbes turned up punctual to the moment, and radiant under the combined influence of the sunshine and of Miss Bretherton's presence; Wallace had made all the arrangements perfectly, and the six friends found themselves presently journeying along to Oxford. . . . At last the "dreaming spires" of Oxford rose from the green, river-threaded plain, and they were at their journey's end. A few more minutes saw them alighting at the gate of the new Balliol, where stood Herbert Sartoris looking out for them. He was a young don with a classical edition on hand which kept him working up after term, within reach of the libraries, and he led the way to some pleasant rooms overlooking the inner quadrangle of Balliol, showing in his well-bred look and manner an abundant consciousness of the enormous good fortune which had sent him Isabel Bretherton for a guest. For at that time it was almost as difficult to obtain the presence of Miss Bretherton at any social festivity as it was to obtain that of royalty. Her Sundays were the objects of conspiracies for weeks beforehand on the part of those persons in London society who were least accustomed to have their invitations refused, and to have and to hold the famous beauty for more than an hour in his own rooms, and then to enjoy the privilege of spending five or six long hours on the river with her, were delights which, as the happy young man felt, would

render him the object of envy to all — at least of his fellow-dons below forty.

In streamed the party, filling up the book-lined rooms and starting the two old scouts in attendance into unwonted rapidity of action. Miss Bretherton wandered around, surveyed the familiar Oxford luncheon-table, groaning under the time-honored summer fare, the books, the engravings, and the sunny, irregular quadrangle outside, with its rich adornings of green, and threw herself down at last on to the low window-seat with a sigh of satisfaction.

"How quiet you are! how peaceful; how delightful it must be to live here! It seems as if one were in another world from London. Tell me what that building is over there; it's too new, it ought to be old and gray like the colleges we saw coming up here. Is everybody gone away — 'gone down,' you say? I should like to see all the learned people walking about for once."

"I could show you a good many if there were time," said young Sartoris, hardly knowing, however, what he was saying, so lost was he in admiration of that marvellous changing face. "The vacation is the time they show themselves; it's like owls coming out at night. You see, Miss Bretherton, we don't keep many of them; they are in the way in term-time. But in vacation they have the colleges and the parks and the Bodleian to themselves and their umbrellas, under the most favorable conditions."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Bretherton, with a little scorn, "people always make fun of what they are proud of. But I mean to believe that you are all learned, and that everybody here works himself to death, and that Oxford is quite, quite perfect!"

"Did you hear what Miss Bretherton was saying, Mrs. Stuart?" said Forbes, when they were seated at luncheon. "Oxford is perfect, she declares already; I don't think I quite like it; it's too hot to last."

"Am I such a changeable creature, then?" said Miss Bretherton, smiling at him. "Do you generally find my enthusiasms cool down?"

"You are as constant as you are kind," said Forbes,

bowing to her. . . . "Oh! the good times I've had up here — much better than he ever had"— nodding across at Kendal, who was listening. "He was too properly behaved to enjoy himself; he got all the right things, all the proper first-classes and prizes, poor fellow! But, as for me, I used to scribble over my notebooks all lecture-time, and amuse myself the rest of the day. And then, you see, I was up twenty years earlier than he was, and the world was not as virtuous then as it is now, by a long way."

Kendal was interrupting, when Forbes, who was in one of his maddest moods, turned around upon his chair to watch a figure passing along the quadrangle in front of the bay-window.

"I say, Sartoris, isn't that Camden, the tutor who was turned out of Magdalen a year or two ago for that atheistical book of his, and whom you took in, as you do all the disreputables? Ah, I knew it!

> "'By the pricking of my thumbs
> Something wicked this way comes.'

That's not mine, my dear Miss Bretherton; it's Shakespeare's first, Charles Lamb's afterward. But look at him well — he's a heretic, a real, genuine heretic. Twenty years ago it would have been a thrilling sight; but now, alas! it's so common that it's not the victim but the persecutors who are the curiosity."

"I don't know that," said young Sartoris. "We liberals are by no means the cocks of the walk that we were a few years ago. You see, now we have got nothing to pull against, as it were. So long as we had two or three good grievances, we could keep the party together, and attract all the young men. We were Israel going up against the Philistines, who had us in their grip. But now, things are changed; we've got our way all round, and it's the Church party who have the grievances and the cry. It is we who are the Philistines, and the oppressors in our turn, and, of course, the young men as they grow up are going into the opposition."

"And a very good thing, too!" said Forbes. "It's

the only thing that prevents Oxford becoming as dull as the rest of the world. All your picturesqueness, so to speak, has been struck out of the struggle between the two forces. The Church force is the one that has given you all your buildings and your beauty, while as for you liberals, who will know such a lot of things that you're none the happier for knowing — well, I suppose you keep the place habitable for the plain man who doesn't want to be bullied. But it's a very good thing the other side are strong enough to keep you in order." . . .

Then they strolled into the quiet cathedral, delighted themselves with its irregular, bizarre beauty, its unexpected turns and corners, which gave it a capricious, fanciful air, for all the solidity and business-like strength of its Norman framework; and as they rambled out again, Forbes made them pause over a window in the northern aisle — a window by some Flemish artist of the fifteenth century, who seems to have embodied in it at once all his knowledge and all his dreams. In front sat Jonah under his golden-tinted gourd — an ill-tempered Flemish peasant — while behind him the indented roofs of the Flemish town climbed the whole height of the background. It was probably the artist's native town; some roofs among those carefully outlined gables sheltered his household Lares. But the hill on which the town stood, and the mountainous background and the purple sea, were the hills and the sea not of Belgium, but of a dream-country — of Italy, perhaps, the mediæval artist's paradise.

"Happy man!" said Forbes, turning to Miss Bretherton; "look, he put it together four centuries ago — all he knew and all he dreamt of. And there it is to this day, and beyond the spirit of that window there is no getting. For all our work, if we do it honestly, is a compound of what we know and what we dream." . . .

They passed out into the cool and darkness of the cloisters, and through the new buildings, and soon they were in the Broad Walk, trees as old as the Commonwealth bending overhead, and in front the dazzling green of the June meadows, the shining river in the distance,

and the sweep of cloud-flecked blue arching in the whole. — *Miss Bretherton.*

HAWTHORNE.

How many instances might be given of the romantic temper in Hawthorne! — the wonderful passage in *The House of the Seven Gables,* where Phœbe, before her eyes perceived him, is conscious in the shadowed room of Clifford's return; the grim vengeance of Roger Chillingworth; the appearance in the Catacombs of Miriam's mysterious persecutor; that swift murder on the Tarpeian rock; Hilda's confession in St. Peter's; and a hundred more — not to speak of such things as *Roger Malvin's Burial* or *The Ambitious Guest* or *Rappacini's Daughter,* each of them a romantic masterpiece which may match with any other of a similar kind from the first or second generation of the European Romantics. Surprise, invention, mystery, a wide-ranging command, now of awe, horror, and magnificence, and now a grace, half-toned and gentle as a Spring day, combined with that story teller's resource which is the gift of the gods alone — these things we shall find in Hawthorne, just as we find them — some or all of them — in Hugo or Musset, in Gautier or Mérimée.

But what a marvel of genius that it should be so! For while Victor Hugo's childhood and youth were passed first in Naples, then in Spain, and finally in the Paris of the Restoration, amid all that might fitly nourish the great poet who came to his own in 1830, Hawthorne's youth and early manhood, before the Brook Farm experience, were passed, as he himself tells us, in a country where there were "no shadows, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight," in a town and a society which had and could have nothing — or almost nothing — of those special incitements and provocations which, in the case of his European contemporaries, were always present. As to the books which may have influenced him, they do not seem to be easy to trace. But I remember a mention of Bürger's

Lenore in the *Note Books,* which links him with Scott's beginnings; and a reference to a translation he was making of a tale by Tieck gives me particular pleasure, because it connects him with our great English Romantic, Emily Brontë, who was reading Tieck about the same time. Naturally, in the thirties and forties, a man of fine literary capacity, commanding French and German, and associated with Emerson, Longfellow, and Margaret Fuller, must have read the European books of the moment, and must have been stirred by the European ideas and controversies then affecting his craft. And indeed the love of the past, the love of nature, curiosity, freedom, truth, daring — all these Romantic traits are Hawthorne's.— *The Cornhill Magazine.*

WARD, NATHANIEL, an English clergyman and satirist; born at Haverhill, Suffolk, in 1578; died at Shenfield, Essex, in 1652. He was the son of John Ward, a famous Puritan minister, was graduated at Cambridge in 1603, studied law, which he practiced in England, and traveled extensively. He entered the ministry, and on his return to England held a pastorate in Sussex. In 1631 he was tried for nonconformity by Archbishop Laud, and, though he escaped excommunication, was deprived of his charge. In 1634 he sailed for New England, and became colleague to the Rev. Thomas Parker at Ipswich. He resigned in 1636, but resided at Ipswich and compiled for the colony of Massachusetts *The Body of Liberties,* which was adopted by the General Court in 1641, and which was the first code of laws established in New England. In 1646 he returned to England, and became pastor of a church in Shenfield, which post he

held until his death. While in America he published *The Simple Cobbler of Agawam In America, Willing to Help Mend His Native Country, Lamentably Tattered Both in the Upper-Leather and the Sole.* His *Simple Cobbler's Boy with His Lap-full of Caveats,* was written in America and published under the pen-name of Theodore de la Guard in 1646. Two American editions were issued, one in Boston in 1718, the other, edited by David Pulsifer, in 1843.

TO THE NEEDLESSE TAYLOR.

From his working (im—) posture.

Let him beware that his dispositions be not more crosse than his legges or sheeres.

If he will be a Church member, he must remember to away with his crosse + members. For Churches must have no Crosses, nor kewcaws. Againe,

He must not leap from the Shop-board into the Pulpit to make a sermon without tayle or head, nor with a Taylor's head.

From the patch.

Let him take heed he make not a Sermon like a Beggar's cloak pacht up of a thousand ragges, most douterty, nor, like his own fundamentall Cushion, boch't up of innumerable shreds, and every one of a several colour (not a couple of parishioners among them) and stuft with nothing but bran, chaffe, and the like lumber, scarce fit for the streete.

Let him not for a Needle mistake a Pen, and write guil-lets, making a Goose of himself.

Take heede of the hot Iron there.

Let him not insteed of pressing cloth oppresse truth, nor put errors into the Presse.

The Hand and Sheeres do speak this cutting language.

Keep to thy Calling Mr. and cut thy coat according

to thy cloth. Neglect not to use thy brown thread, lest thy Family want browne bread, and suffer a sharp stitch.

The Breeches with wide nostrils do Promulgate this Canon-law.

That the Taylor (when he preaches) be sure to exclaim against the new Fashions (a disease incident unto Horses and Asses) that so he live not by others pride, while he exhorts to humility. The Tub of shreds utters Ferking advice That he do not filch Cloths, Silkes, Velvets, Sattins, etc., in private nor pilfer Time from others in publike, nor openly rob Ministers of their employment, nor secretly tell any secret lye.

From the out (side) facings counsaile that he do not cloak-over any tattered suit of hypocrital knavery with a fair-facing of an outside profession.

Well to the Point.

That he consider that as a Needle, the thread or silk. so a Schismatick, drawes a long traine of folly-followers after him, when he deales in points by the dozen.

From the Seame-rippings.

That Hereticall opinions, unlesse they be ript open, are of as dangerous consequence as an hempen collar, etc., a man were better be hanged, than to have his immortal soul stifled therewith.— *The Simple Cobbler's Boy.*

MINISTERS.

A profound Heretick is like a huge Tub full of sirrup, his followers are like Wasps and Gadflies that buz and frisk about him, and sting at them that would keep them off: but at last they are so entangled in the slimy pap, that it is a thousand unto one if ever they returne safe, but there they dye and make the sirrup of their Tenets to stink intolerably.

But a Godly and learned Minister is like a Master-

Bee, the Word and the World are his Garden and Field, the works of God and his Divine truths are his Flowers; Peace of Conscience, Joy in the Holy-Ghost, the consolations of Christ are his Honey; his Heart is an Hive, his Head is an Honey-Comb; reproof is his sting wherewith he spurs on, or spurnes away the sluggish Drone, *Ignavum fucos Pecus,* etc. The Bee was born a Confectioner, and though he make but one sort of confection, yet it easily transcends all the Art of man:

For,

The Bees' work is pure, unmixt, Virgin honey; man's knick-knacks are jumbled and blended. I apply it God's Word is pure, man's invention is mixt.

> Then if in Manna you will trade,
> You must boyle no more Marmolade.
> Lay by your Diet-bread and slicing-knife,
> If you intend to break the Bread of Life.
> — *The Simple Cobbler's Boy.*

ON THE FRIVOLITIES OF FASHION.

Should I not keep promise in speaking a little to women's fashions, they would take it unkindly. I was loath to pester better matter with such stuff; I rather thought it meet to let them stand by themselves, like the *Quæ Genus* in the grammar, being deficients, or redundants, not to be brought under any rule: I shall therefore make bold for this once, to borrow a little of their loose-tongued Liberty, and misspend a word or two upon their long-waisted, but short-skirted Patience: a little use of my stirrup will do no harm.

> *Ridentem dicere verum, quid prohibet?*
> Gray Gravity itself can well beteem,
> That language be adapted to the theme.
> He that to parrots speaks must parrotise:
> He that instructs a fool may act th' unwise.

It is known more than enough that I am neither niggard, nor cynic, to the due bravery of the true gentry.

I honor the woman that can honor herself with her attire; a good text always deserves a fair margin; I am not much offended if I see a trim far trimmer than she wears it. In a word, whatever Christianity or civility will allow, I can afford with London measure: but when I hear a nugiperous gentledame inquire what dress the Queen is in this week: what the nudiustertian fashion of the Court, with egg to be in it in all haste, whatever it be, I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cipher, the epitome of nothing, fitter to be kicked, if she were of a kickable substance, than either honored or humored.

To speak moderately, I truly confess it is beyond the ken of my understanding to conceive how these women should have any true grace, or valuable virtue, that have so little wit, as to disfigure themselves with such exotic garbs, as not only dismantles their native lovely lustre, but transclouts them into gantbar-geese, ill-shapen, shell-fish, Egyptian hieroglyphics, or at least into French flurts of the pastery, which a proper English woman should scorn with her heels. It is no marvel they wear drailes on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing, as it seems, in the fore-part, but a few squirrels' brains to help them frisk from one ill-favored fashion to another.

> These whimm' Crown'd shees, these fashion-fancying wits,
> Are empty thin brainèd shells, and fiddling Kits,

the very troublers and impoverishers of mankind. I can hardly forbear to commend to the world a saying of a Lady living some time with the Queen of Bohemia; I know not where she found it, but it is a pity it should be lost.

> The world is full of care, much like unto a bubble,
> Women and care, and care and women, and women and care and trouble.

The verses are even enough for such odd pegma. I can make myself sick at any time, with comparing the

dazzling splendor wherewith our gentlewomen were embellished in some former habits, with the gutfounered goosedom, wherewith they are now surcingled and debauched. We have about five or six of them in our colony; if I see any of them accidentally, I cannot cleanse my fancy of them for a month after. I have been a solitary widower almost twelve years, purposed lately to make a step over to my native country for a yoke-fellow: but when I consider how women there have tripe-wifed themselves with their cladments, I have no heart for the voyage, lest their nauseous shapes and the sea should work too sorely upon my stomach. I speak sadly; methinks it should break the hearts of English men, to see so many goodly English women imprisoned in French cages, peering out of their hood holes for some of mercy to help them with a little wit, and nobody relieves them.

It is a more common than convenient saying, that nine tailors make a man: it were well if nineteen could make a woman to her mind. If tailors were men indeed well furnished but with mere moral principles, they would disdain to be led about like apes by such mimic marmosets. It is a most unworthy thing for men that have bones in them to spend their lives in making fiddle-cases for futilous women's fancies; which are the very pettitoes of infirmity, the giblets of perquisquilian toys. I am so charitable to think that most of that mystery would work the cheerfuller while they live, if they might be well discharged of the tiring slavery of mistiring women. It is no little labor to be continually putting up English women into outlandish casks; who if they be not shifted anew, once in a few months, grow too sour for their husbands. What this trade will answer for themselves when God shall take measure of tailors' consciences is beyond my skill to imagine.

There was a time when

> The joining of the Red Rose with the White,
> Did set our State into a Damask plight.

But now our roses are turned to flore de lices, our

carnations to tulips, our gillyflowers to daisies, our city dames to an indenominable quæmalry of overturcased things. He that makes coats for the moon had need take measures every noon: and he that makes for women, as often, to keep them from lunacy.

I have often heard divers ladies vent loud feminine complaints of the wearisome varieties and chargeable changes of fashions: I marvel themselves prefer not a Bill of redress. I would Essex ladies would lead the chore, for the honor of their country and persons; or rather the thrice honorable ladies of the court, whom it best beseems: who may well presume of a *Le Roy le veult* from our sober king, a *Les Seigneurs ont assentus* from our prudent peers, and the like *assentus,* from our considerate, I dare not say wife-worn Commons; who I believe had much rather pass one such bill than pay so many tailors' bills as they are forced to do.

Most dear and unparalleled Ladies, be pleased to attempt it: as you have the precellency of the women of the world for beauty and feature, so assume the honor to give, and not take law from any, in matter of attire. If ye can transact so fair a motion among yourselves unanimously, I dare say they that most renite will least repent. What greater honor can your Honors desire than to build a promontory precedent to all foreign ladies, to deserve so eminently at the hands of all the English gentry present and to come: and to confute the opinion of all the wise men in the world; who never thought it possible for women to do so good a work.

If any man think I have spoken rather merrily than seriously, he is much mistaken, I have written what I write with all the indignation I can, and no more than I ought. I confess I veered my tongue to this kind of *language de industria,* though unwillingly, supposing those I speak to are uncapable of grave and rational arguments.

I desire all ladies and gentlewomen to understand that all this while I intend not such as, through necessary modesty to avoid morose singularity, follow fashions slowly, a flight shot or two off, showing by their moderation that they rather draw countermont with their hearts than put on by their examples.

I point my pen only against the light-heeled beagles that lead the chase so fast that they run all civility out of breath, against these ape-headed pullets which invent antique fool-fangles, merely for fashion and novelty sake.

In a word, if I begin once to declaim against fashions, let men and women look well about them, there is somewhat in the business; I confess to the world, I never had grace enough to be strict in that kind; and of late years, I have found syrup of pride very wholesome in a due dose, which makes me keep such store of that drug by me, that if anybody comes to me for a question-full or two about fashions, they never complain of me for giving them hard measure, or under weight.

But I address myself to those who can both hear and mend all if they please: I seriously fear, if the Pious Parliament do not find time to state fashions, as ancient Parliaments have done in a part, God will hardly find a time to state religion or peace. They are the surquedryes of pride, the wantonness of idleness, provoking sins, the certain prodromies of assured judgment.— Zeph. i. 7, 8.

It is beyond all account how many gentlemen's and citizens' estates are deplumed by their fether-headed wives, what useful supplies the pannage of England would afford other countries, what rich returns to itself, if it were not sliced out into male and female fripperies; and what a multitude of misemployed hands might be better improved in some more manly manufactures for the public weal. It is not easily credible, what may be said of the preterpluralities of tailors in London: I have heard an honest man say that not long since there were numbered between Temple-bar and Charing-Cross eight thousand of that trade; let it be conjectured by that proportion how many there are in and about London, and in all England they will appear to be very numerous. If the Parliament would please to mend women, which their husbands dare not do, there need not so many men to make and mend as there are. I hope the present doleful estate of the realm will persuade more strongly to some considerate course herein than I now can.

Knew I how to bring it in, I would speak a word to

long hair, whereof I will say no more but this: if God proves not such a barber to it as he threatens, unless it be amended, Isai. vii. 20, before the peace of the State and Church be well settled, then let my prophecy be scorned, as a sound mind scorns the riot of that sin, and more it needs not. If those who are termed rattle-heads and impuritans would take up a resolution to begin in moderation of hair to the just reproach of those that are called Puritans and Roundheads, I would honor their manliness as much as the others' godliness, so long as I knew what man or honor meant: if neither can find a barber's shop, let them turn in, to Psalm lxviii: 21, Jer. vii. 29, 1 Cor. xi. 14. If it be thought no wisdom in men to distinguish themselves in the field by the scissors, let it be thought no injustice in God not to distinguish them by the sword. I had rather God should know me by my sobriety than mine enemy not know me by my vanity. He is ill kept that is kept by his own sin. A short promise is a far safer god than a long lock: it is an ill distinction which God is loath to look at.— *The Simple Cobbler of Agawam.*

SIX HOBNAILS.

I pray let me drive in half a dozen plain honest country hobnails, such as the martyrs were wont to wear, to make my work hold the surer, and I have done:

There lives cannot be good,
  There faith cannot be sure
Where truth cannot be quiet,
  Nor ordinances pure.

No King can king it right,
  Nor rightly sway his rod,
Who truly loves not Christ,
  And truly fears not God.

He cannot rule a land,
  As lands should rulèd been,
That lets himself be rul'd
  By a ruling Roman Queen.

EUGENE FITCH WARE.

No earthly man can be
  True subject to this State,
Who makes the Pope his Christ,
  An heretic his mate.

There Peace will go to war,
  And Silence make a noise,
Where upper things will not
  With nether equipoise.

The upper world shall rule,
  While stars will run their race:
The nether World obey,
  While people keep their place.

THE CLENCH.

If any of these come out
  So long's the world do last
Then credit not a word
  Of what is said and past.
— *The Simple Cobbler of Agawam.*

WARE, EUGENE FITCH ("IRONQUILL"), an American poet; born in Connecticut in 1841. He removed to the West as a youth and later engaged in journalism in Kansas and Nebraska. From 1902 to 1904 he was United States Pension Commissioner. He has published *Rhymes of Ironquill* and has contributed many popular poems to magazines and newspapers.

THE WASHERWOMAN'S FRIEND.

In a very humble cot,
In a rather quiet spot,

In the suds and in the soap,
Worked a woman full of hope,
Working, singing, all alone,
In a sort of undertone —
" With a Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes happening along,
I had heard the semi-song,
And I often used to smile
More in sympathy than guile;
But I never said a word
In regard to what I heard,
As she sang about her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow nor in glee,
Working all day long was she,
As her children, three or four,
Played around her on the floor;
But in monotones the song
She was humming all day long.
" With a Saviour for a friend,
He will keep me to the end."

Just a trifle lonesome she,
Just as poor as poor could be;
But her spirits always rose,
Like the bubbles in the clothes,
And, though widowed and alone,
Cheered her with the monotone
Of a Saviour and a friend
Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub
On the washboard in the tub,
While the baby, sopped in suds,
Rolled and tumbled in the duds;
Or was paddling in the pools
With old scissors stuck in spools —

She still humming of her friend
Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
Have their root in human needs;
And I would not wish to strip
From that washerwoman's lip
Any song that she can sing,
Any hope that songs can bring;
For the woman has a friend
Who will keep her to the end.

UPSIDE DOWN.

Once a Kansas zephyr strayed
Where a brass-eyed bull pup played,
And that foolish canine bayed,
At that zephyr in a gay,
Semi-idiotic way.
Then that zephyr in about
    Half a jiffy took that pup
    Tipped him over wrong side up!
Then it turned him wrong side out,
And it calmly journeyed thence,
With a barn and string of fence.

MORAL.

When communities turn loose,
Social forces that produce,
    The disorders of a gale;
Act upon a well-known law,
Face the breeze, but close your jaw—
    It's a rule that will not fail,
If you bay it in a gay,
Self-sufficient sort of way,
It will land you, without doubt,
Upside down and wrong side out.

WARE, WILLIAM, an American novelist; born at Hingham, Mass., August 3, 1797; died at Cambridge, Mass., February 19, 1852. He was the grandson of Henry Ware, prominent in the Unitarian controversy, and was one of a family of authors. Graduating from Harvard in 1816, and the Divinity School in 1819, he was pastor in Northboro, Waltham, and West Cambridge, Mass., and from 1821 to 1836 in New York City. His *Letters from Palmyra* (1837) were published in 1868, as *Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra. Probus* (1838), was afterward entitled *Aurelian.* These, with *Julian, or Scenes in Judea* (1841), gained him considerable reputation as an historical novelist. His other works are *American Unitarian Biography* (1850); *Sketches of European Capitals* (1851); *Lectures on the Works and Genius of Washington Allston* (1852); *Memoir of Nathaniel Bacon in Sparks's American Biography* (1841). From 1839 to 1844 he edited the *Christian Examiner.*

PALMYRA.

It was several miles before we reached the city, that we suddenly found ourselves — landing as it were from a sea upon an island or continent — in a rich or thickly peopled country. The roads indicated an approach to a great capital, in the increasing numbers of those who thronged them, meeting and passing us, overtaking us, or crossing our way. Elephants, camels, and the dromedary, which I had before seen only in the amphitheatres, I here beheld as the native inhabitants of the soil. Frequently villas of the rich and luxurious Palmyrenes, to which they retreat from the greater heats of the city, now threw a lovely charm over the scene. Nothing can exceed the splendor of those sumptuous palaces. Italy

itself has nothing which surpasses them. The new and brilliant costumes of the persons whom we met, together with the rich housings of the animals they rode, served greatly to add to all this beauty. I was still entranced, as it were, by the objects around me, and buried in reflection; when I was roused by the shout of those who led the caravan, and who had attained the summit of a little rising ground, saying, "Palmyra! Palmyra!" I urged forward my steed, and in a moment the most wonderful prospect I ever beheld — no, I cannot except even Rome — burst upon my sight. Flanked by hills of considerable elevation on the east, the city filled the whole plain below as far as the eye could reach, both toward the north and toward the south. This immense plain was all one vast and boundless city. It seemed to me to be larger than Rome. Yet I knew very well that it could not be — that it was not. And it was some time before I understood the true character of the scene before me, so as to separate the city from the country, and the country from the city, which here wonderfully interpenetrate each other and so confound and deceive the observer. For the city proper is so studded with groups of lofty palm-trees, shooting up among its temples and palaces, and on the other hand, the plain in its immediate vicinity is so thickly adorned with magnificent structures of the purest marble, that it is not easy, nay, it is impossible, at the distance at which I contemplated the whole, to distinguish the line which divided the one from the other. It was all city and all country, all country and all city. Those which lay before me I was ready to believe were the Elysian Fields. I imagined that I saw under my feet the dwellings of purified men and of gods. Certainly they were too glorious for the mere earth-born. There was a central point, however, which chiefly fixed my attention, where the vast Temple of the sun stretched upward its thousand columns of polished marble to the heavens, in its matchless beauty casting into the shade every other work of art of which the world can boast. I have stood before the Parthenon, and have almost worshipped that divine achievement of the immortal Phidias. But it is a toy by the side of this

bright crown of the Eastern capital. I have been at Milan, at Ephesus, at Alexandria, at Antioch; but in neither of these renowned cities have I beheld anything that I can allow to approach in united extent, grandeur, and most consummate beauty this almost more than work of man. On each side of this, the central point, there rose upward slender pyramids — pointed obelisks — domes of the most graceful proportions, columns, arches, and lofty towers, for numbers and for form, beyond my power to describe. These buildings, as well as the walls of the city, being all either of white marble, or of some stone as white, and being everywhere in their whole extent interspersed, as I have already said, with multitudes of overshadowing palm-trees, perfectly filled and satisfied my sense of beauty, and made me feel, for the moment, as if in such a scene I should love to dwell, and there end my days.

ZENOBIA THE CAPTIVE.

And it was the ninth hour before the alternate shouts and deep silence of the multitudes announced that the conqueror was drawing near the capitol. As the first shout arose, I turned toward the quarter whence it came, and beheld, not Aurelian, as I expected, but the Gallic Emperor Tetricus — yet slave of his army and of Victoria — accompanied by the prince his son, and followed by other illustrious captives from Gaul. All eyes were turned with pity upon him, and with indignation too that Aurelian should thus treat a Roman, and once a Senator. But sympathy for him was instantly lost in a stronger feeling of the same kind for Zenobia, who came immediately after. You can imagine, Fausta, better than I can describe them, my sensations, when I saw our beloved friend — her whom I had seen treated never otherwise than as a sovereign Queen, and with all the imposing pomp of the Persian ceremonial — now on foot, and exposed to the rude gaze of the Roman populace — toiling beneath the rays of a hot sun, and the weight of jewels such as both for richness and beauty, were never before seen in Rome — and of chains of gold, which,

first passing around her neck and arms, were then borne up by attendant slaves. I could have wept to see her go — yes, and did. My impulse was to break through the crowd and support her almost fainting form — but I well knew that my life would answer for the rashness on the spot. I could only, therefore, like the rest, wonder and gaze. And never did she seem to me, not even in the midst of her own court, to blaze forth with such transcendent beauty — yet touched with grief. Her look was not that of dejection, of one who was broken and crushed by misfortune — there was no blush of shame. It was rather one of profound, heart-breaking melancholy. Her full eyes looked as if privacy only was wanted for them to overflow with floods of tears. But they fell not. Her gaze was fixed on vacancy, or else cast toward the ground. She seemed like one unobservant of all around her, and buried in thoughts to which all else were strangers, and had nothing in common with. They were in Palmyra, and with her slaughtered multitudes. Yet though she wept not, others did; and one could see all along, wherever she moved, the Roman hardness yielding to pity, and melting down before the all-subduing presence of this wonderful woman. The most touching phrases of compassion fell constantly upon my ear. And ever and anon as in the road there would happen some rough or damp place, the kind souls would throw down upon it whatever of their garments they could quickest divest themselves of, that those feet, little used to such encounters, might receive no harm. And as when other parts of the procession were passing by, shouts of triumph and vulgar joy frequently arose from the motley crowds, yet when Zenobia appeared a death-like silence prevailed, or it was interrupted only by exclamations of admiration or pity, or of indignation at Aurelian for so using her. But this happened not long. For when the Emperor's pride had been sufficiently gratified, and just there where he came over against the steps of the capitol, he himself, crowned as he was with the diadem of universal empire, descended from his chariot, and unlocking the chains of gold that bound the limbs of the Queen, led and placed her in her own

chariot — that chariot in which she had fondly hoped herself to enter Rome in triumph — between Julia and Livia. Upon this the air was rent with the grateful acclamations of the countless multitudes. The Queen's countenance brightened for a moment as if with the expressive sentiment, "The gods bless you!" and was then buried in the folds of her robe. And when after the lapse of many minutes it was again raised and turned toward the people, everyone might see that tears burning hot had coursed her cheeks, and relieved a heart which else might well have burst with its restrained emotion.— *Zenobia.*

ZENOBIA SAVED.

A sound as of a distant tumult, and the uproar of a multitude, caught the ears of all within the tent.

"What mean these tumultuous cries?" inquired Aurelian of his attending guard. "They increase and approach."

"It may be but the soldiers at their game with Antiochus," replied Probus.

But it was not so. At the moment a Centurion, breathless, and with his head bare, rushed madly into the tent.

"Speak," said the Emperor; "what is it?"

"The legions!" said the centurion, as soon as he could command his words, "the legions are advancing, crying out for the Queen of Palmyra! They have broken from their camp and from their leaders, and in one mixed body come to surround the Emperor's tent."

As he ended, the fierce cries of the enraged soldiery were distinctly heard, like the roaring of a forest torn by a tempest. Aurelian, bearing his sword, and calling upon his friends to do the same, sprang toward the entrance of the tent. They were met by the dense throng of the soldiers, who now pressed against the tent, and whose savage yells could now be heard:

"The head of Zenobia." "Deliver the Queen to our will." "Throw out the head of Zenobia, and we will return to our quarters." "She belongs to us."

At the same moment the sides of the tent were thrown up, showing the whole plain filled with the heaving multitude, and being itself instantly crowded with the ringleaders and their more desperate associates. Zenobia, supporting the Princess, who clung to her, and pale through a just apprehension of every horror, but otherwise firm and undaunted, cried out to Aurelian, "Save us, O Emperor, from this foul butchery!"

"We will die else!" replied the Emperor; who with a word sprang upon a soldier making toward the Queen, and with a blow clove him to the earth. Then swinging round him that sword which had drunk the blood of thousands, and followed by the gigantic Sandarion by Probus, and Carus, a space around the Queen was soon cleared.

"Back, ruffians," cried Aurelian, in a voice of thunder, "for you are no longer Romans! back to the borders of the tent. There I will hear your complaints." The soldiers fell back and their ferocious cries ceased.

"Now," cried the Emperor, addressing them, "what is your will that thus in wild disorder you throng my tent?"

One from the crowd replied: "Our will is that the Queen of Palmyra be delivered to us as our right, instantly. Thousands and thousands of our bold companions lie buried upon these accursed plains, slain by her and her fiery engines. We demand her life. It is but justice, and faint justice, too."

"Her life!" "Her life!" arose in one shout from the innumerable throng.

The Emperor raised his hand, waving his sword, dripping with the blood of the slain soldier; the noise subsided; and his voice, clear and loud like the tone of a trumpet, went to the farthest bounds of the multitude.

"Soldiers," he cried, "you ask for justice; and justice you shall have." "Aurelian is ever just!" cried many voices. "But you shall not have the life of the Queen of Palmyra"—he paused; a low murmur went through the crowd—"or you must first take the life of your Emperor, and of those who stand with him." The soldiers were silent. "In asking the life of Zenobia," he continued, "you know not what you ask. Are any here

who went with Valerian to the Persian war?" A few voices responded, "I was there — and I — and I." "Are there any here whose parents, or brothers, or friends, fell into the tiger clutches of the barbarian Sapor, and died miserably in hopeless captivity?" Many voices everywhere throughout the crowd were heard in reply, "Yes, yes; mine were there, and mine." "Did you ever hear it said," continued Aurelian, "that Rome lifted a finger for their rescue, or for that of the good Valerian?" They were silent, some crying, "No, no." "Know then, that when Rome forgot her brave soldiers and her Emperor, Zenobia remembered and avenged them; and Rome, fallen into contempt with the Persian, was raised to her ancient renown by the arms of her ally, the brave Zenobia, and her dominions throughout the East saved from the grasp of Sapor only by her valor. While Gallienus wallowed in sensuality and forgot Rome, and even his own great father, the Queen of Palmyra stood forth, and with her royal husband, the noble Odenatus, was in truth the savior of the empire. And is it her life you would have? Were that a just return? Were that Roman magnanimity? And grant that thousands of your brave companions lie buried upon these plains: it is but the fortune of war. Were they not slain in honorable fight, in the siege of a city, for its defence unequalled in all the annals of war? Cannot Romans honor courage and conduct, though in an enemy? But you ask for justice. I have said you shall have justice. You shall. It is right that the heads and advisers of this revolt, for such the Senate deems it, should be cut off. It is the ministers of princes who are the true devisers of a nation's acts. These, when in our power, shall be yours. And now, who, soldiers! stirred up with mutiny, bringing inexpiable shame upon our brave legions — who are the leaders of the tumult?"

Enough were found to name them:

"Firmus! Carinus! the Centurions Plancus! Tatius! Burrhus! Valens! Crispinus!"

"Guards! seize them and hew them down. Soldiers! to your tents. The legions fell back as tumultuously as

they had come together; the faster, as the dying groans of the slaughtered ringleaders fell upon their ears.

The tent of the Emperor was once more restored to order. After a brief conversation, in which Aurelian expressed his shame for the occurrence of such disorders in the presence of the Queen, the guard were commanded to convey back to the palace of Seleucus, whence they had been taken, Zenobia and the Princess. — *Zenobia.*

WARMAN, Cy, an American journalist, essayist and poet; born at Greenup, Ill., June 22, 1855. In 1880 he removed to Colorado, where he became engaged in journalism. He was editor of *The Western Railway* in 1888, and of the Creede *Chronicle* in 1892. He became known as "the poet of the Rockies" and won fame as author of *Sweet Marie,* a popular song. In 1893 he removed to New York and later took up his residence at London, Canada. He has published *Tales of an Engineer* (1895); *Snow on the Headlight* (1899); *Short Rails* (1900).

Mr. Warman in a delightful sketch tells how he came to write *Sweet Marie.*

HOW "SWEET MARIE" WAS WRITTEN.

The sun had just gone down behind the hoary hills, flooding the June twilight with its gold and glory. Having finished my dinner, I had strolled out to take a turn beneath the maple trees that line the walk about the courthouse. Honey laden, homeward bound, belated bees droned in the trees, and all the world seemed filled with the sound and scent of summer.

Here would I walk and watch out the dying day, and breathe the pure air fresh from the snow fields of the

north. Here, too, I hoped to win a good night smile, for down this way she was to pass to the theater — with another man. I was turning the corner when she came. Face to face we met, and such a smile! There was a world of tenderness in it, and, with a man's conceit, I fancied there was something back of it.

I wondered, too, if she had guessed my secret, and while the sound of her carriage wheels were still in my ears I said, half aloud:

I've a secret in my heart,
Sweet Marie;
A tale I would impart
Love, to thee.

And then, as a man having been drunk with wine imagines that everybody knows it, I felt that my secret was out, and I had gone less than a dozen yards when I finished the half stanza:

Every daisy in the dell
Knows my secret — knows it well,
And yet I dare not tell Sweet Marie.

Then the whole song same rushing upon me like a mountain stream after a cloudburst. Like a gleam of glory in a gob of gloom it came fast, and flooded my soul and filled me with lustless joy. On I walked, sang my new song and gloried in it as a happy mother glories in the first faint smile of a new born babe.

When more people and the stars came out, and there was no longer room for the wide wings of my muse, I boarded a cable car and went out to the very shadows of the hills. Then the white moon came up from the plains, making one of those matchless moonlit nights that invariably follow a perfect day in Denver. The tired lawn mower that had struggled all day against a vigorous brass band, at last lay down, and the mellow notes of the tu bah came faint and far away.

Far into the night I sat there, saying it o'er and o'er, till every line was registered in my memory.

The following summer I gave the poem to General David S. Stanley. He submitted it to Mr. Dana; it was accepted, and on the following Sunday received some editorial mention, and I rejoiced anew.

I think it was ex-Congressman Belford, the "Red Headed Rooster of the Rockies," as he was known in the House, who first advised me to have the verses set to music.

Raymon Moore was in Denver at the time and I persuaded him to call at my office. When I read the song to him he snapped his fingers — tears of enthusiasm stood in his eyes as he declared that it would make "the sweetest song ever sung."

Out of the third stanza, which begun originally:

Not the sun-glints in your hair,
Sweet Marie,
Nor because your face is fair,
Love, to see;

I made a chorus, had my stenographer copy it, then holding the revised copy in his hand he began to hum. "Something sweet and slow," he said, "like this;" then he sang exactly as a million mouths have sung since:

"Come to me, Sweet Marie,
Sweet Marie, come to me."

I repeated and remembered the notes he sang, and when a year later Will T. Carleton came to the footlights in the Broadway Theater and sang the song, I was glad to note that Mr. Moore had not varied a shadow from his first inspiration.

It happened that about the time the first faint echoes of the song reached the Rocky Mountains we started East, and listened with eager ears to hear it sung.

The black boy on the Burlington husked his pillows and hummed that tune. At Chicago we hear it after. At Cleveland a man pounded the wheels with a hard hammer and sang softly, as to himself.

As we sat at dinner in the Imperial in New York the

orchestra played it, and where we shopped the shop girls sang it, and even as we exchanged congratulatory smiles a wild toned street piano played *Sweet Marie* in the street.

At Manhattan Beach we had the great joy of hearing Sousa's Band play it; heard Raymon sing it in a theater in town; then Mr. Moore and I went over to see the publishing company. From there we went to Broad street, where each received a check for more money, we thought, than there was in the world.

"How'll you have it?" asked a cheery voice, as we faced the paying teller in a Nassau street bank.

"Big pieces," said I.

"And you?"

"Two one thousand, two five hundred and the rest in ones," said Raymon. And as the money man began to slide out the notes, he said, "I've a secret in my heart." But that was as far as he got, for we both laughed — not at him, of course, but it was time to laugh.

"GIVE ME NOT RICHES."

I want to find a place for me
  Where nature's harps are all in tune,
A calm, or a still, on life's rough sea,
  A place where it's always afternoon;
A quiet, peaceful place somewhere
Between the tramp and the millionaire.

Where it's not all joy and not all pain;
  Not too much shine, nor too much shade;
Just a place to hide me from the rain;
  An easy place where the rent is paid,
And not too close to the man of care,
And not too far from the millionaire.

THE ISOLATION OF A CHILD.

I once knew a dear little mother,
  With a beautiful, blue-eyed boy.
She constantly bathed and brushed him,

And when he had tired of a toy
She would take it and scald it and scrape it
And lay it away in the sun,
And that is the way she took care of
His playthings, every one.

Pent up in his own little playhouse,
The baby grew peaked and pale,
And there were the neighbors' children
All dirty and happy and hale.
If the baby went out for an airing,
The nurse was to understand
That none of the neighbors' children
Was ever to touch his hand.

But they did, and the injured mother
Brought the dear baby inside
And shut him up in his playhouse,
Where the little one fretted and died.
Then the torn heart turned to the Virgin,
And this was the weight of the prayer:
"Oh, mother, dear, don't let him play with
The other angels up there!"

SONG OF A SERENADE.

One night beneath my window, when the stars were bright above,
The music of a mandolin, blent with a lay of love,
Came stealing through the stillness like the balmy breath of spring;
I opened up my window blinds and heard a singer sing:

"Cupid is an archer, and his arrow's ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies, as from a falconet;
His bow is ever trusty and his aim is ever true,
Be wary of the archer when his arrow's aimed at you!"

At first I only lingered there to listen for a while,
And thought the singer only sang the hours to beguile.
My heart began to tremble with the touch of every string,

I opened wide my window blinds and heard the singer sing:

"Cupid is an archer, and his arrow's ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies, as from a falconet;
His bow is ever trusty and his aim is ever true,
Be wary of the archer when his arrow's aimed at you!"

The weary day I'm waiting for the twilight shades to fall,
And where the tangled woodland waves I hear the lone dove call.
The song of running brooklets and a thousand birds a-wing
My eager ears will hear not, when my love begins to sing:

"Cupid is an archer, and his arrow's ever set,
And swift and sure the arrow flies, as from a falconet;
His bow is ever trusty and his aim is ever true.
Be wary of the archer when his arrow's aimed at you!"

WARNER, ANNA BARTLETT ("AMY LOTHROP"), an American novelist, sister of Susan Warner; born at New York in 1820. Besides the works written in conjunction with her sister, Susan Warner, she is the author of several novels, and many works designed for juvenile readers. Among these are *Dollars and Cents* (1853); *My Brother's Keeper* (1855); *Three Little Spades* (1870); *Stories of Vinegar Hill* (1871); *The Fourth Watch* (1872); *Gardening by Myself* (1872); *The Other Shore* (1873); *Miss Titler's Vegetable Garden* (1875); *A Bag of Stories* (1883); *Daisy Plains* (1886); *Cross Corners* (1887); *Patience* (1891); *Up and Down the House* (1892), and several volumes of poems.

THE FLOWER GIFTS

Nothing had been heard of little Dick's garden for some time, and though Clover had been very anxious to see it, she had not dared to say a word. But one day, after the dry weather had passed by, and the showers had come to make everything look fresh, Sam proposed that they should take a walk that way, and see Dick's balsams.

"We'll see if they look like yours, Clover," said little Primrose.

"But has Dick got any heart's-ease, Sam?" said little Primrose.

"I think not."

"Then I'd better take him some," said Prim, with a very grave face.

"But you'll kill the plants, dear, if you take them up now, when they are all full of flowers," said Clover; "or at least kill the flowers."

"It's only the flowers I mean to take," replied Primrose, as gravely as before. "I'll take Dick a bunch of 'em."

"What's that for?" said Sam, putting his hand under her chin, and bringing her little sober face into view.

"Because," said Prim, "I've been thinking about it a great deal — about what mamma said. And if God asked me what I had done with my heart's-ease, I shouldn't like to say I'd never given Dick one."

"Oh, if that's all," said Lily, "I can pick him a great bunch of petunias. Do 'em good, too — they want cutting."

While Lily flew down to her garden and began to pull off the petunias with an unsparing hand, Primrose crouched down by her patch of heart's-ease, carefully cutting one of each shade and tint that she could find, putting them lovingly together, with quite an artistic arrangement of colors.

"Exquisite!" said Sam, watching her. Prim started up and smiled.

"Dear me, how splendid!" said Lily, running up, with

her hands full of petunias; "but just look at these! What will you take, Clover?"

"I think — I shall not take anything," said Clover, slowly.

"Nothing! out of all your garden!" said Lily. Clover flushed crimson.

"I'm not sure that Dick would care to have me bring any of my flowers," she said, in a low voice. "Maybe I can find ——" And she hurried off, coming back presently with a half-open rosebud, which she quietly put in Prim's hand, to go with the heart's-ease. Then they set off.

Dick, of course, was in his garden — he was always there when it did not rain, and sometimes when it did; and visitors were a particularly pleasant thing to him now that he had flowers to show. He welcomed them very joyfully, beginning at once to display his treasures. Great was the surprise of Lily and Primrose to see the very same flowers in Dick's garden that there were in Clover's — the beautiful camelia-flowered balsams and the graceful amaranths and the showy zinnias; even a canary-vine was there, fluttering over the fence.

"But where did you get them all?" cried Lily.

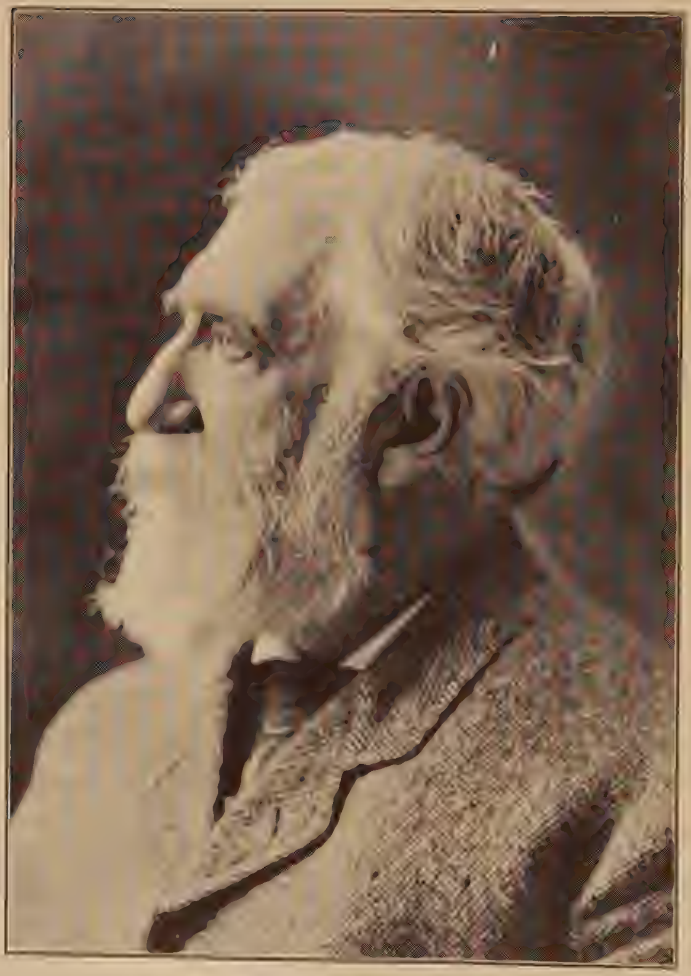
"A lady," said Dick. "She's a good one; and that's all I know."

"Where does she live?" inquired Sam.

"Don't know, sir," said Dick. "Nobody didn't tell me that. Man that fetched 'em — that's the seeds and little green things — he said, says he, 'These be out of the young lady's own garden,' says he."

"Young lady!" said Lily. "Oh, I dare say it was Maria Jarvis. You know, Clover, she's got such loads of flowers in her garden, and a man to take care of 'em and all."

But Clover did not answer, and seemed rather in haste to get away, opening the little gate, and stepping out upon the road, and when Sam looked at her he saw that she was biting her lips very hard to keep from laughing. It must have pleased him — Clover's face, or the laughing, or the flowers, or something — for the first thing he did when they were all outside the gate was to put



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

his arm around Clover and give her a good hearty kiss. Little Prim all this while had said scarcely a word, looking on with all her eyes, as we say. But when Prim was going to bed that night, and Mrs. May bent over her for a parting embrace, Prim said:

"Mamma, I don't think God will ever ask Clover what she's done with her flowers."

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"Because," answered Primrose, sedately, "I think He told her what to do with 'em — and I think she's done it." — *Three Little Spades.*

WARNER, CHARLES DUDLEY, an American journalist, essayist and novelist; born at Plainfield, Mass., September 12, 1829; died at Hartford, Conn., October 20, 1900. He studied at the Oneida Conference Seminary at Cazenovia, and entered Hamilton College, where he was graduated in 1851. Subsequently he studied law at Philadelphia in 1856, and practiced his profession at Chicago until 1860. But the bent of his mind was toward literary rather than legal pursuits, and just before the breaking out of the civil war he became assistant editor of the *Press,* at Hartford, Conn. This journal was in 1867 united with the Hartford *Courant,* of which he became editor and part proprietor. Still retaining this position, he became in 1884 editorially connected with *Harper's Magazine.* His principal works are: *My Summer in a Garden* (1871); *Saunterings,* reminiscences of a European trip (1872): *Backlog Studies* (1872); *Baddeck and That Sort of Thing* (1874); *My Winter on the Nile* (1876); *In the Levant* (1877); *Being a Boy* (1877); *Life of Captain John Smith*

(1877); *In the Wilderness* (1878); *Life of Washington Irving* (1880); *Roundabout Journey* (1883); *Their Pilgrimage* (1886); *Book of Eloquence* (1886); *On Horseback* (1888); *A Little Journey in the World* and *Studies in the South and West* (1889); *As We Were Saying* (1892); *As We Go* (1893); *The Work of Washington Irving* (1893); *The Golden House* (1895); *The Relation of Literature to Life* (1896); and *The People for Whom Shakespeare Wrote.* In 1873 he wrote *The Gilded Age,* in conjunction with "Mark Twain."

THE MORAL QUALITIES OF VEGETABLES.

I am more and more impressed with the moral qualities of vegetables, and contemplate forming a science which will rank with comparative philology — the science of Comparative Vegetable Morality. We live in an age of Protoplasm. And, if life-matter is essentially the same in all forms of life, I propose to begin early, and ascertain the nature of the plants for which I am responsible. I will not associate with any vegetable which is disreputable, or has not some quality which can contribute to my moral growth. . . .

Why do we respect some vegetables, and despise others, when all of them come to an equal honor or ignominy on the table? The bean is a graceful, confiding, engaging vine; but you can never put beans into poetry, nor into the highest sort of prose. There is no dignity in the bean. Corn — which in my garden grows alongside the bean, and, so far as I can see, with no affectation of superiority — is, however the child of song. It waves in all literature. But mix it with beans, and its high tone is gone. Succotash is vulgar. It is the bean in it. The bean is a vulgar vegetable, without culture, or any flavor of high society among vegetables.

Then there is the cool cucumber — like so many people, good for nothing when it is ripe, and the wildness has gone out of it. How inferior to the melon, which

grows upon a similar vine, is of a like watery consistency, but is not half so valuable. The cucumber is a sort of low comedian in a company where the melon is a minor gentleman. I might also contrast the celery with the potato. The associations are as opposite as the dining-room of the duchess and the cabin of the peasant. I admire the potato both in vine and blossom; but it is not aristocratic. . . .

The lettuce is to me a most interesting study. Lettuce is like conversation: it must be fresh and crisp, so sparkling that you scarcely notice the bitter in it. Lettuce, like most talkers, is however apt to run rapidly to seed. Blessed is that sort which comes to a head, and so remains — like a few people I know — growing more solid and satisfactory and tender at the same time, and whiter at the centre, and crisp in their maturity. Lettuce, like conversation, requires a good deal of oil, to avoid friction, and keep the company smooth; a pinch of Attic salt, a dash of pepper, a quantity of mustard and vinegar, by all means — but so mixed that you will notice no sharp contrasts — and a trifle of sugar. You can put anything — and the more things the better — into salad, as into conversation; but everything depends upon the skill in mixing. I feel that I am in the best society when I am with lettuce. It is in the select circle of vegetables. The tomato appears well on the table; but you do not want to ask its origin. It is a most agreeable *parvenu.*

Of course, I have said nothing about the berries. They live in another and more ideal region; except perhaps the currant. Here we see that even among berries there are degrees of breeding. The currant is well enough, clear as truth, and exquisite in color; but I ask you to notice how far it is from the exclusive *hauteur* of the aristocratic strawberry, and the native refinement of the quietly elegant raspberry.

I do not know that chemistry, searching for protoplasm, is able to discover the tendency of vegetables. It can only be found out by outward observation. I confess that I am suspicious of the bean, for instance. There are signs in it of an unregulated life. I put up

the most attractive sort of poles for my Limas. They stand high and straight like church-spires, in my theological garden — lifted up; and some of them have even budded, like Aaron's rod. No church-steeple in a New England village was ever better fitted to draw to it the rising generation on Sunday than those poles to lift up my beans toward heaven. Some of them did run up the sticks seven feet, and then straggled off into the air in a wanton manner; but more than half of them went gallivanting off to the neighboring grape-trellis, and wound their tendrils with the tendrils of the grape, with a disregard of the proprieties of life which is a satire upon human nature. And the grape is morally no better. I think the ancients, who were not troubled with the recondite mysteries of protoplasm, were right in the mythic union of Bacchus and Venus.

Talk about the Darwinian theory of development, and the principle of natural selection! I should like to see a garden let to run in accordance with it. If I had left my vegetables and weeds to a free fight, in which the strongest specimens only should come to maturity, and the weaker go to the wall, I can clearly see that I should have had a pretty mess of it. It would have been a scene of passion and license and brutality. The "pusley" would have strangled the strawberry; the upright corn, which has now ears to hear the guilty beating of the hearts of the children who steal the raspberries, would have been dragged to the earth by the wandering bean; the snake-grass would have left no place for the potatoes under ground; and the tomatoes would have been swamped by the lusty weeds. With a firm hand I have had to make my own "natural selection."

Nothing will so well bear watching as a garden, except a family of children next door. Their power of selection beats mine. If they could read half as well as they can "steal awhile away," I should have put up a notice — "Children, beware! There is Protoplasm here!" But I suppose it would have no effect. I believe that they would eat protoplasm as quick as anything else, ripe or green. I wonder if this is going to be a cholera-year. Considerable cholera is the only

thing that would let my apples and pears ripen. Of course, I do not care for the fruit; but I do not want to take the responsibility of letting so much "life-matter," full of crude and even disreputable vegetable-human tendencies pass into the composition of the neighbor's children, some of whom may be as immortal as snake-grass.— *My Summer in a Garden.*

A COMMERCIAL TRANSACTION IN ORANGES.

One of our expeditions illustrates the Italian love of bargaining, and their notion of a sliding scale of prices. One of our expeditions to the hills was making its long, straggling way through the narrow streets of a little village, when I lingered behind my companions, attracted by a hand-cart with several large baskets of oranges. The cart stood in the middle of the street; and selecting a large orange, which would measure twelve inches in circumference, I turned to look for the owner. After some time the fellow got from the neighboring cobbler's shop, where he sat with his lazy cronies, listening to the honest gossip of the follower of St. Crispin, and sauntered toward me.

"How much for this?" I ask.

"One franc, Signor," says the proprietor, with a polite bow, holding up one finger.

I shake my head, and intimate that this is altogether too much. The proprietor is very indifferent, and shrugs his shoulders in an amiable manner. He picks up a fair, handsome orange, weighs it in his hands, and holds it up temptingly. That also is one franc. I suggest one sou as a fair price — a suggestion which he only receives with a smile of slight pity, and, I fancy, a little disdain. A woman joins him, and also holds up this and that gold-skinned one for my admiration.

As I stand sorting over the fruit, trying to please myself with the size, color, and texture, a little crowd has gathered round; and I see by a glance that all the occupations in that neighborhood, including loafing, are temporarily suspended to witness the trade. The interest of the circle visibly increases; and others take such a

part in the transaction, that I begin to doubt if the first man is, after all, the proprietor.

At length I select two oranges, and again demand the price. There is a little consultation and jabber, when I am told that I can have both for a franc. I, in turn, sigh, shrug my shoulders, and put down the oranges amid a chorus of exclamations over my graspingness. My offer of two sous is met with ridicule, but not with indifference. I can see that it has made a sensation. These simple, idle children of the sun begin to show a little excitement. I at length determine upon a bold stroke, and resolve to show myself the Napoleon of oranges, or to meet my Waterloo. I pick out four of the largest oranges in the basket, while all eyes are fixed upon me intently, and for the first time pull out a piece of money. It is a two-sous piece. I offer it for the four oranges.

"No, no, no, Signor! Ah, Signor! Ah, Signor!" in a chorus from the whole crowd.

I have struck bottom at last, and perhaps got somewhere near the value; and all calmness is gone. Such protestations, such indignation, such sorrow, I have never seen before from so small a cause. "It cannot be thought of! It is mere ruin!" I am, in turn, as firm, and nearly as excited in seeming. I hold up the fruit, and tender the money.

"No, never, never! The Signor cannot be in earnest!"

Looking round me for a moment, and assuming a theatrical manner befitting the gestures of those about me, I fling the fruit down, and with a sublime renunciation stalk away. There is instantly a buzz and a clamor. I have not proceeded far when a skinny old woman runs after me and begs me to return. I go back, and the crowd parts to receive me.

The proprietor has a new proposition, the effect of which upon me is intently watched. He proposes to give me five big oranges for four sous. I receive it with utter scorn, and a laugh of derision. I will give two sous for the original four and not a centissimo more. That I solemnly say, and am ready to depart. Hesita-

tion, and renewed conference; but at last the proprietor relents; and, with the look of one who is ruined for life, and who yet is willing to sacrifice himself, he hands me the oranges. Instantly the excitement is dead; the crowd disperses; and the street is as quiet as ever when I walk away, bearing my hard-won treasures.

A little while after, as I sat upon the Camaldoli, with my feet hanging over, these same oranges were taken from my pockets by Americans; so that I am prevented from making any moral reflections upon the honesty of the Italians.— *Saunterings.*

A YANKEE PHILOSOPHER.

I confess that I have a soft place in my heart for that rare character in our New England life who is content with the world as he finds it; and who does not attempt to appropriate any more of it to himself than he absolutely needs from day to day. He knows from the beginning that the world could get on without him, and he has never had any anxiety to leave any result behind him — any legacy for the world to quarrel over. He is really an exotic in our New England climate and society; and his life is perpetually misunderstood by his neighbors, because he shares none of their anxiety about "getting on in life." He is even called "lazy," "good-for-nothing," and "shiftless"— the final stigma that we put upon a person who has learned to wait without the exhausting process of laboring.

I made his acquaintance last summer in the country; and I have not for a long time been so well pleased with any of our species. He had always been from boyhood of a contented and placid mind; slow in his movements, slow in his speech. I think he never cherished a hard feeling toward anybody, nor envied anyone — least of all the rich and prosperous, about whom he liked to talk. Indeed, his talk was a good deal about wealth, especially about his cousin who had been down South, and "got fore-handed" within a few years. But he had no envy in him, and he evinced no desire to imitate him. I inferred from all his conversation about "piling it

up" (of which he spoke with a gleam of enthusiasm in his eye), that there were moments when he would like to be rich himself; but it was evident that he would never make the least effort to be so; and I doubt if he could even overcome that delicious inertia of mind and body called laziness, sufficiently to inherit.

Wealth seemed to have a far and peculiar fascination for him; and I suspect he was a visionary in the midst of his poverty. Yet I suppose he had hardly the personal property which the law exempts from execution. He had lived in a great many towns, moving from one to another with his growing family by easy stages, and was always the poorest man in the town, and lived on the most niggardly of its rocky and bramble-grown farms, the productiveness of which he reduced to zero in a couple of years by his careful neglect of culture. The fences of his hired domain always fell into ruins under him, perhaps because he sat upon them so much, and the hovels he occupied rotted down during his placid residence in them. He moved from desolation to desolation; but carried always with him the equal mind of a philosopher. Not even the occasional tart remarks of his wife about their nomadic life, and his serenity in the midst of discomfort, could ruffle his smooth spirit.

He was in every respect a most worthy man; truthful, honest, temperate, and, I need not say, frugal. He had no bad habits; perhaps he never had energy enough to acquire any. Nor did he lack the knack of the Yankee race. He could make a shoe, or build a house, or doctor a cow; but it never seemed to him, in this brief existence, worth the while to do any of these things. He was an excellent angler, but he rarely fished; partly because of the shortness of the days, partly on account of the uncertainty of bites, but principally because the trout-brooks were all arranged lengthwise, and ran over so much ground. But no man liked to look at a string of trout better than he did; and he was willing to sit down in a sunny place and talk about trout-fishing half a day at a time; and he would talk pleasantly and well, too, though his wife might be continually interrupting him by a call for firewood.

I should not do justice to his own idea of himself if I did not add that he was most respectably connected, and that he had a justifiable though feeble pride in his family. It helped his self-respect, which no ignoble circumstance could destroy. He was — as must appear by this time — a most intelligent man, and he was a well-informed man. That is to say, he read the weekly newspapers when he could get them; and he had the average country information about Beecher, and Greeley, and the Prussian war ("Napoleon is gittin' on't, ain't he") and the general prospect of the election campaigns. Indeed, he was warmly — or, rather, lukewarmly — interested in politics. He liked to talk about the "inflated currency"; and it seemed plain to him that his condition would somehow be improved if we could get to a "specie basis." He was, in fact, a little troubled about the National Debt; it seemed to press on him somehow, while his own never did. He exhibited more animation over the affairs of the government than he did over his own — an evidence at once of his disinterestedness and his patriotism.

He had been an old Abolitionist, and was strong on the rights of "free labor"; though he did not care to exercise his privilege much. Of course he had the proper contempt for the "poor whites" down South. I never saw a person with more correct notions on such a variety of subjects. He was perfectly willing that churches (being himself a member), and Sunday-schools, and missionary enterprises should go on. In fact, I do not believe he ever opposed anything in his life. No one was more willing to vote town-taxes and road-repairs and school-house than he. If you could call him spirited at all, he was public-spirited.

And with all this, he was never "very well"; he had from boyhood "enjoyed poor health." You would say he was not a man who would ever catch anything — not even an epidemic; but he was a person whom diseases would be likely to overtake — even the slowest of slow fevers. And he wasn't a man to shake off anything. And yet sickness seemed to trouble him no more than poverty. He was not discontented; he never grumbled.

I am not sure but that he relished a "spell of sickness" in haying-time.

An admirably balanced man, who accepts the world as it is, and evidently lives on the experience of others. I have never seen a man with less envy or more cheerfulness, or so contented, with as little reason for being so. The only drawback to his future is that rest beyond the grave will not be much change for him, and he has no works to follow him.— *Backlog Studies.*

A BOY ON A FARM.

Say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, it is my impression that a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. What the boy does is the life of the farm. He is the factotum, always in demand, always expected to do the thousand indispensable things that nobody else will do. Upon him fall all the odds and ends, the most difficult things.

After everybody else is through, he has to finish up. His work is like a woman's,— perpetually waiting on others. Everybody knows how much easier it is to eat a good dinner than it is to wash the dishes afterwards. Consider what a boy on a farm is required to do; things that must be done, or life would actually stop.

It is understood, in the first place, that he is to do all the errands, to go to the store, to the post-office, and to carry all sorts of messages. If he had as many legs as a centiped, they would tire before night. His two short limbs seem to him entirely inadequate to the task. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way.

This he sometimes tries to do; and the people who have seen him "turning cart-wheels" along the side of the road, have supposed that he was amusing himself and idling his time; he was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize his legs, and do his errands with greater dispatch.

He practices standing on his head, in order to accustom himself to any position. Leap-frog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He would

willingly go an errand any distance if he could leap-frog it with a few other boys.

He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business. This is the reason why, when he is sent to the spring for a pitcher of water, he is absent so long; for he stops to poke the frog that sits on the stone, or, if there is a pen-stock, to put his hand over the spout, and squirt the water a little while.

He is the one who spreads the grass when the men have cut it; he mows it away in the barn; he rides the horse, to cultivate the corn, up and down the hot, weary rows; he picks up the potatoes when they are dug; he drives the cows night and morning; he brings wood and water, and splits kindling; he gets up the horse, and puts out the horse; whether he is in the house or out of it, there is always something for him to do.

Just before the school in winter he shovels paths; in summer he turns the grindstone. He knows where there are lots of wintergreens and sweet-flags, but, instead of going for them, he is to stay in doors and pare apples, and stone raisins, and pound something in a mortar. And yet, with his mind full of schemes of what he would like to do, and his hands full of occupations, he is an idle boy, who has nothing to busy himself with but school and chores!

He would gladly do all the work if somebody else would do the chores, he thinks; and yet I doubt if any boy ever amounted to anything in the world, or was of much use as a man, who did not enjoy the advantages of a liberal education in the way of chores.

WARNER, SUSAN, an American novelist; born at New York, July 11, 1819; died at Highland Falls, N. Y., March 17, 1885. Her first novel, *The Wide, Wide World,* was published in 1851, under the pseudonym of "Elizabeth Wetherell." Her

other works are *Queechy* (1852); *The Law and the Testimony* (1853); *The Hills of the Shatemuc* (1856) *The Old Helmet* (1863); *Melbourne House* (1864); *Daisy* (1868); *A Story of Small Beginnings* (1872); the *Say and Do* series (1875); *Diana* (1876); *My Desire* (1877); *The Broken Walls of Jerusalem* (1878); *The Kingdom of Judah* (1878); *The End of a Coil* (1880); *The Letter of Credit* (1881); *Stephen, M.D.* (1883). In conjunction with her sister, Anna Bartlett, she wrote *Say and Seal* (1860); *Ellen Montgomery's Book-Shelf* (1863-69); *Books of Blessing* (1868); *Wych-Hazel* (1876).

AUTUMN NUTS AND LEAVES.

In a hollow, rather a deep hollow — behind the crest of the hill, as Fleda had said, they came at last to a noble group of large hickory-trees, with one or two chestnuts standing in attendance on the outskirts; and also, as Fleda had said, or hoped, the place was so far from convenient access that nobody had visited them; they were thick hung with fruit. If the spirit of the game had been wanting or failing in Mr. Carleton, it must have been roused again into full life at the joyous heartiness of Fleda's exclamations. At any rate, no boy could have taken to the business better. He cut, with her permission, a long, stout pole in the woods; and swinging himself lightly into one of the trees, showed that he was master of the art of whipping them. Fleda was delighted, but not surprised; for from the first moment of Mr. Carleton's proposing to go with her she had been privately sure that he would not prove an inactive or inefficient ally. By whatever slight tokens she might read this, in whatever fine characters of the eye or speech or manner, she knew it; and knew it just as well before they reached the hickory-trees as she did afterward.

When one of the trees was well stripped, the young gentleman mounted into another, while Fleda set herself to hull and gather up the nuts under the one first

beaten. She could make but little headway, however, compared with her companion; the nuts fell a great deal faster than she could put them in her basket. The trees were heavy laden, and Mr. Carleton seemed determined to have the whole crop; from the second tree he went to the third. Fleda was bewildered with her happiness; this was doing business in style. She tried to calculate what the whole quantity would be, but it went beyond her; one basketful would not take it, nor two, nor three. "It wouldn't begin to," said Fleda to herself. She went on hulling and gathering with all possible industry.

After the third tree was finished, Mr. Carleton threw down his pole, and resting himself upon the ground at the foot, told Fleda he would wait a few moments before he began again. Fleda thereupon let off her work, too, and going for her little tin pail presently offered it to him, temptingly stocked with pieces of apple-pie. When he had smilingly taken one, she next brought him a sheet of white paper with slices of young cheese.

"No, thank you," said he.

"Cheese is very good with apple-pie," said Fleda, competently.

"Is it?" said he, laughing. "Well, upon that, I think you would teach me a good many things, Miss Fleda, if I were to stay here long enough."

"I wish you would stay and try, sir," said Fleda, who did not know exactly what to make of the shade of seriousness which crossed his face. It was gone almost instantly.

"I think anything is better eaten out in the woods than it is at home," said Fleda.

"Well, I don't know," said her friend. "I have no doubt that this is the case with cheese and apple-pie, and especially under hickory-trees which one has been contending with pretty sharply. If a touch of your wand, Fairy, could transform one of these shells into a goblet of Lafitte or Amontillado we should have nothing to wish for."

"Amontillado" was unintelligible to Fleda, but "goblet" was intelligible.

"I am sorry," she said, "I don't know where there is any spring up here; but we shall come to one going down the mountain."

"Do you know where all the springs are?"

"No, not all, I suppose," said Fleda, "but I know a good many. I have gone about through the woods so much, and I always look for the springs." . . .

They descended the mountain now with hasty step, for the day was wearing well on. At the spot where he had stood so long when they went up, Mr. Carleton paused again for a minute. In mountain scenery every hour makes a change. The sun was lower now, and the lights and shadows more strongly contrasted; the sky of a yet calmer blue, cool and clear toward the horizon. The scene said still the same thing it had said a few hours before, with a touch more of sadness; it seemed to whisper, "All things have an end; thy time may not be forever; do what thou wouldst do; 'while ye have light, believe in the light that ye may be children of the light.'"

Whether Mr. Carleton read it so or not, he stood for a minute motionless, and went down the mountain looking so grave that Fleda did not venture to speak to him till they reached the neighborhood of the spring.

"What are you searching for, Miss Fleda?" said her friend.

She was making a busy quest here and there by the side of the little stream.

"I was looking to see if I could find a mullein-leaf," said Fleda.

"A mullein-leaf? What do you want it for?"

"I want it to make a drinking-cup of," said Fleda, her intent bright eyes peering keenly about in every direction.

"A mullein-leaf! that is too rough; one of these golden leaves — what are they — will do better, won't it?"

"That is hickory," said Fleda. "No; the mullein-leaf is the best, because it holds the water so nicely. Here it is."

And folding up one of the largest leaves into a most artist-like cup, she presented it to Mr. Carleton.

"For me was all that trouble?" said he. "I don't deserve it."

"You wanted something, sir," said Fleda. "The water is very cold and nice."

He stooped to the bright little stream, and filled his rural goblet several times.

"I never knew what it was to have a Fairy for my cup-bearer before," said he. "That was better than anything Bordeaux or Xeres ever sent forth."

He seemed to have swallowed his seriousness, or thrown it away with the mullein-leaf.

"This is the best spring in all grandpa's ground," said Fleda. "The water is as good as can be."

"How came you to be such a wood and water spirit? You must live out of doors. Do the trees ever talk to you? I sometimes think they do to me."

"I don't know. I think I talk to them," said Fleda.

"It's the same thing," said her companion, smiling. "Such beautiful woods!"

"Were you never in the country in the fall, sir?"

"Not here; in my own country often enough. But the woods in England do not put on such a gay face, Miss Fleda, when they are going to be stripped of their summer dress; they look sober upon it; the leaves wither and grow brown and the woods have a dull russet color. Your trees are true Yankees — they 'never say die!'"— *Queechy.*

WARREN, JOHN BYRNE LEICESTER, third Baron De Tabley, an English poet; born at Tabley House, Cheshire, April 26, 1835; died at Ryde, Isle of Wight, November 22, 1895. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, was called to the bar, and after a short diplomatic experience, devoted him-

self to literature. His life was passed in seclusion, although he numbered Tennyson, Browning, Gladstone, and other eminent men of his day, among his personal friends. His poetry reveals much depth of thought and appeals to the cultivated few, rather than the general public. His first work appeared with the signature "G. F. Preston" (1858–62), but later he used the pseudonym "William Lancaster." After 1873 his work appeared with his own name, John Leicester Warren. In 1893 he published *Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical, by Lord De Tabley*, and in 1895 a second series appeared. Both met with qualified success. Among his other volumes of verse are *Philoctetes* (1867); *Orestes* (1868); *Præterita* (1870); *Rehearsals* (1870); *Searching the Net* (1873). He wrote two novels, *A Screw Loose* (1868), and *Ropes of Sand* (1869).

A SONG OF FAITH FORESWORN.

Take back your suit.
It came when I was weary and distraught
With hunger. Could I guess the fruit you brought?
I ate in mere desire of any food,
Nibbled its edges, and nowhere found it good.
Take back your suit.

Take back your love.
It is a bird poach'd from my neighbor's wood:
Its wings are wet with tears, its beak with blood.
'Tis a strange fowl with feathers like a crow:
Death's raven, it may be, for all we know.
Take back your love.

Take back your gifts.
False is the hand that gave them; and the mind
That plann'd them, as a hawk spread in the wind
To poise and snatch the trembling mouse below.

To ruin where it dares — and then to go.
Take back your gifts.

Take back your vows.
Elsewhere you trimm'd and taught these lamps to burn;
You bring them stale and dim to serve my turn.
You lit those candles in another shrine,
Gutter'd and cold you offer them on mine
Take back your vows

Take back your words.
What is your love? Leaves on a woodland plain,
Where some are running and where some remain.
What is your faith? Straws on a mountain height,
Dancing like demons on Walpurgis night.
Take back your words.

Take back your lies.
Have them again: they wore a rainbow face,
Hollow with sin and leprous with disgrace;
Their tongue was like a mellow turret bell
To toll hearts burning into wide-lipp'd hell —
Take back your lies.

Take back your kiss.
Shall I be meek, and lend my lips again
To let this adder daub them with his stain?
Shall I turn cheek to answer, when I hate?
You kiss like Judas at the garden gate!
Take back your kiss

Take back delight
A paper boat launch'd on a heaving pool
To please a child, and folded by a fool;
The wild elms roar'd; it sail'd — a yard or more.
Out went our ship, but never came to shore.
Take back delight.

Take back your wreath.
Has it done service on a fairer brow?

Fresh, was it folded round her bosom snow?
Her cast-off weed my breast will never wear;
Your word is "Love me;" my reply, "Despair!"
Take back your wreath.

WARREN, SAMUEL, an English novelist; born in Denbighshire, Wales, May 23, 1807; died at London, July 29, 1877. He began the study of medicine in Edinburgh, but entered Lincoln's Inn, London, as a student of law; was called to the bar in 1837, and made a queen's counsel in 1851. In 1854 he became Recorder of Hull, retaining that position until 1874. In 1856 he was returned to Parliament for Medhurst, but resigned his seat in 1859 upon accepting the appointment of one of the two Masters in Lunacy. His first notable work was the *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician,* which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1830–31. These narratives were told with such apparent verisimilitude that they were generally supposed to be records of the actual experience of the author, and it is not easy to believe but that some of them at least had a foundation in fact. They certainly bear traces of the early medical studies of the young lawyer, and are of higher value than any of his later writings. The long novel, *Ten Thousand a Year* (1839), contains many striking delineations of legal and aristocratic life, but is marred by broad caricature of the lower classes. The shorter novel, *Now and Then* (1847), on which he prided himself, met with less favor than it deserved, and was his last work of fiction. In 1851, upon occasion of the

great exhibition in London, he published a rhapsodical apologue, *The Lily and the Bee,* of very slight merit. He also published at various times many works upon legal and social topics. Among these are *Introduction to Law Studies* (1835); an annotated edition of a portion of *Blackstone's Commentaries* (1836); *The Opium Question* (1840); *Moral, Social and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors* (1848); *The Intellectual and Moral Improvement of the Present Age* (1853); *Labor, Its Rights, Difficulties, Dignity, and Consolations* (1856).

A SLIGHT COLD.

Consider a "Slight Cold" to be in the nature of a chill, caught by a sudden contact with your grave; or as occasioned by the damp finger of Death laid upon you, as it were, to mark you for his, in passing to the more immediate object of his commission. Let this be called "croaking," and laughed at as such by those who are "awearied of the painful round of life," and are on the lookout for their dismissal from it; but let it be learnt by heart, and be remembered as having the force and truth of gospel by all those who would "measure out their span upon the earth," and are conscious of any constitutional flaw or feebleness; who are distinguished by any such tendency deathward as long necks, narrow chicken-chests, fair complexions, exquisite sympathy with atmospheric variations; or, in short, exhibit any symptoms of an asthmatic or consumptive character — if they choose to neglect a Slight Cold.

Let not those complain of being bitten by a reptile which they have cherished to maturity in their very bosoms, when they might have crushed it in the egg! Now if we call a "Slight Cold," the egg, and Pleurisy, Inflammation of the Lungs, Asthma, Consumption, the venomous reptile, the matter will be no more than correctly figured. There are many ways in which this "egg" may be deposited and hatched: Going suddenly, slightly clad, from a heated into a cold atmosphere —

especially if you can contrive to be in a state of perspiration; sitting or standing in a draught, however slight — it is the breath of Death, reader, and laden with the vapors of the grave. Lying in damp beds — for there his cold arms shall embrace you; continuing in wet clothing, and neglecting wet feet — these, and a hundred others, are some of the ways in which you may, slowly, imperceptibly, but surely, cherish the creature that shall, at last creep inextricably inward, and lie coiled about your vitals. Once more — again — again — again — I would say, Attend to this all ye who think it a small matter to neglect a Slight Cold.— *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician.*

WARTON, Joseph, an English critic and poet; born at Dunsford, Surrey, in 1722; died at Wickham in 1800. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford. He was successively curate at Basingstoke, rector of Winslade, then of Tunworth, master at Winchester, prebendary of St. Paul's and of Winchester. Besides translations of Virgil, he wrote an *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope,* and numerous critical papers in *The Adventurer;* he also edited the works of Pope and of Dryden. His *Odes on Various Subjects* (1746) show how slight a foundation was required in his day for a poetic reputation. The following selection from what is regarded as the best of his odes illustrates his degree of pictorial ability, and also the versifying affectations that were then termed "elegant."

TO FANCY.

O lover of the desert, hail!
Say in what deep and pathless vale,

Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Midst falls of water, you reside;
'Midst broken rocks a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between;
'Midst forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human heart appeared,
Nor e'er one straw-roofed cot was reared,
Where Nature seemed to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown, sequestered cell,
Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top a hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest;
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till suddenly awaked, I hear
Strange whispered music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drowned
By the sweetly soothing sound. . . .
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ;
Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and sigh!
Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promised bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mouldering towers,
Where to avoid cold winter's showers,
The naked beggar shivering lies

Whilst whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire;
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big, tumultuous bosom beat!
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear;
"Give me another horse," I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly. . . .
When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose;
When the soft turtle of the dale
To summer tells her tender tale;
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold —
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.

WARTON, THOMAS, an English essayist; born at Basingstoke in 1728; died May 21, 1790. He was a son of Thomas Warton, a professor of poetry at Oxford, and a brother of Joseph, and was himself appointed to the same professorship in 1757, also occupying a curacy and vicarship. His great work was a learned *History of English Poetry, from the Eleventh to the Seventeenth Century* (1774–81). Besides this, he wrote an elaborate essay on Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, and edited the minor poems of Milton, with abundant notes. He enjoyed the distinction of being poet-laureate.

Of his *History of English Poetry,* Sir Walter Scott says: "A work of great size, and, poetically speaking, of great interest, from the perusal of which we rise, our fancy delighted with beautiful imagery and with the happy analysis of ancient tale and song, but certainly with very vague ideas of the history of English poetry. The error seems to lie in a total neglect of plan and system; for, delighted with every interesting topic which occurred, the historical poet pursued it to its utmost verge, without considering that these digressions, however beautiful and interesting in themselves, abstracted alike his own attention and that of the reader from the professed purpose of his book. Accordingly Warton's *History of English Poetry* has remained, and will always remain, an immense commonplace book of memoirs to serve for such an history."

ON REVISITING THE RIVER LODDON.

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run
  Since first I trod thy banks, with alders crowned,
  And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath the azure sky and golden sun —
When first my muse to lisp her notes begun!
  While pensive memory traces back the round
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure,
  No more return to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure
  Nor useless, all my vacant days have flowed
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature
  Nor with the muse's laurel unbestowed.

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF DUGDALE'S MONASTICON.

Deem not devoid of elegance the sage,
  By Fancy's genuine feelings unbeguiled

Of painful pedantry, the poring child,
Who turns of these proud domes the historic page,
Now sunk by time, and Henry's fiercer rage.
Think'st thou the warbling muses never smiled
On his lone hours? Ingenious views engage
His thoughts on themes unclassic, falsely styled,
Intent. While cloistered piety displays
Her mouldering roll, the piercing eye explores
New manners, and the pomp of elder days,
Whence culls the pensive bard his pictured stores.
Not rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

ANCIENT ENGLISH ROMANCE.

The most ancient English metrical romance which I can discover is entitled the *Geste of King Horne*. It was evidently written after the crusades had begun, is mentioned by Chaucer, and probably still remains in its original state. I will first give the substance of the story, and afterward add some specimens of the composition. But I must premise, that this story occurs in very old French metre in the MSS. of the British Museum, so that probably it is a translation: a circumstance which will throw light on an argument pursued hereafter, proving that most of our metrical romances are translated from the French. [But notice Saxon names.]

Mury, King of the Saracens, lands in the kingdom of Suddene, where he kills the king named Allof. The queen, Godylt, escapes; but Mury seizes on her son Horne, a beautiful youth aged fifteen years, and puts him into a galley, with two of his playfellows, Achulph and Fykenyld: the vessel being driven on the coast of the kingdom of Westnesse, the young prince is found by Aylmar, king of that country, brought to court, and delivered by Athelbrus his steward, to be educated in hawking, harping, tilting, and other courtly accomplishments. Here the princess Rymenild falls in love with him, declares her passion, and is betrothed. Horne, in consequence of this engagement, leaves the princess for

seven years, to demonstrate, according to the ritual of chivalry, that by seeking and accomplishing dangerous enterprises he deserved her affection. He proves a most valorous and invincible knight; and at the end of seven years, having killed King Mury, recovered his father's kingdom, and achieved many signal exploits, recovers the Princess Rymenild from the hands of his treacherous knight and companion Fykenyld. . . .

The poem itself begins and proceeds thus:

Alle hes ben blythe, that to my songe ylythe:
A songe yet ulle ou singe of Allof the god kynge,
Kynge he was by weste the whiles hit y leste;
And Godylt his gode quene, no feyrore myhte bene,
And huere sone hihte Horne, feyrore childe ne myht be borne:
For reyne ne myhte by ryne ne sonne myhte shine
Feyror childe than he was, bryht so ever eny glas,
So whyte so eny lilye floure, so rose red was his colour;
He was feyre ant eke bold, and of fyfteene wynter old,
This non his yliche in none kinges ryche.

—*History of English Poetry.*

WASHINGTON, Booker Taliaferro, an American educator; born a slave in Hale's Ford, Va., about 1859. After the Civil War he removed with his mother to West Virginia, where he worked in the mines, attending school in the winter. In 1875 he was graduated with honors at the Hampton Institute, Va.; was a teacher there till in 1881, when he was elected by the State authorities of Alabama principal of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, which he organized and built up. He received the degree of A. M. from Howard University in 1896; was a speaker on educational and racial sub-

jects, and wrote: *Sowing and Reaping* (1900); *Up From Slavery* (1901); *Character Building* (1902); *The Negro Problem* (1903).

The following paper on "Negro Education" was written by Mr. Washington for the *Encyclopedia Americana.*

NEGRO EDUCATION.

The negro race in America has grown from twenty native Africans imported into the country as chattel slaves in 1619, to 10,000,000 of free men, entitled under the Federal constitutions to all the rights, privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States, in 1904. The great task of educating these millions has been a phenomenal undertaking, and the results have been still more phenomenal.

It was the general policy of the sixteen slave-holding States of the South to prohibit by fine, imprisonment and whipping the giving of instruction to blacks, mulattoes or other descendants of African parentage, and this prohibition was extended in most of the slave States to "free persons of color" as well as to slaves.

But it has been the general policy of the slave system in all ages to keep the slaves in ignorance as the safest way to perpetuate itself. In this respect the American slave system followed the beaten path of history, and thus furnished the strongest argument for its own undoing. The ignorance of the slave is always the best safeguard of the system of slavery, but no such theory could long prevail in a democracy like ours. There were able and distinguished men among the slaveholders themselves who rebelled against the system and the theories by which it sought to perpetuate itself. Such southern men as Thomas Jefferson, Henry Clay, Cassius M. Clay, and hundreds of others, never became reconciled to the system of slavery and the degradation of the slave.

The general character of the laws enacted on this subject by the slave states can be inferred from the law, passed by the state of Georgia in 1829.

There were no laws in the slave code more rigidly enforced than those prohibiting the giving or receiving instruction by the slaves or "free persons of color." And yet in nearly all the large cities of the southern states — notably in Charleston, Savannah and New Orleans — there were what were styled "clandestine schools," where such instruction was given. Those who maintained them and those who patronized them were constantly watched and often apprehended and "beaten with many stripes," but the good work went on in some sort until 1860, when the war that was to be "the beginning of the end" of the whole system of slavery, put a stop to all such efforts for the time being.

There is no more heroic chapter in history than that which deals with the persistence with which the slaves and "free persons of color" in the slave States sought and secured a measure of intellectual and religious instruction; for they were prohibited from preaching or receiving religious instruction except by written permit and when at least five "white men of good reputation" were present at such gatherings. But there has never been a time in the history of mankind when repressive laws, however rigidly enforced, could shut out the light of knowledge or prevent communion with the Supreme Ruler of the universe by such as were determined to share these noblest of human enjoyments. True, only a few, a very few, of the blacks and "free people of color" were able to secure any appreciable mental instruction; but the fact that so many of them sought it diligently in defiance of fines and penalties is worthy of notice and goes far towards explaining the extraordinary manner in which those people crowded into every school that was opened to them after the War of the Rebellion had swept away the slave system and placed all the children of the republic upon equality under the Federal constitution. Nor was this yearning for mental instruction spasmodic; thirty-four years after the war all the school houses, of whatever sort, opened for these people, are as crowded with anxious pupils as were the modest log school houses planted by New England men and women while the soldiers of the disbanded armies of the north

and south were turning their faces homeward. A race so imbued with a love of knowledge, displayed in slavery and become the marvel of mankind in freedom, must have reserved for it some honorable place in our national life which God has not made plain to our understanding.

In the free states of the north very little more provision was made, as late as 1830, by the state for the education of the Negro population than by the slave states. There was no prohibition by the state against such instruction, but there was a very pronounced popular sentiment against it, when prosecuted by benevolent corporations and individuals. In 1833 the Connecticut legislature enacted a black law, for the purpose of suppressing a "school for colored misses" which Miss Prudence Crandall had been forced to open in self-defense, at Canterbury.

The cause of this law was the acceptance by Miss Crandall of a young colored girl into her select school for young ladies. The parents of the white students insisted upon the dismissal of Miss Harris, the bone of contention, but Miss Crandall refused to do so, when the white students were withdrawn. Miss Crandall then announced that she would open her school for "young ladies and little misses of color." The people of Canterbury protested against this course, and persecuted legally and otherwise Miss Crandall and her twenty pupils. When they found that they could not intimidate the brave woman the legislature was appealed to, and the law was enacted. Under it Miss Crandall was arrested and placed in the common jail. The case was tried three times in the inferior courts, and was argued on appeal before the Court of Errors July 22, 1834. The court reserved its decision and has not yet rendered it. The obnoxious law was repealed in 1838.

Schools established for the education of Negro youth were assaulted and wrecked in free states, but the good work steadily progressed. Private schools sprang up in all the middle and New England states, Pennsylvania, New York and Massachusetts leading in the work, their white citizens contributing largely to their support. There were many of these schools, some of them of splen-

did character, in Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Cincinnati. They were gradually absorbed into the public school system, and none of them now exist in an independent character, except the Institute for colored youth at Philadelphia, Lincoln University, in Chester County, and Avery Institute, at Allegheny City, all in Pennsylvania.

In 1837 Richard Humphreys left $10,000 by will, with which the Institute for colored youth was started, thirty members of the Society of Friends forming themselves into an association for the purpose of carrying out the wishes and plans of Mr. Humphreys.

The measure of progress which has been made in public opinion and in the educational status of the Negro race in the middle and New England states can easily be estimated by the fact that as recently as 1830 no Negro could matriculate in any of the colleges and other schools of this splendid group of states, and that now not one of them is closed against a black person, except Girard College at Philadelphia, whose founder made a perpetual discrimination against people of African descent in devising his benefaction; that Negro children stand on the same footing with white children in all public school benefits; that the separate school system has broken down entirely in the New England States and is gradually breaking down in the middle states, New Jersey and Pennsylvania being the only states in the latter group which still cling to the principle; and that in many of the public schools of both groups of states Negro teachers are employed and stand on the same footing as white teachers. Indeed, Miss Maria L. Baldwin, an accomplished black woman, is principal of the Agassiz School, at Cambridge, Mass., and in the large corps of teachers under her not one of them is a member of her own race.

All this is a very long stride from the condition of the public mind in the middle and New England states when Negro children were not allowed to attend any public school or college, and when a reputable white woman was persecuted, jailed and her property destroyed, in 1834, for accepting a young colored woman into her

select school. This remarkable change in public sentiment argues well for the future of the Negro race and for the republic, which for more than a century has agonized over this race problem, and is still anxious about it in the sixteen southern states, where a large majority of the negroes reside, and will, in all probability, continue to reside for all time to come.

A revival was begun in public or common school education, in 1870, which is still in progress, such as swept over New England and the Middle States from 1830 to 1860. Broken in fortune and bowed with defeat in a great civil war, the South pulled itself together as a giant rouses from slumber and shakes himself and began to lay the basis of a new career and a new prosperity in a condition of freedom of all the people and in the widest diffusion of education among the citizens through the medium of the common schools. Perhaps no people in history ever showed a more superb public spirit and self-sacrifice under trying circumstances than the people of the South have displayed in the gradual building up of their public school system upon the ruins of the aristocratic academy system. The work had to be done from the ground up, from the organization of the working force to the building of the school houses and the marshaling of the young hosts. The work has required in the aggregate, perhaps, the raising by taxation of $514,922,268, $100,000,000 having been expended in maintaining the separate schools for the Negro race. This must be regarded as a marvelous showing when the impoverished condition in which the war left the South in 1865 is considered. But it is a safe, if a time-honored saying, that "where there is a will there is a way." The southern people found a way because they had a will to do it; and it is not too much to claim that the industrial prosperity which the South is now enjoying is intimately connected with the effort and money expended in popular education since 1870.

The total enrollment of the sixteen southern states and the District of Columbia for the year 1896-97 was 5,398,076, the number of negro children being 1,460,084; the number of white children 3,937,992. The estimated num-

ber of children in the South from five to eighteen years of age was 8,625,770, of which 2,816,340, or 32.65 per cent were children of the Negro race, and 5,809,430 or 67.35 per cent were white children. The number of Negro children enrolled was 51.84 per cent of the Negro population and 67.79 per cent of the white population. When the relative social and material condition of the former is contrasted with that of the latter it must be admitted that the children of the former slaves are treading closely upon the heels of the children of the former master class in the pursuit of knowledge as furnished in the public school system.

During the year 1897 it is estimated that $31,144,801 was expended in public school education in the sixteen southern states and the District of Columbia, of which, it is estimated, $6,575,000 was expended upon the Negro schools. Since 1870 it is estimated that $514,922,268 have been expended in the maintenance of the public school system of the southern states, and that at least $100,000,000 have been expended for the maintenance of the separate public schools for Negroes.

The significance of the facts contained in the two foregoing paragraphs will be appreciated by Europeans as well as Americans. The fact that 2,816,340 children of former slaves were in regular attendance in the public schools of the late slave-holding states of the South during the year and that $6,575,000 was expended for their maintenance, gathered entirely from public taxation and funds for educational purposes controlled by the states, should be regarded as the strongest arguments that could be presented to Americans or to foreigners to prove that the race problem in the United States is in satisfactory process of solution. The people of the southern states, the old slave-holding class, have not only accepted in good faith the educational burden placed upon them in the addition of 8,000,000 of people to their citizenship, but they have discharged that burden in a way that must command the admiration of the world. That my own people are discharging their part of the obligation is shown in the statistics of school attendance, and in the further fact that it is estimated they have

amassed, since their emancipation $300,000,000 of taxable property. While this may seem small as a taxable value as compared to the aggregate of taxable values in the southern states, it is large, indeed, when the poverty of the Negro race in 1865, with all the advantages and disadvantages of slave education and tradition to contend with, are considered. When a race starts empty-handed in the serious business of life, what it inclines to and amasses in a given period is valuable almost wholly as a criterion upon which to base a reasonable deduction as to its ultimate future. The Negro race is compelled to go forward in the social scale because it is surrounded by forces which will not permit it to go backwards without crushing the life out of it, as they crushed the life out of the unassimilable aboriginal Indian races of North America. It is clear that the Negro race, in its desire to American education, possesses the prime element of assimilation into the warp and woof of American life, and if its desire for the Christian religion be added we have the three prime elements of homogeneous citizenship as defined by Prof. Aldrini, namely, habitat, language and religion.

It seems well to say this much, adduced from the statistics of common school education in the late slave states of the sixteen southern states and the District of Columbia, where the bulk of the Negro people reside, as a logical conclusion in a problematical situation, concerning which many wise men are disposed to indulge a pessimism which confuses them as well as those who have to deal immediately with the perplexing condition of affairs. The common school statistics of the southern states leave no room for doubt as to the ultimate well-being of the Negroes residing in those states.

The extraordinary development of the public school system of the sixteen southern states and the District of Columbia has been hastily recorded since 1870. It is a record worthy of the proud people who made it — people who have from the foundation of the republic been resourceful, courageous, self-reliant; rising always equal to any emergency presented in their new and trying circumstances, surrounded on every side, as they were,

by a vast undeveloped territory, and by a hostile Indian population, and fatally handicapped by a system of African slavery, which proved a millstone about the neck of the people until it was finally abolished, amid the smoke and flame and death of a hundred battles, in 1865. There are none so niggardly as to deny to the southern people the full measure of credit which they deserve for the splendid spirit with which they put aside their prejudices of more than two centuries against popular common school education on the one hand, and their equally prescriptive prejudice against the education of the Negro race under any circumstances on the other.

But the public school system of the southern states had to have other and more substantial foundation than was offered at the close of the War of the Rebellion, in 1865, by the academy and college system which had been fostered and developed as best adapted to a social condition whose cornerstone was the slave system. Without this foundation, firmly and wisely laid in the fateful years from 1865 to 1870, by the initiative of the Federal government, magnificently sustained by the philanthropy and missionary consecration of the people of the New England and middle states, the results which we have secured in the public school system of the South from 1870 to the present time would not have been possible. All the facts in the situation sustain this view.

It is creditable to the people of the New England and middle states that they, who had been engaged for four years in a Titanic warfare with their brethren of the southern states, should enter the southern states in the person of their sons and daughters, and with a voluntary gift of $40,000,000, or more, to plant common schools and academies and colleges, in the devastation wrought by the Civil War, upon the sites where the slave auction block had stood for 250 years, thereby lifting the glorious torch of knowledge in the dense mental darkness with which the slave system had sought to hedge its power; nor is it less creditable that the southern people accepted this assistance and builded upon it a public school system which promises to equal that in any of the other sections of the republic.

After thirty years of effort there are 25,615 Afro-American teachers in the schools of the South, where there was hardly one when the work began; some 4,000 men have been prepared, in part or in whole, for the work of the Christian ministry, and a complete revolution has been effected in the mental and moral character of Afro-American preachers, a service which no one can estimate who is not intimately informed of the tremendous influence which these preachers exercise everywhere over the masses of their race; the professions of law and medicine have been so far supplied that one or more representatives are to be found in every large community of the South, as well as in the North and West, graduates for the most part of the schools of the South; and all over the South are men engaged in trade occupations whose intellects and characters were shaped for the battle of life by the New England pioneers who took up the work where their soldier brothers laid it down at the close of the war. But the influence of these teachers upon the character, the home life of the thousands who are neither teaching, preaching nor engaged in professional or commercial pursuits, but are devoted to the making of domestic comfort and happiness for their husbands and children, in properly training the future citizens of the republic, was one of the most necessary and far-reaching that was exercised, and the one which to-day holds out the promise for the best results in the years to come."

It was these New England men and women who labored all over the South from 1865 to 1870 who made possible the splendid public school results. Their labors did not end in the field of primary education in 1870; they remained at their posts until they had prepared the 25,000 Negroes necessary to take their places. And even unto to-day hundreds of them are laboring in some one of the 169 schools of secondary and higher education maintained for the freed people.

WASHINGTON, GEORGE, an American soldier and statesman, first President of the United States; born at Bridge's Creek, Westmoreland County, Va., February 22, 1732; died at Mount Vernon, Va., December 14, 1799. The *Life of Washington* has been ably written by John Marshall (1805), succinctly by Jared Sparks, as a prefix to *The Writings of Washington* (1834), and best of all, upon the whole, by Washington Irving (1855). There are numerous other Lives of Washington, among which is a curious *Vita Washingtonii,* written in Latin by Francis Glass, an obscure schoolmaster in Ohio (1835). Washington deserves a place in the history of literature, although he wrote nothing especially designed for publication except his "Farewell Address" to the American people, and this, though drawn up from his own memoranda, submitted to his revisal, and copied out by himself, was, as a composition, essentially the work of Alexander Hamilton. The *Writings of George Washington,* selected and edited by Jared Sparks (12 vols., 1838), consist in great part of letters of a public or private nature, and are of special historical and biographical value. *The Writings of George Washington, Including His Diaries and Correspondence,* edited by Worthington C. Ford, appeared in 1889.

RESPECTING HIS STEP-SON, JOHN PARK CUSTIS.

I write to you on a subject of importance, and of no small embarrassment to me. My son-in-law and ward, Mr. Custis, has, as I have been informed, paid his addresses to your second daughter; and, having made some progress in her affections, has solicited her in marriage.

How far a union of this sort may be agreeable to you, you best can tell; but I should think myself wanting in candor were I not to confess that Miss Nelly's amiable qualities are acknowledged on all hands, and that an alliance with your family will be pleasing to his. This acknowledgment being made, you must permit me to add, sir, that at this, or in any short time, his youth, inexperience, and unripened education are, and will be, insuperable obstacles, in my opinion, to the completion of the marriage.

As his guardian, I conceive it my indispensable duty to endeavor to carry him through a regular course of education (many branches of which, I am sorry to say, he is totally deficient in), and to guide his youth to a more advanced age, before an event on which his own peace and the happiness of another depend takes place. . . .

If the affection which they have avowed for each other is fixed upon a solid basis, it will receive no diminution in the course of two or three years; in which time he may prosecute his studies, and thereby render himself more deserving of the young lady, and useful to society. If, unfortunately — as they are both young — there should be an abatement of affection on either side, or both, it had better precede than follow marriage.

Delivering my sentiments thus freely will not, I hope, lead you into a belief that I am desirous of breaking off the match. To postpone it is all I have in view; for I shall recommend to the young gentleman, with the warmth that becomes a man of honor, to consider himself engaged to your daughter as if the indissoluble knot were tied; and as the surest means of effecting this, to apply himself closely to his studies; by which he will in a great measure avoid those little flirtations with other young ladies, that may, by dividing the attention, contribute not a little to divide the affection.— *To Mr. Calvert: 1773.*

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, NEWBURGH, N. Y.

ON THE EARLY DISPUTES WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

At a time when our lordly masters in Great Britain will be satisfied with nothing less than the deprivation of American freedom, it seems necessary that something should be done to avert the stroke, and maintain the liberty which we have derived from our ancestors. But the manner of doing it, to answer the purpose effectually, is the point in question. That no man should scruple or hesitate a moment in defence of so valuable a blessing, is clearly my opinion; yet arms should be the last recourse — the *dernier ressort.* We have already, it is said, proved the inefficacy of addresses to the throne, and remonstrances to Parliament. How far their attention to our rights and interests is to be awakened, or alarmed, by starving their trade and manufactures, remains to be tried. The Northern Colonies, it appears, are endeavoring to adopt this scheme. In my opinion, it is a good one, and must be attended with salutary effects, provided it can be carried pretty generally into execution. . . .

That there will be a difficulty attending it everywhere from clashing interests, and selfish, designing men ever attentive to their own gain and watchful of every turn that can assist their designing views; and in the tobacco colonies, where the trade is so diffused, and in a manner wholly conducted by factors for their principals at home, these difficulties are considerably enhanced, but I think not insurmountably increased, if the gentlemen in their several counties will be at some pains to explain matters to the people, and stimulate them to purchase none but certain enumerated articles out of any of the stores, after a definite period, and neither import or purchase any themselves. . . .

I can see but one class of people — the merchants excepted — who will not, or ought not, to wish well to the scheme: namely they who live genteelly and hospitably on their estates. Such as these, were they not to consider the valuable object in view, and the good of others,

might think it hard to be curtailed in their living and enjoyments.— *To George Mason: 1769.*

ACCEPTING THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY.

You may believe me, when I assure you in the most solemn manner that, so far from seeking this employment, I have used every effort in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity; and I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. . . .

I shall rely confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen.— *To His Wife: June, 1775.*

ON PROFANITY IN THE ARMY.

That the troops may have an opportunity of attending public worship, as well as to take some rest after the great fatigue they have gone through, the General in future excuses them from fatigue-duty on Sundays, except at the ship-yards, or on special occasions, until further orders. The General is sorry to be informed that the foolish and wicked practice of profane swearing — a vice heretofore little known in an American army — is growing into fashion. He hopes the officers will, by example as well as influence, endeavor to check

it; and that both they and the men will reflect that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven upon our arms if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Added to this, it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character detests it. — *General Order, August 3, 1775.*

GOD RULING THE AFFAIRS OF NATIONS.

It would be peculiarly improper to omit in this first official act my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being Who rules over the universe, Who presides in the councils of nations, and Whose Providential aids can supply every human defect, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes; and may enable every instrument employed in the administration to execute with success the functions allotted to its charge.

In tendering this homage to the Great Author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own, nor those of my fellow-citizens less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of Providential agency, and in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities from which the event has resulted, cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established without some return of pious gratitude, along with an humble anticipation of the future blessing which the past seems to presage.— *Inaugural Address, April 30, 1789.*

TO LAFAYETTE, ON SLAVERY.

The scheme which you propose, as a precedent to encourage the emancipation of the black people in this

country from the state of bondage in which they are held, is a striking evidence of the benevolence of your heart, and I shall be happy to join you in so laudable a work. Your purchase of an estate in the colony of Cayenne, with a view of emancipating the slaves on it, is a generous and noble proof of your humanity. Would to God a like spirit might diffuse itself generally into the minds of the people of this country! But I despair of seeing it. There is not a man living who wishes more earnestly than I do to see a plan adopted for the abolition of it. But there is only one proper and effectual mode by which it can be accomplished; and that is by legislative authority; and this, as far as my suffrage will go, shall never be wanting. I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase; it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law.

TESTAMENTARY EMANCIPATION OF HIS SLAVES.

I, George Washington, of Mount Vernon, a citizen of the United States, and lately President of the same, do make, ordain, and declare this instrument, which is written with my own hand, and every page thereof subscribed with my name, to be my last Will and Testament, revoking all others. . . .

Item. Upon the decease of my wife, it is my will and desire that all the slaves whom I hold in *my own right* shall receive their freedom. To emancipate them during her life would, though earnestly wished by me, be attended by such insuperable difficulties, on account of their intermixture by marriage, with the dower negroes, as to excite the most painful sensations, if not disagreeable consequences to the latter, while both descriptions are in the occupancy of the same proprietor; it not being in my power, under the tenure by which the dower negroes are held, to emancipate them. And whereas, among those who will receive freedom according to this devise, there may be some who, from old age or bodily infirmities, and others on account of their

infancy, be unable to support themselves, it is my will and desire that all who come under the first and second description shall be comfortably clothed and fed by my heirs while they live; and that such of the latter description as have no parents living, or, if living, are unable or unwilling to provide for them, shall be bound by the Court until they arrive at the age of twenty-five years; and, in cases where no record can be produced whereby their ages can be ascertained, the judgment of the court, upon its own view of the subject, shall be adequate and final.

The negroes thus bound are (by their masters or mistresses) to be taught to read and write, and to be brought up to some useful occupation, agreeably to the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia, providing for the support of orphan and other poor children. And I do expressly forbid the sale or transportation out of the said Commonwealth of any slave I may die possessed of, under any pretence whatsoever. And so I do, moreover, most pointedly and most solemnly enjoin it upon my executors hereafter named, or the survivors of them, to see that this clause respecting slaves, and every part thereof, be religiously fulfilled at the epoch at which it is directed to take place, without evasion, neglect, or delay, after the crops which are then on the ground are harvested, particularly as respects the aged or infirm; seeing that a regular and permanent fund be established for their support, as long as there are subjects requiring it; not trusting to the uncertain provision to be made by individuals.

And to my mulatto man, William, calling himself William Lee, I give immediate freedom, or, if he should prefer (on account of the accidents which have befallen him, and which have rendered him incapable of walking or of any active employment), to remain in the situation he now is, it shall be optional in him to do so; in either case, however, I allow him an annuity of thirty dollars, during his natural life, which shall be independent of the victuals and clothes he has been accustomed to receive, if he chooses the last alternative; but in full with his freedom, if he prefers the first; and this I give him

as a testimony of my sense of his attachment to me, and for his faithful services during the Revolutionary War.

Besides the slaves which Washington held in his own right there were some thirty or forty belonging to the estate of Bartholomew Dandridge, the deceased brother of Mrs. Washington; these had been levied upon by execution, and bought in by Washington, who had suffered them to remain in the possession of Bartholomew's widow during her life; upon her death they were also to be manumitted in a manner similar to those already provided for. The will is a very long one, as there was much property of various kinds to be devised; and the will had been drawn up by himself, "no professional character having been consulted, or having had any agency in the draft." It closes with a provision designed to prevent any possible litigation in respect to its provisions.

FORESTALLING LITIGATION.

I hope and trust that no disputes will arise. But if, contrary to expectation, the case should be otherwise, from the want of legal expressions or the usual technical terms, or because too much has been said on any of the devises to be consonant with law, my will and direction expressly is, that all disputes (if unhappily any should arise) shall be decided by three impartial and intelligent men, known for their probity and good understanding, two to be chosen by the disputants, each having the choice of one, and the third by those two; which three men, thus chosen, shall, unfettered by law or legal constructions, declare their sense of the testator's intention; and such decision is, to all intents and purposes, to be as binding on the parties as if it had been given in the Supreme Court of the United States.

This will, which, as Washington says, "had occu-

MOUNT VERNON.

written or printed name into a wooden box, if such be his pleasure; but that which distinguishes a vote is its acknowledged power to bind the community as a whole; and this power is no property of the individual simply as such. Whence this power? To answer the question were to write or recite a primary chapter in political philosophy, for which this is not the place. But the upshot of the matter is simply this: Suffrage is a means to an end, and legitimate only as it serves toward an end. Moreover, it is an *instituted* means, one part of the entire political system, and grounded, like every other part, in the Constitution of the State. It implies, not indeed a formal contract, but a moral engagement, to which the corporate community in its wholeness, including men, women, and minors, is one party, the individual voter another. He is engaged to promote the public welfare, and the corporate community is engaged to acknowledge his expression of choice as authoritative. Hence the voter is a political functionary, and in a place of trust, no less truly than the governor of the Commonwealth. Governor Butler is in his place to act under the Constitution for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to the end that it may be ordered in justice, and wisely provided for; and every man who voted for or against him was at the polls to act under the same Constitution for the same corporate body and to the same end. One of the remonstrants before the committee said that suffrage is not a private right, but a political privilege. He was thinking toward the truth, but "privilege" is not the word, for it signifies a somewhat conferred or conceded for the particular benefit of the recipient. Suffrage is a functional trust, instituted and assigned not for the particular benefit of the voter, or the voting class, but for that of the civil community in its present wholeness and historic continuity. No other conception of it is either rational or moral. When, therefore, someone comes forward to say, "I claim suffrage as my right," let our legislators remember that there is another right, of which they are the present custodians, and which is not merely putative or asserted, but as unquestionable as it is important. It is the grand

right of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to be ordered and ruled in the best way without injurious or needless costs. Here is a right worth talking of, a right to which every possible right to vote is subsidiary, and one, too, which appertains to the infant in the cradle no less than to any adult, male or female.

IDEALS.

Angels of growth, of old, in that surprise
Of your first vision, wild and sweet,
I poured in passionate sighs
My wish unwise
That ye descend my heart to meet —
My heart so slow to rise.

Now thus I pray: Angelic be to hold
In Heaven your shining poise afar,
And to my wishes bold
Reply with cold,
Sweet invitation, like a star
Fixed in the heavens old.

Did ye descend, what were ye more than I?
Is't not by this ye are divine —
That, native to the sky,
Ye cannot hie
Downward, and give low hearts the wine
That should reward the high?

Weak, yet in weakness I no more complain
Of your abiding in your places:
Oh, still, howe'er my pain
Wild prayers may rain,
Keep pure on high the perfect graces
That stooping could but stain.

Not to content your lowness, but to lure
And lift us to your angelhood,
Do your surprises pure
Dawn far and sure

Above the tumult of young blood,
And starlike there endure.

Wait there! wait, and invite me while I climb
For, see, I come! but slow, but slow!
Yet ever as your chime,
Soft and sublime,
Lifts at my feet, they move, they go
Up the great stair of Time.

WATERS, Clara Erskine Clement, an American novelist and essayist; born at St. Louis, Mo., August 28, 1834. Clement was the name of her first husband, and her books still bear that name; she afterward married Edwin F. Waters, and went to live in Cambridge, Mass. She traveled much in Europe and the Orient, and made a voyage around the world. Her *Simple Story of the Orient* appeared in 1869; *Eleanor Maitland,* a novel, and *Egypt* in 1881; *Charlotte Cushman,* in 1882; *The Queen of the Adriatic* (1893); *Naples the City of Parthenope* (1894). Her valuable publications on the Fine Arts are *Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art* (1871); *Painters, Sculptors, Architects, Engravers, and Their Works* (1873); *Artists of the Nineteenth Century,* Lawrence Hutton, co-author (1879); *Outline History of Painting for Young People and Students* (1883); *Outline History of Sculpture for Young People and Students* (1885); *Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints* (1886); *Stories of Art and Artists* (1866); *Women Artists in Europe and America* (1903); *Handbook of Christian*

Symbols, Katherine E. Conway, co-author. Besides these works, Mrs. Waters has translated a volume of Rénan's lectures, and Henri Greville's *Dosia's Daughter,* and edited Carl von Lutzow's *Treasures of Italian Art.*

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

John Landseer taught his son to look to Nature above all else as his model, and Haydon, the painter, who instructed his brothers, advised Edwin to dissect animals as other artists dissected their subjects. These two pieces of advice may be said to have been the only important teaching which Edwin Landseer received; he followed them both faithfully, and when thirteen years old made his first exhibition at the Royal Academy. During fifty-eight years there were but six in which he did not send his pictures there. When fourteen he entered the Academy schools, and divided his time between sketching from the wild beasts at Exeter Change and drawing in the classes. He was a handsome, manly boy, and the keeper, Fuseli, was very fond of him, calling him, as a mark of affection, "My little dog-boy."

He was very industrious, and painted many pictures; the best one of what are known as his early works is the "Cat's-Paw," and represents a monkey using the paw of a cat to push hot chestnuts from the top of a stove: the struggles of the cat are unavailing. . . .

Up to this time the master seems to have thought only of making exact likenesses of animals, just as other painters had done before him; but he now began to put something more into his works and to show the peculiar power which made him so remarkable — a power which he was the first to manifest in his pictures. I mean that he began to paint animals in their relation to man, and to show how they are his imitators, his servants, friends, and companions. . . .

Sir Walter Scott was in London when the "Cat's-Paw" was exhibited, and was so pleased by the picture that he sought out the young painter and invited him to go home with him. Sir Walter's well-known love for

dogs was a foundation for the intimate affection which grew up between himself and Landseer. In 1824 the painter first saw Scotland, and during fifty years he studied its people, its scenery, its customs; he loved them all, and could ever draw new subjects and new enthusiasm from the breezy North. Sir Walter wrote in his journal: "Landseer's dogs are the most magnificent things I ever saw; leaping and bounding and grinning all over the canvas." The friendship of Sir Walter had a great effect upon the young painter; it developed the imagination and romance of his nature, and he was affected by the human life of Scotland, so that he painted the shepherd, the gillie, and the poacher, and made his pictures speak the tenderness and truth, as well as the fearlessness and the hardihood, of the Gaelic race. The free, vigorous Northern life brought to the surface that which the habits of a London gentleman in brilliant society never could have developed. One critic has said: "It taught him true power; it freed his imagination; it braced up all his loose ability; it elevated and refined his mind; it developed his latent poetry; it completed his education." . . .

Between 1835 and 1866 he painted almost numberless pictures of the Queen, of various members of her family, and of the pets of the royal household. In 1850 he was knighted, and was at the very height of his popularity and success.

An anecdote of Sydney Smith relates that when someone asked him to sit to Landseer for his portrait, he replied: "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing!"

Landseer had an extreme fondness for studying and making pictures of lions; and from the time when, as a boy, he dissected one, he tried to obtain the body of every lion that died in London. Dickens was in the habit of relating that on one occasion, when he and others were dining with the artist, a servant entered and asked: "Did you order a lion, sir?" as if it were the most natural thing in the world. The guests feared that a living lion was about to enter; but it turned out to be

only the body of the dead "Nero" of the Zoological Gardens, which had been sent as a gift to Sir Edwin.

His skill in drawing was marvellous, and was once shown in a rare way at an evening-party. Facility in drawing had been the theme of conversation, when a lady declared that no one had yet drawn two objects at the same moment. Landseer would not admit that this could not be done, and immediately took two pencils and drew a horse's head with one hand, and at precisely the same time a stag's head with antlers with the other. — *Stories of Art and Artists.*

WATERTON, CHARLES, an English naturalist and traveler; born at Walton Hall, Wakefield, June 3, 1782; died at London, May 27, 1865. Mr. Waterton set out from his seat of Walton Hall, Wakefield, in 1812, to wander through the wilds of Demerara and Essequibo, with the view to reach the inland frontier fort of Portuguese Guiana; to collect a quantity of the strongest Wourali poison; and to catch and stuff the beautiful birds which abound in that part of South America. He made two more journeys to the same territories — in 1816 and 1820 — and in 1825 published his *Wanderings in South America, the North-west of the United States, and the Antilles.* His fatigues and dangers were numerous. In telling of his travels he says:

"In order to pick up matter for natural history, I have wandered through the wildest parts of South America's equinoctial regions. I have attacked and slain a modern python, and rode on the back of a cayman close to the water's edge; a very different situation from that of a

Hyde-Park dandy on his Sunday prancer before the ladies. Alone and barefoot I have pulled poisonous snakes out of their lurking-places; climbed up trees to peep into holes for bats and vampires; and for days together hastened through sun and rain to the thickest parts of the forest to procure specimens I had never seen before."

The adventures of the python and cayman — or the snake and crocodile — made much noise and amusement at the time, and the latter feat formed the subject of a caricature. Mr. Waterton had long wished to obtain one of those enormous snakes called Coulacanara, and at length he saw one coiled up in his den. He advanced towards it stealthily, and with his lance struck it behind the neck and fixed it to the ground.

ADVENTURE WITH THE SNAKE.

That moment the negro next to me seized the lance and held it firm in its place, while I dashed head foremost into the den to grapple with the snake, and to get hold of his tail before he could do any mischief.

On pinning him to the ground with the lance, he gave a tremendous loud hiss, and the little dog ran away, howling as he went. We had a sharp fray in the den, the rotten sticks flying on all sides, and each party struggling for the superiority. I called out to the second negro to throw himself upon me, as I found I was not heavy enough. He did so, and his additional weight was of great service. I had now got firm hold of his tail, and after a violent struggle or two he gave in, finding himself overpowered. This was the moment to secure him. So while the first negro continued to hold the lance firm to the ground, and the other was helping me, I contrived to unloosen my braces, and with them tied up the snake's mouth.

The snake, now finding himself in an unpleasant situation, tried to better himself, and set resolutely to work, but we overpowered him. [It measured fourteen feet, and was of great thickness.] We contrived to make him twist himself round the shaft of the lance, and then

prepared to convey him out of the forest. I stood at his head and held it firm under my arm, one negro supported the belly, and the other the tail. In this order we began to move slowly towards home, and reached it after resting ten times.

On the following day, Mr. Waterton killed the animal, securing its skin for Walton Hall. The crocodile was seized on the Essequibo. He had been tantalized for three days with the hope of securing one of the animals. He baited a shark-hook with a large fish, and at last was successful. The difficulty was to pull him up. The Indians proposed shooting him with arrows; but this the "Wanderer" resisted. "I had come about three hundred miles on purpose to catch a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen." The men pulled, and out he came — Mr. Waterton standing armed with the mast of the canoe, which he proposed to force down the animal's throat.

RIDING ON A CROCODILE.

By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation; I instantly dropped the mast, sprung up and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore-legs, and by main force twisted them on his back; thus they served me for a bridle. He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and, probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator. The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous, that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden further inland. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under

water with the cayman. That would have been more perilous than Arion's marine morning ride —

Delphini insidens, vada cæurula sulcat Arion.

The people now dragged us above forty yards on the sand; it was the first and last time I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer, I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds.

The cayman, killed and stuffed, was also added to the curiosities of Walton Hall. Mr. Waterton's next work was *Essays on Natural History, chiefly Ornithology, with an Autobiography of the Author and a view of Walton Hall* 1838 — reprinted with additions in 1851. His account of his family — an old Roman Catholic family that had suffered persecution from the days of Henry VIII. downwards — is a quaint, amusing chronicle.

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